July 14, 1934

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

LIFE GUARD
C. Twelvetrees

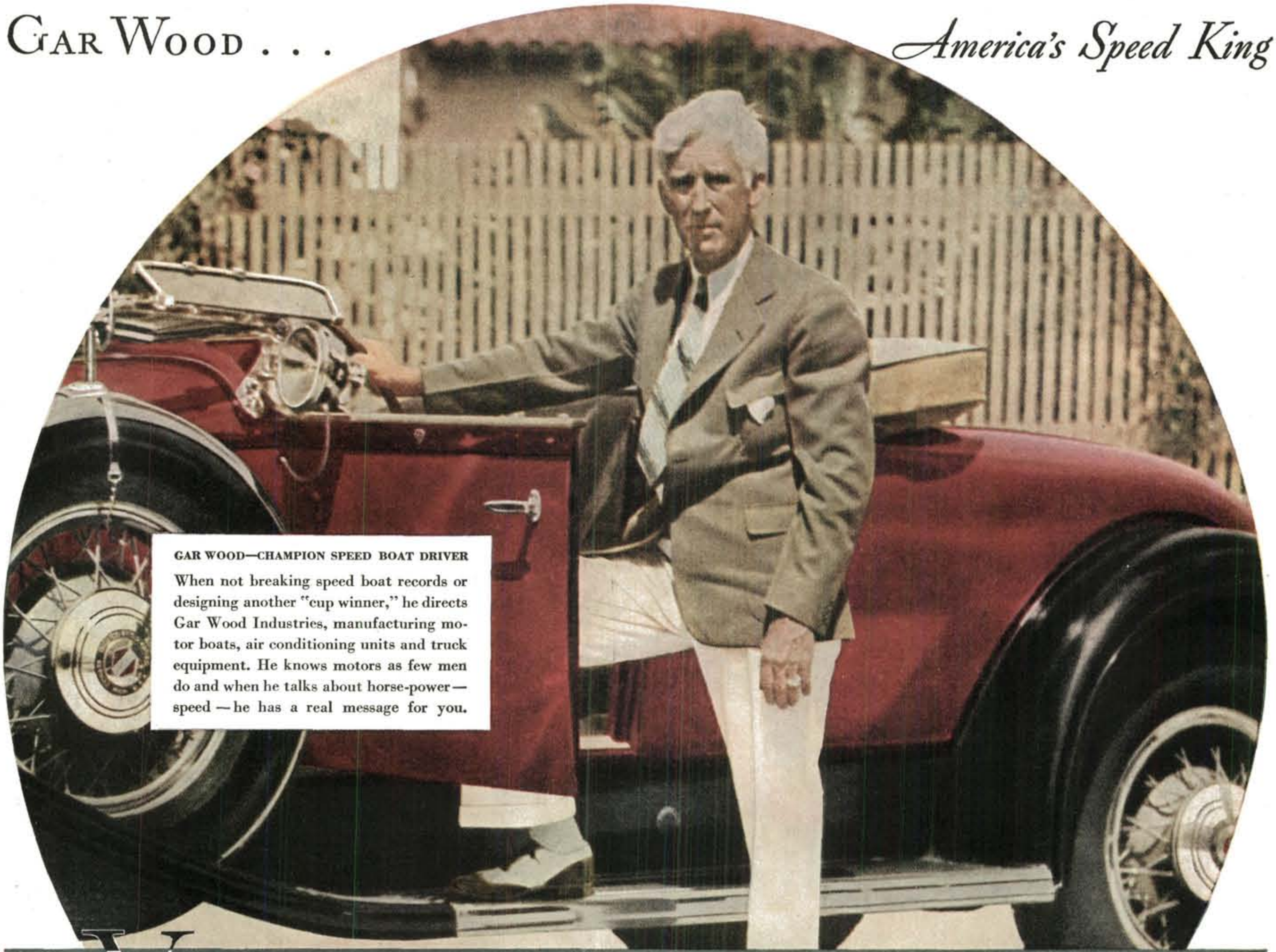
The Crime of the Communist

a short story by

G.K.Chesterton

uLy 14, 1934

GAR WOOD . . . *America's Speed King*



GAR WOOD—CHAMPION SPEED BOAT DRIVER

When not breaking speed boat records or designing another "cup winner," he directs Gar Wood Industries, manufacturing motor boats, air conditioning units and truck equipment. He knows motors as few men do and when he talks about horse-power—speed—he has a real message for you.

"Yes.. *I use Fire-Chief gasoline!*"

AND in that one simple statement Gar Wood sums up for you a speed expert's conclusions based on his own experience as well as laboratory analysis.

We might tell you the technical "whys" and "wherefores" of Texaco *Fire-Chief's* superiority. But we believe that *you* are much more interested in performance—not what *Fire-Chief* is, but what it will do for you in the engine of your car.

In Texaco *Fire-Chief* you have a gasoline that will give you more for your money. Some motorists buy *Fire-Chief* because it's long on miles and extra powerful. Others like it because of its smooth action even on the toughest hill.

Gar Wood insists on this "emergency" gasoline because it has *all* the characteristics to produce winning speed and power from his engines.

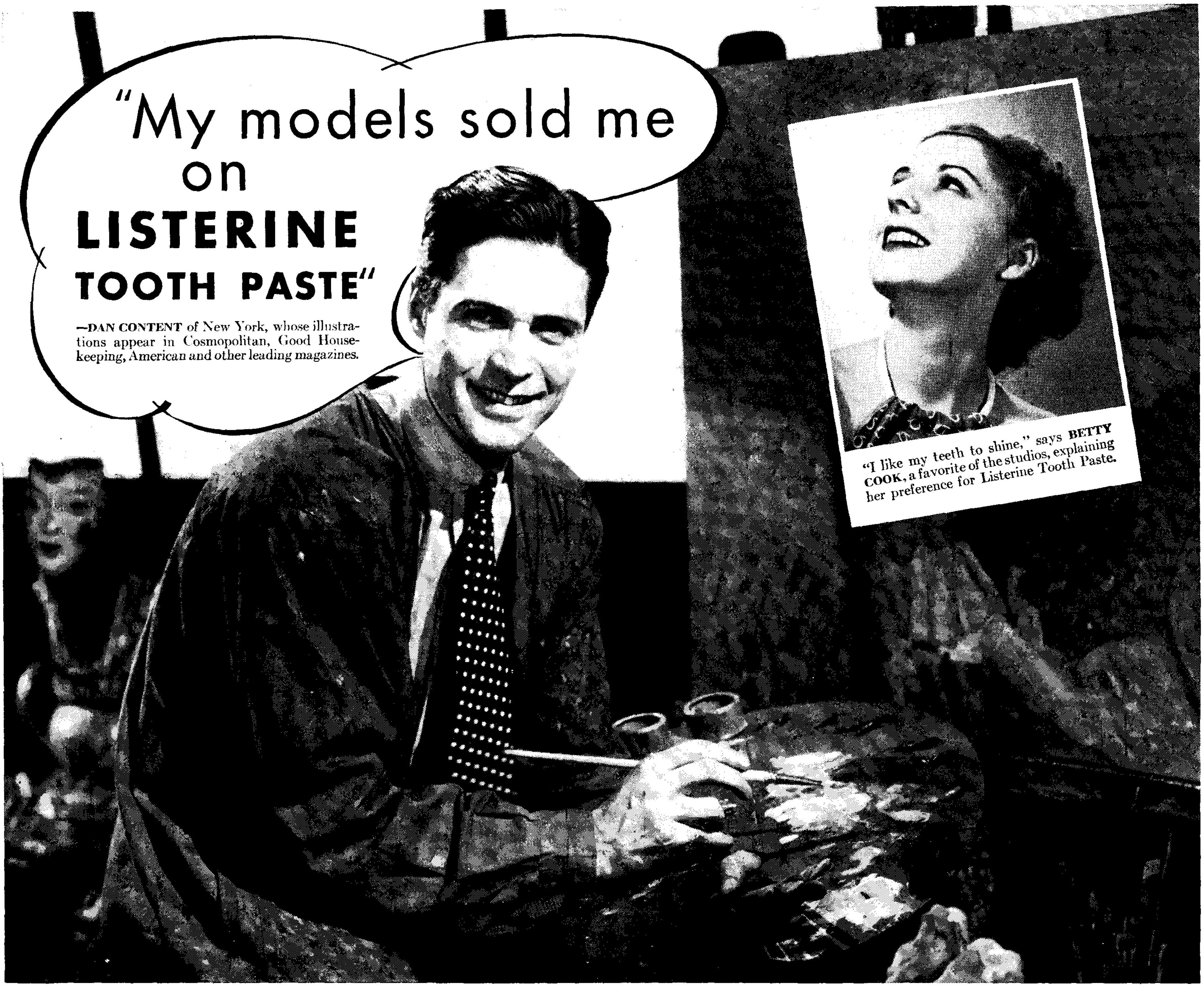
Try a tankful of Texaco *Fire-Chief* in *your* car and you will understand why this gasoline is selected by men who know motors. You will agree with Gar Wood when he says "*Fire-Chief* is the finest gasoline I ever used."

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

Gar Wood at the wheel of Miss America X just after winning the International Harmsworth Trophy

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

"EMERGENCY" ACTION IN EVERY DROP


"My models sold me on LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"

—DAN CONTENT of New York, whose illustrations appear in Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, American and other leading magazines.

"I like my teeth to shine," says BETTY COOK, a favorite of the studios, explaining her preference for Listerine Tooth Paste.

It cleans so much better... gives teeth such lustre and brilliance ...why pay more than this dentifrice costs?

Women... among them many artist models .... were first to discover that Listerine Tooth Paste brings unusual whiteness and beauty to teeth. More than two million of them have changed from other brands to this.

And now more than a million men are users of this modern dentifrice—made by the makers of Listerine. These men, too, have learned that Listerine Tooth Paste gets teeth cleaner, brighter, in less time.

They have found—as you will—that film and discoloring stains disappear "like magic" under its gentle polishing agent. In just a few days, decided improvement is apparent. Teeth become whiter, more sparkling. Gums look and feel better. And there is a freshness—following use—a feeling of the mouth being thoroughly clean—that is most enticing!

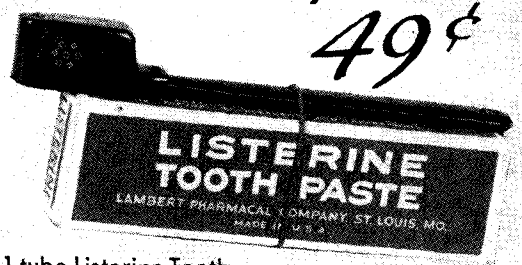
Learn these results for yourself! See why, in just a few years, this dentifrice has become a favorite of the wealthy—why it has displaced more expensive brands in literally millions of homes.

In addition to our popular money-saving, regular-size tube at 25¢, we now offer a new Double Size—twice as much—40¢—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau
NRA

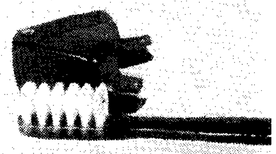
REGULAR SIZE 25¢ NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Vacation Special 49¢


LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY ST. LOUIS, MO.
MADE IN U.S.A.

1 tube Listerine Tooth Paste, 25¢ size.

1 Masso Tooth Brush (made by Pro-phy-lac-tic; quality guaranteed).



1 Tooth Brush Travel Guard (Pyroxylin)—snaps around head of brush, protecting it and enabling you to pack it wet next to clothing, etc.

Ask your dealer today!

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

SYLVIA WARD wanted to know life. To know it in its moments of excitement and stress and of high danger. That's why she was a nurse in Medical Union. That's why, through days of patience, of long suffering and attention to duty, she kept looking for romance, for a knight, a hero who could ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.

She had known a man who stood for all that long ago, in the days of her childhood. She hadn't seen him since—until he staggered into the "Emergency Room," wounded, in desperate need of help. Teresa Hyde Phillips' short story shows you their dramatic meeting.

WHEN the citizens of North Carolina went to the polls a year and a half ago to elect a senator they chose by a handsome majority Bob Reynolds, a dripping-wet champion of repeal. But last November when they once more congregated at the voting places they expressed themselves as being overwhelmingly in favor of prohibition. Why this inconsistency?

The answer to that is flavored with the penetrating aroma of "Carolina Moon." Owen P. White who, at Collier's behest, has been *studying the situation at first hand*, explains North Carolina's device for protecting a home industry.

THE Lefler-Goldman Agency was the Open Sesame of show business, and sometimes it was the Goodby Poppa. Al Blumstein was its guiding spirit and Al had a weakness—a hidden and superstitious respect for a formal education and whatever it produced. It was Al who introduced to Lefler-Goldman the New Deal Business Man. In "Act Natural" Luke Faust tells you about it.

DON MARQUIS in one fine prophetic bound takes you to the year 5000 and from that vantage point lets you survey the marvels of our civilization. Oddly enough, to the simple barbarians of that future time there appears to be something a little eccentric, not to say cockeyed, about our endeavors and accomplishments. As the High King put it, "If I could only get some clue as to what it was all about in a general way, I might be able to understand some of the details." But nobody could tell him.

KATHLEEN NORRIS begins her latest and most enthralling novel, "Woman in Love." Henri Duvernois writes the Short Short Story. Frank Buck tells you about the biggest elephant in the world—in a bad humor. Jacland Marmur, Quentin Reynolds and W. R. Burnett keep the ball rolling. The rest is up to you.

This Week

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July 14, 1934

Cover by C. H. Twelvetrees

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Spanish Lady. The last person you'd expect to find on a Mexican man-hunt. Page 7

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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KYLE CRICHTON
Shanty Up. Portrait of a ball player—Mr. Hogan of the Boston Braves. Page 10

CLEO LUCAS
A Lady Enters. The story of a brilliant actress who couldn't behave at home. Page 11

G. K. CHESTERTON
The Crime of the Communist. A murder mystery at Oxford, solved by Father Brown. Page 12

WALTER DAVENPORT
You Can't Fool New Hampshire. In fact, it's not worth your while to try. Page 14

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
Captain X. Out of a blimp into romance. Page 16

RAY TUCKER
Medicine Man. Royal S. Copeland, Senate practitioner. Page 18

SAX ROHMER
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Talk to Your Dog. Gently if possible. Page 22

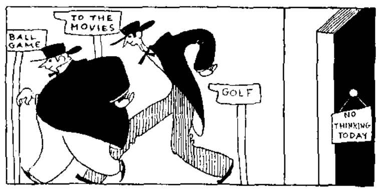
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Our jewel box of facts. Page 40

EDITORIAL
You Can't Ride a Dead Horse. Page 54

●

Any Week

MR. GEORGE D. PLAIDING of Tacoma, Washington, has finally broken his silence. This, Mr. Plaiding admits, will be heartening news for the large number of people who look to him for guidance. "I have waited for the day when my opinion concerning what is going on in America could be boiled down to a few well-chosen words. That day has arrived. The whole trouble is with the lack of protection we have given the Brain Trust. How can we expect the official thinkers in Washington to do anything worth while if everybody else insists on thinking? What we need is a law forbidding everybody not a member of the Brain Trust to think. This would put a lot of extra work on the *individual* members of the Trust but we could regulate their hours for active skull exercises and set aside one day a week when the members could go to the movies or play golf, leaving signs on their office doors: No Thinking Today. And this," concludes Mr. Plaiding, "is positively the only statement the public may expect from me on this subject."



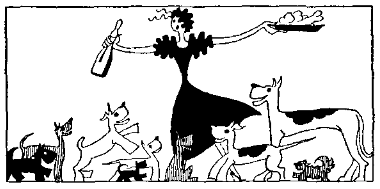
BUT such prohibition would be unfair to such capable gentlemen as Mr. R. D. Foss of Petrolia, Pennsylvania, who has been doing some particularly deep thinking. If, says he, the "so-called Brain Trust wishes to try an experiment that has some chance of working, why not legislate along the following lines: The annual dividend of any corporation shall not exceed nine per cent of its registered stock issue nor shall the annual salaries of its executives exceed five per cent of its annual business. All surplus accruing shall be equally divided among regular employees."

"MAYBE you noticed," writes Mrs. Julia B. Jonquist of Indianapolis, Indiana, "that our Republican convention endorsed Senator Arthur Robinson for reëlection and adopted a platform. It's the platform I'm interested in. It says that it's 'in favor of parity between prices charged the farmer for what he buys and received by the farmer for what he sells.' If any of you people can see any profit for the farmer in that, you have what I call eyesight. I'll let you know if I hear of any politicians coming out in favor of charging the farmer *more for what he buys than he gets* for what he sells—if anything."

"I READ in your department," says Mr. Edward E. Hall of Seattle, Washington, "that Mr. Frank Giordano is in urgent need of six trumpet players. An excellent trumpeter in our town lost a good job last month—Mayor Johnny Dore. For two years he has been blowing his horn so vehemently that I'm sure he can hold down a six-man job."

IN A LIGHT moment not long ago we said something that was not, we gather, overcomplimentary about wrestlers and wrestling. We've been hearing about it ever since. The latest rebuke comes from Mr. Joe Komar of Duluth, Minnesota, who thinks we have overlooked "the fact that wrestling has become the salvation of college football players, who used to be able to look forward to a life of bond-selling and stock-peddling. Now that the bottom has fallen out of that racket," writes Mr. Komar, "if it wasn't for wrestling the country would have a lot of ex-football players hanging around doing nothing. And that would be a pretty kettle of fish."

THE other day a lady entered the offices of Mr. W. C. Nisbet in Dell Rapids, South Dakota, and notified him of a condition that Mr. Nisbet passes on to us wondering whether Secretary Wallace in his determination to reduce crops shouldn't do *something* about it. It's this: There is a great surplus of dogs in Dell Rapids and the situation is just about out of hand. Puppies are arriving in litters of from eight to twelve, so that, Mr. Nisbet tells us, the mothers find it necessary to nurse them in shifts. And Dell Rapids would be very glad of a bit of sound advice.



WE HAVE Mr. Paul O. Muckel's written word for it that he's "all fed up with the bunk about all this new labor legislation." From Chicago, Illinois, writes he: "If you think the organized labor leaders are going to submit to federal legislation which *will* take such matters as strikes, lockouts, wage parleys and things like that out of their hands or do away with so much as one walking delegate's job, *you're cockeyed.* There are employers who aren't worth the powder to blow them to hell, but there are union bosses who are already big shots in that community."

SO WHAT?

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NOW THAT ALL THREE COST THE SAME

MERIT ALONE SHOULD GUIDE YOUR CHOICE

WHEN YOU BUY a low-priced car, there are three popular makes to choose from. Do you realize that *the prices of all three are now virtually the same?*

True, in some models, Plymouth lists for a few dollars more. But, in other models, it costs less.

When a new Plymouth is delivered to your door, chances are it will not have cost you a penny more than the comparable model of *any* other car.

You can see why this is important. It means that price is no longer a factor. It means you can compare engineering values, fairly and squarely. Merit alone should guide your choice.

Do this . . . and what do you find? You find that Plymouth has Hydraulic Brakes and a Safety-Steel Body . . . the two greatest safeguards any car can have.

You find Plymouth has Floating Power engine mountings plus Individual Wheel (knee-type) Springing . . . to guarantee you greater comfort every mile you drive.

Each of Plymouth's competitors offers just *one* of these features. Plymouth not only gives you all *four*, but many other engineering advantages.

No matter how loyal you are to your present car, see the SPECIAL Six before buying any new model. It offers extra refinements of appearance and comfort *plus* Plymouth's basic engineering features. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will demonstrate.

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4-Door Sedan $620 2-Door Sedan $580
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Four piston rings instead of three. Four-bearing Crankshaft — Valve-seat Inserts — Oil Filter — Temperature and Oil Pressure Indicators on Instrument Panel—Steel Artillery Wheels.

Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. All prices f.o.b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments by Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

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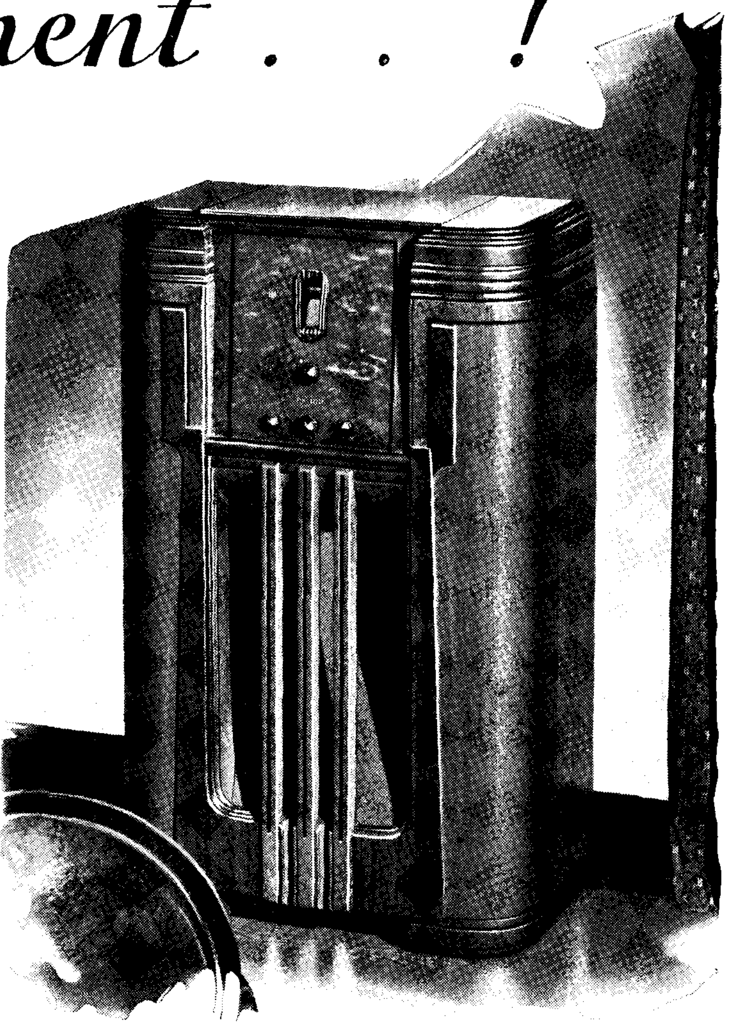
. . gives you the UTMOST in Radio Enjoyment . . . !



HERE is the finest tone any radio has ever had—rich, full, perfectly-balanced PHILCO TONE that brings you truly supreme radio enjoyment.

PHILCO TONE has an excellence, a quality possessed by no other radio because of the greatest single development in sound reproduction—PHILCO'S famous Patented Inclined Sounding Board. This is what gives PHILCO that perfect balance between high and low notes—that combination of sparkle, brilliance, depth and sonority which marks PHILCO as the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument.

Whether you listen to Willi Domgraf Fassbaender from Berlin, to John Charles Thomas from New York, or countless other celebrities the world over, a new 1935 PHILCO, properly installed with a PHILCO all-wave aerial, will bring you greater beauty and richness of tone than you've ever heard before.

Your PHILCO dealer will be glad to demonstrate any of the 49 new PHILCOS and will accept your old set as partial payment.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

NEW PHILCO 16x—$175

World-wide reception plus tone such as only PHILCO can give. PHILCO'S Patented Inclined Sounding Board is the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction.

1. Its inclination directs the straight-traveling high tones up to ear level, giving brilliance and clearness.
2. Its large baffle area brings out all low tones, giving mellowness and depth.

RESULT: All music and speech are distinct and natural, as if the artists were present "in person."

And every other worth-while radio improvement, including 5 Tuning Bands, Bass Compensation, Four-Point Tone Control, Super Class "A" Audio System, Auditorium Speaker, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc. Superb hand-rubbed cabinet of gorgeous, costly woods.

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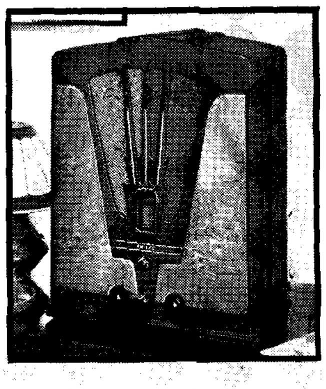
Germany's favorite baritone singing to America from Station DJB, Berlin

NEW PHILCO 16B . . . $89.50

Outstanding performance and exceptional tonal beauty characterize this handsome PHILCO. Tuning range, 540 to 23,000 kilocycles. Its five tuning bands receive standard American and all Foreign and American short-wave broadcasts. A marvelous receiver with the same chassis as the 16X above.



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AMERICAN and FOREIGN BROADCAST RECEIVERS	$39.95 to $600
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TUBES IMPROVE
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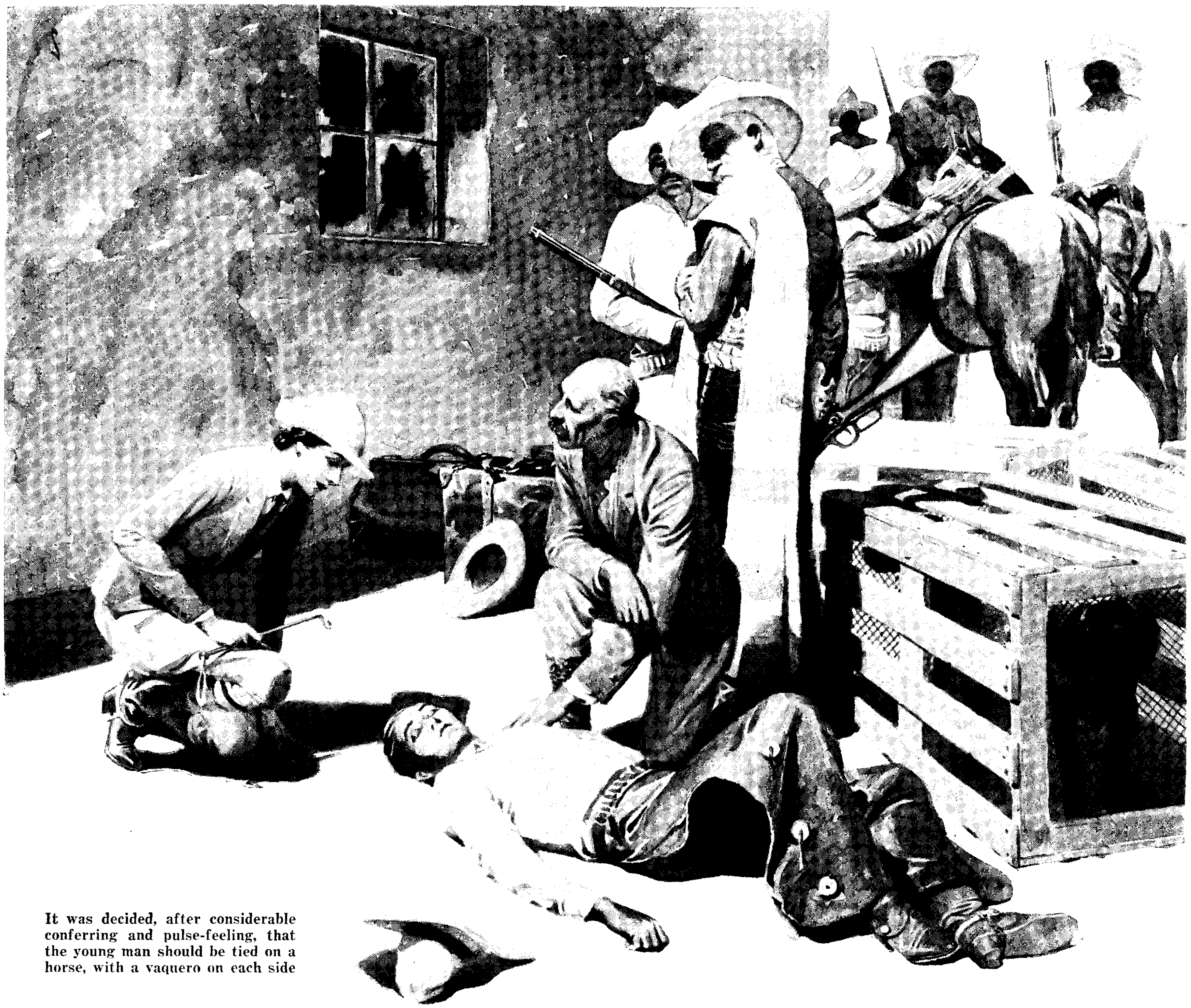


It was decided, after considerable conferring and pulse-feeling, that the young man should be tied on a horse, with a vaquero on each side

Spanish Lady

What would you do if the lady of your choice had you treed by a pack of man-hunters? You don't know? Well, neither did we till we read this story

By H. L. Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THE sun during the first stages of morning brought to the high northern Mexico table-land a warmth that the train passengers welcomed. As the day advanced and the train climbed, it beamed more fiercely and the string of day coaches turned stifling with heat and gritty with white sifting dust.

When the temperature was highest and the air thickest, the train whistled for the desert station of Las Charcas. Russ Waldron, tall and rawboned and middle-aged, with gray eyes that looked pale against the weather-burn of his face, got up and shoved into the aisle through the collection of goats, pigs, chickens and unbreeched infants that no Mexican day coach seems able to run without. Las Charcas was his station. It looked like the last end of nowhere; a deserted section house in mid-desert with all the windows punched out and an old hand car falling to pieces beside it. Nobody lived there. A fairly intelligent-looking young man with leather chaparajos and a Texas hat sat a horse in the shade of the section house, but he carried a rifle and bed-roll on his saddle as a sign of unfixed habitation, and he rode hastily up to the engine, produced a wicker-covered saddle canteen, and requested the engineer to favor him with water to fill it. Scarcity of water meant a bad country to hunt in. Waldron got down doubtfully, wondering whether to feel pleased that his two-day train ride was over or whether to kick himself for ever having undertaken it. In his young days it would not have bothered him to have an expedition fizzle on him. But now he was too old and too near broke and too far from home to think of such a possibility without feeling scared. He stared at the train as if he had half a notion to climb back on and let it take him away again. The fat conductor boosted his pile of baggage onto the steps, and the young man with the Texas hat hung his canteen in the shade, dismounted, and came over to offer assistance.

"I suppose I ought to bid you welcome to our community," he said sociably. He spoke English. Waldron gave him no credit for that, not knowing the country well enough to recognize it as a novelty. "You'd probably think I was trying to be funny if I did, so I won't. I'll give you a hand with your plunder, anyway."

He caught up a straw suitcase full of Waldron's clothes, pistol, and five pounds of strychnine, carried it over to the shade, and came back for a cased rifle and a gunny sack full of heavy-duty steel traps. Waldron watched dubiously, remembering stories about accommodating young men who hung around train stops in Old Mexico, but the fat conductor nodded reassurance, so he stepped back. "Much obliged," he said. "If you don't mind tendin' to this, I'll go up to the baggage car and unload my dogs."

The baggageman helped him off with three heavy wooden crates, each containing a yoked pair of mournful-looking hounds. At sight of him they frisked, yapped, and tried to lick his knuckles through the slats. They were glad to see him, and doubly glad when the train whistled and went on without them, making for San Luis Potosí, where the copper and revolutionists came from.

Waldron knelt to examine them for signs of mistreatment or careless handling in transit. The young man finished hauling his baggage into the shade, and strolled over and introduced himself. His name was Juan Madden. His eyes were blue, his English as healthy-sounding as anybody's, and he was, as his name implied, half American. He had been born in that section of the desert, and his father, a railroad contractor, had taken him to the States when young to be educated. By profession he was a mining engineer, and he was working a small silver lode with an old burro-power stamp mill a day's ride back in the hills, and doing well at it. At least he did well when people let him alone.

"Your dogs act friendly," he remarked as if he hadn't expected them to. "What would they do, just for curiosity, if I offered them something to eat?"

"They don't take things to eat from strangers," Waldron said. They didn't, because he had flogged the stuffing out of them several times for trying to. . . . "You ain't from the Rio Perdido hacienda, are you? I'm the man they sent for to trap off the varmints that's been killin' their stock."

THE young man said that in a way he was from Rio Perdido, because he had been born there and his silver mine was on hacienda property. But in another way he wasn't, because the *hacendado* had it in for him and didn't allow him on the place. One reason was that he belonged on his mother's side to the working-people of the hacienda, so it had been expected that he would grow up around the corrals, herding bulls and saddling a horse for the daughter of the manor when she wanted to go riding. Instead, he had naughtily chased off to an American university without asking them whether he could or not, and he had come back knowing as much as the *hacendado's* daughter did. More, maybe, for though she had been educated in England and New York, she was still a good deal of a young fool.

"You'll find that out when you meet her," he said. "I want you to give her a message from me, if you will. It's the only chance I've got of communicating with her, and I rode twelve hours to get here in time to ask you. It's a funny place, that hacienda. If you don't do the kind of work they think you ought to, they want to shoot you."

"I don't expect to have any trouble with the outfit," Waldron said. "They hired me to clean the hacienda of predatory animals, and as long as I stick to my contract they'll have to stick to theirs."

"I hope they do," the young man said politely, as if he didn't feel any too optimistic about it. He dug a cigarette out of his pocket, and Waldron noticed that he carried his pistol, not out in plain sight as everybody else in the country did, but tied close under the leg of his chaps.

"Haciendas are old-fashioned out here in the desert. My grandfather has been *caporal* at Rio Perdido for sixty years. They've been trying for twenty years to get him to retire and enjoy himself, and he won't do it. The *hacendado's* daughter has been abroad, and she wouldn't wear a last-season's dress to a dog fight, but she lets her father tell her who she's to marry and who she mustn't associate with, and he reads all her mail and holds out all the letters he disapproves of. He runs things, that old boy. If he catches you giving her any messages from me, he'll lock her in the granary for a month on bread and water, and he'll probably order you off the place."

"He won't catch me," Waldron promised. The job didn't look good, but a lot depended on it, and he intended to take no risks with it. "How is it that you're workin' silver on hacienda property, if the old man's so down on you?"

MADDEN laughed. "I'd think you could guess that one. They don't know it. At least, they don't know where I'm doing it. That's something you may have to do some arguing over. Will these dogs of yours run down a man? Would they run me down?"

"They'll run down anything they're told to," Waldron said, "but I didn't hire out down here to man-hunt, and I don't intend to do any of it."

"I hope you make that stick," Madden said. He sat for a minute listening to the creosote bushes cramping in the heat. "The old man is pretty mad at me, and if it should occur to him that your dogs could help to catch me, I doubt if your predatory-animal contract would be much of an argument with him. It isn't only that I'm taking silver out of his land. I've got a right to do that under the mining laws, and the only way he can stop me is to shoot me. But I've been buying beef for my workmen from the hill Indians that I know was stolen from Rio Perdido. Not a great deal, but some. I don't steal it myself, but it comes to the same thing, and he knows it. He'd do anything in the world to—"

A gun banged in the chaparral, and a bullet whacked a gray smear on the rusted steel rail close to his head. He jumped and ran for his horse, and another gun slammed loose across the track and landed a slug under his heel. A third shot missed him as he climbed on his horse, and then a regular volley ripped loose from the brush all around him. The thump of lead against the section house sounded like beating a drum. Waldron dropped and lay flat among the dog crates, waiting for him to go away and take the fireworks along with him. Instead of leaving, he turned his horse and rode back. "I forgot to tell you about that—" he began, dancing his horse to make a hard target.

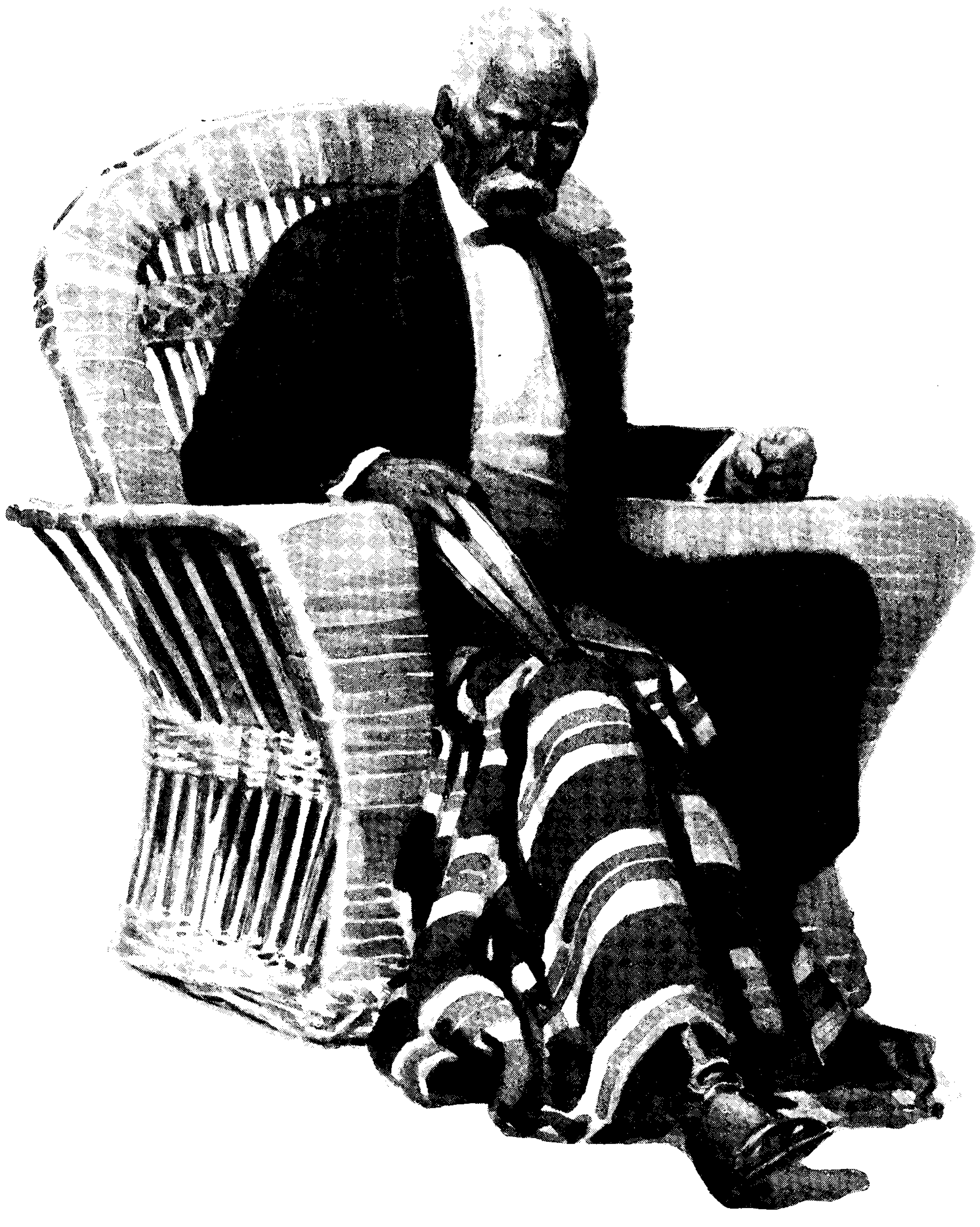
"They've got you hemmed in, you damned fool!" Waldron yelled. "Stay away from here! You're drawin' fire on these dogs, damn it, and you're liable to git one of 'em killed!"

THE shooters slowed up and aimed higher and more carefully, working to get the range. Madden hooked a spur in his saddle cantle and leaned down, sheltering himself behind his horse like an Indian. A bullet had cut through his hat brim so it hung down on his nose. "I forgot the message for that girl," he said, and grunted because a shot nicked the saddle horn close to his fingers. He made no attempt to shoot back. "You tell her I said—"

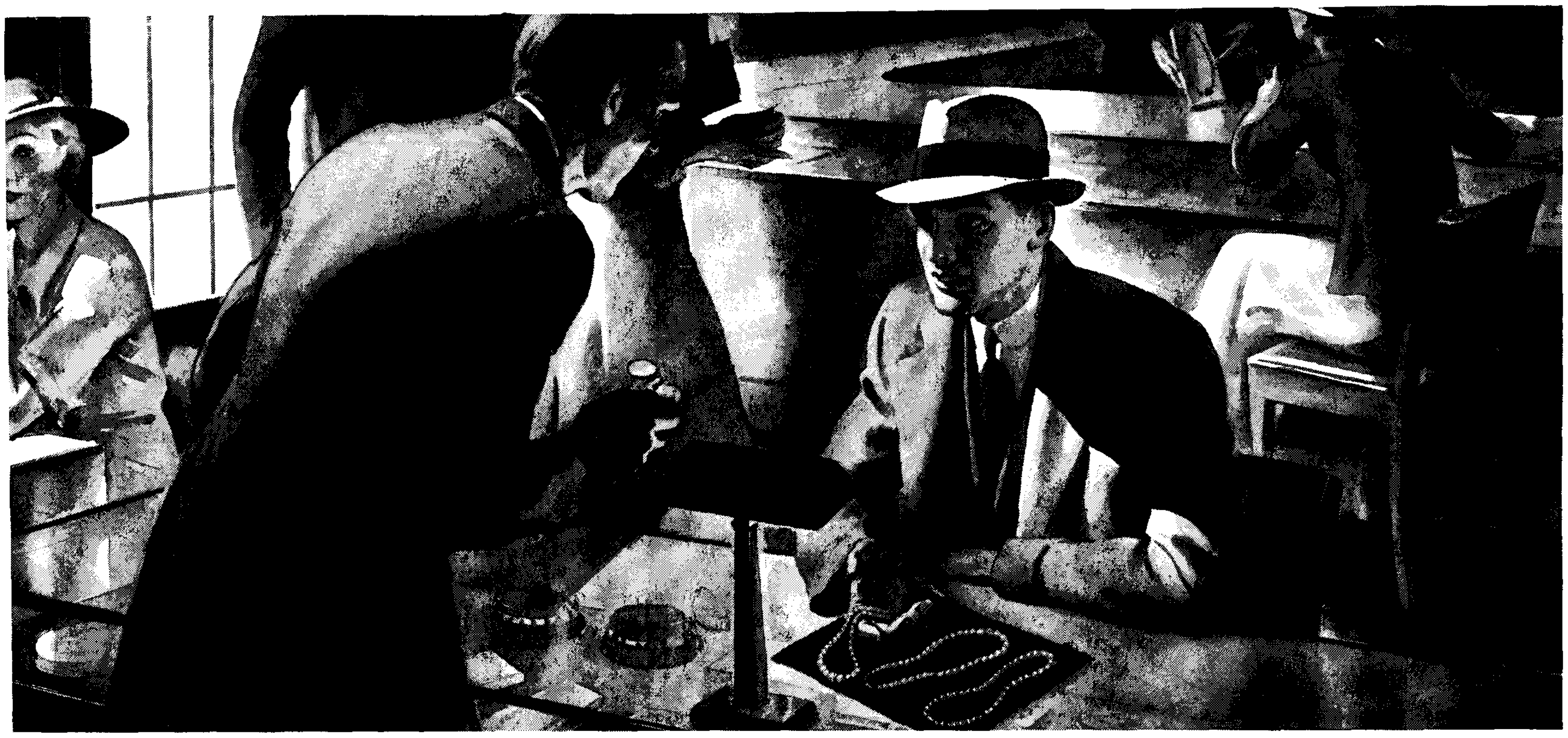
"To hell with what you said, and you too!" Waldron bellowed, rising on one elbow. "You git out of here, do you hear me? Damn you, if one of these dogs gits hit, I'll kill you myself!"

Madden straightened, shot his pistol into the air a couple of times to discourage a possible rush, and leaned over again. "Forget your cockeyed dogs a minute, for God's sake!" he implored. "Look here, you tell that girl I'll be out to see her tomorrow evening, and I'll be on the trail up the river canyon. And that if she don't want to see me—"

(*Continued on page 34*)



"Now he has escaped. I want you to take your dogs and find him for me"



"I rather imagine," he said reflectively, "one of these will do"

Not for a Chorus Girl

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By C. S. Montanye

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

AT THE Boulevard, Herrington hailed a southbound taxi. "Lake Street," he told the driver. "No hurry."

He relaxed against the worn upholstery, a sense of well-being stealing through him. . . .

The taxi stopped at the designated spot. Herrington paid the toll on its clock. He walked a little way north on the Avenue, and entered the jewelry store of Blackmere, Bailey and La Motte. There were three customers at the counters.

"Can I be of assistance?"

The man who spoke to Herrington was middle-aged. His frock coat, gray-striped trousers and plain cravat gave him a dignity in keeping with the establishment.

"I would like," Herrington replied, "to see a pearl necklace."

The other's glance surveyed Herrington politely.

"If you could give me an idea of the price you wish to pay—"

Herrington, after some thought, named a figure and presently found himself appraising three lustrous pearl necklaces.

"I rather imagine," he said reflectively, "one of these will do. I should like to bring the young lady for whom the necklace is intended here so she can make a choice."

"I'll be very happy to show them to her," the clerk said.

Herrington raised his glance.

"Will you let me have your card?" he asked. "You might, also, give me the numbers on the tags of these three strings."

"Gladly."

The clerk took an engraved card from his pocket. On its reverse side he copied off the identifying ciphers. Herrington took the card, and arose.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Latham. I'll stop in again shortly. Here's my card."

He gave Latham one of the engraved cards he had had made a few days previous. It was inscribed with the name of Reginald Saterlee. Latham took it and walked to the front door with him.

"Good morning, Mr. Saterlee. Thank you for calling."

Out on the Boulevard, Herrington walked south. At Madison Street he turned west and continued on until he reached a drug store. There were a number of telephone booths in the rear. Herrington found Blackmere, Bailey and La Motte's number, stepped into one of the booths, and dropped a nickel into the instrument.

A few seconds elapsed before a woman's voice answered.

"May I speak with Mr. Blackmere?" Herrington requested.

"Who is this calling?"

"Oliver Barclay."

A MINUTE ticked away before a man spoke: "Good morning, Mr. Barclay. This is Blackmere speaking. What can I do for you today?"

Herrington's fingers tightened around the receiver.

"Plenty. I'm in a rather awkward position. A few minutes ago I happened to remember today is Mrs. Barclay's birthday. I'm tied up with a directors' meeting and a luncheon. I wonder if you could help me out."

"In any way you suggest," Blackmere assured him.

Herrington slipped Latham's card from his pocket, and glanced at it.

"Here's the idea. A few weeks ago I was in your place. At the time I looked at some pearls—for my daughter. One string caught my fancy. I jotted down the tag number of it and have it here before me. If you could send it over to my house early this afternoon I would appreciate it."

Herrington supplied one of the numbers Latham had written on his card and waited.

"The matter will be taken care of, Mr. Barclay. This afternoon. Very well. Shall I include a gift card?"

Herrington thanked him and hung up. Toward three o'clock he made another telephone call. This time he dialed the number of Oliver Barclay's house on North Shore Drive. A servant in the financier's home answered.

"This is Blackmere, Bailey and La Motte's," Herrington stated. "Can you tell me if a package for Mrs. Barclay was left there this afternoon?"

"If you will hold the wire," the servant answered, "I will find out."

Herrington kept the receiver glued to his ear. At least five minutes elapsed before the man returned.

"Hello. What did you find out?"

"Yes, sir. It came a half hour ago."

Herrington drew a breath.

"I'm sorry to inconvenience you but it was left by mistake. I am sending one of our clerks over to get it. He is a Mr. Latham and I will appreciate your returning the package to him."

"Yes, sir."

When Herrington hung up he noted the time. It was ten minutes past three o'clock. With the final goal in sight he didn't wish to hurry matters. Accordingly he shaped a course leisurely on foot. Passing Blackmere, Bailey and La Motte's on the opposite side of the thoroughfare, he narrowed his eyes. So far the design of his pattern had been unmarred by any false line.

Herrington told himself that success in such a venture came only after study and careful planning. He had made Oliver Barclay the subject of intensive research work. He had come to know that the financier's account with the jewelry shop was of long standing; other matters of equal importance in carrying out his scheme. He knew about Barclay's ranch in Southern California, the man's yacht, clubs and private affairs. It had taken considerable time to gather the information but it was well worth the effort.

At Wacker Drive he signaled a taxi and gave the driver Barclay's address.

"Wait," he directed, when the car came to a stop before the sedate four-story house. "I won't be long."

Herrington pressed the bell. A servant opened the inner vestibule door for him. Herrington handed the man the card Latham had given him, the penciled numbers on its reverse side erased.

"I'm from Blackmere, Bailey and La Motte's," he explained. "I believe you are expecting me."

The servant glanced at the card.

"Mr. Latham, yes, sir. I have the package here for you."

HE CROSSED the foyer to a small table. Taking an oblong, paper-wrapped box from it he crossed to Herrington.

"We're sorry to have caused you any trouble," Herrington murmured, his hand not entirely steady as he slipped the package into his overcoat pocket.

"It's quite all right, Mr. Latham."

The servant held the door open for him. Herrington, with an effort, suppressed the desire to hurry down the steps and into the waiting taxi. Only his eyes betrayed his inner excitement. He could feel the heavy pound of his heart when he moved toward the vehicle at the curb.

"Superior Street," he directed the driver. "Step on it!"

Herrington pulled the door shut and sat down on the rear seat. As he did so the motionless figure of a man bulking in the corner stirred. Herrington had the impression of cold gray eyes boring into him, the glimmer of steel equally cold in the man's hand.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. "I'm Mason, from headquarters."

Herrington sat still and silent. After a time: "Where did I slip?"

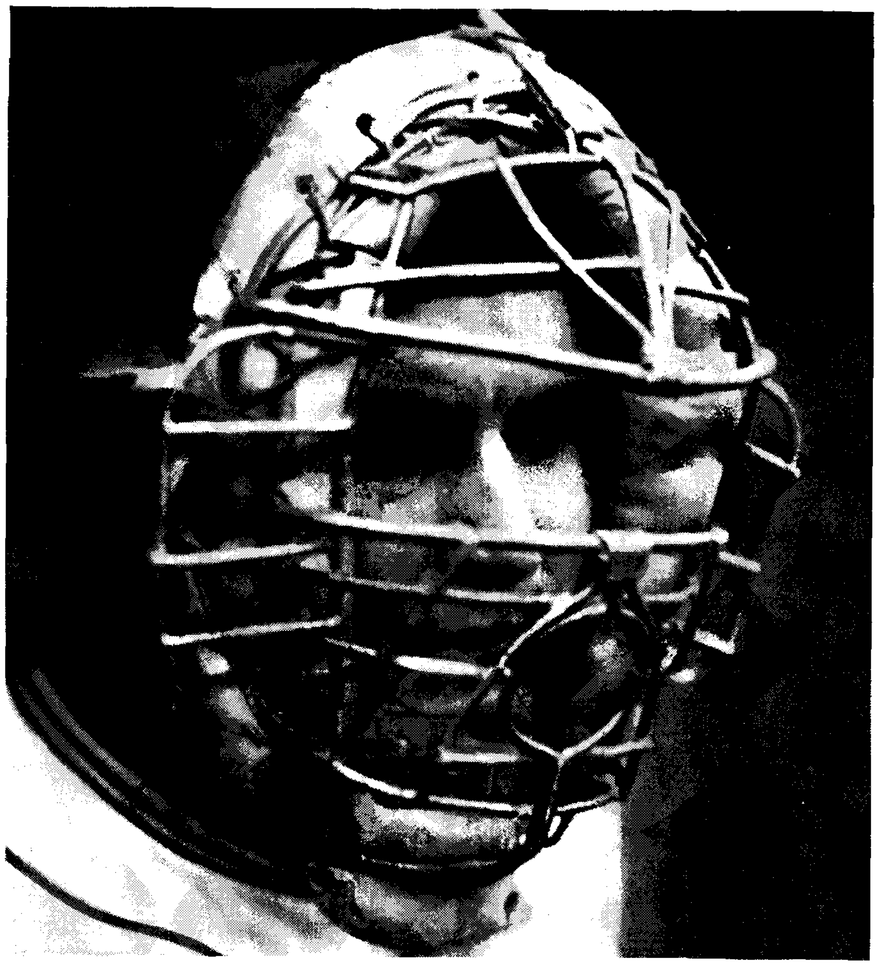
The man beside him laughed under his breath.

"Next time you try a fast one like this," he said, "get you facts down right before you start."

Herrington leaned a little closer.

"You mean—"

"I mean," the man beside him grunted, "only chorus dames have two birthdays the same month!"



Shanty Hogan combines avoirdupois and baseball *in a manner very pleasing to people in Boston*

Shanty up

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Grace may not be Mr. Shanty Hogan's long suit, but the boy is versatile. He has played in the outfield, he has played second base (and sung it), now he is catching for the Boston Braves—and hitting for the same team. In fact, if you want to see a baseball player, here he is

WHEN the returns are in from the mountain precincts and the vote is counted, it will be found that Shanty Hogan is The Last of the Mohicans. Mr. Hogan belongs back in the period when ball players wore beards and rode to the ball park in a hack. In bulk Mr. Hogan looks somewhat like a hayrick and there was a time in his career when he discovered that beer was a beverage. Add to this the fact that he is Irish and lives in Boston and you have the picture of a man who should be standing at home plate kicking Mike Kelly in the face as he slides in.

Mr. Hogan came up to the Boston Braves originally as an outfielder. They had discovered him at Somerville High turning enemy infielders into images of stone. Even in those days young Francis had suffered no deterioration from undernourishment and when he leaned his bulk against the ball the only people who ventured in the way of it were people too dumb to get out of the way of it. He was signed by the Braves in the hope that he would eventually kill somebody on the New York Giants.

At that time, 1925, the Braves were a comfortable second-division team with all the color of a fog at midnight, but there still lingered memories of the golden days of Mr. Maranville and the Wonder Team. At that moment, in fact, the Rabbit was in Pittsburgh repeating his Boston days. It was here that the Rabbit and Yellow Horse, the Indian pitcher, collected the pigeons with which they filled Bill McKechnie's room in a hotel in New York. This was done in a most obviously efficient manner. Yellow Horse held the Rabbit by the heels while the Rabbit plucked the little feathered friends from the ledge below. The fact that the ledge was twenty-three stories above the street only added to the sporting nature of the venture.

It was Hank Gowdy who talked Frank into becoming a catcher.

"It's not that I think you'll get too big for an outfielder," said Mr. Gowdy tactfully. "It's the fences. Some day you'll go back for a long fly and we'll all be out of work for a month while they make the repairs."

They farmed Frank out to Worcester for the rest of the season, having signed him in July, and then shunted him off to Lynn, Massachusetts, for the next year. He was now a catcher, having taken Mr. Gowdy's advice and being undeterred by the example of Cotton Tierney, who had once made the attempt to change from an infielder to an outfielder. Playing right field at the time for Mr. McKechnie was a gentleman named Rowhrer, who never hit anything less than a two-bagger and never learned to catch a fly ball any place but on his chest. After losing several games in this original manner, Mr. McKechnie went to Mr. Tierney and asked his assistance. Would Mr. Tierney go out and play right field as a favor to an old friend?

When the Giants Were Giants

Mr. Tierney went out in practice and proved to be amazing. He leaped and caught line drives. He came in fast and picked Texas Leaguers off the grass. He backed up and stabbed murderous wallops as they were about to disappear into the bleachers.

When the game started, however, Mr. Tierney seemed to be a new man. He dropped an easy fly. He dropped an easy liner. He camped under a high one and it came down fifteen feet due west of him. At this last exploit, Mr. McKechnie came up out of the dugout and went through various motions designed to show Mr. Tierney that his presence was wanted on the bench.

Mr. Tierney came in amiably enough, tossed his glove on the bench and said with some slight disapprobation:

"Rowhrer sure got that place in one hell of a shape out there."

In this atmosphere Mr. Hogan was entirely at home but he was to have only one year with the Braves at that particular time. He was traded to the New York Giants in the famous deal which brought Rogers Hornsby to Boston. The late John McGraw was active in those days and being with the Giants was much like being on a merry-go-round run by Barney Oldfield. The newspaper-men liked Mr. Hogan when he appeared in town after the deal, but there was still some resentment over the exile of Mr. Hornsby. Mr. Hogan, however, put the assemblage immediately at ease by assuring them that the Giants had all the best of the deal.

"And I suppose you can also handle second base?" said one of the sporting writers sourly.

"Handle it!" cried Mr. Hogan gayly. "Not only can I handle it but I can sing it!"

Whereupon Mr. Hogan went up to the office of Charley Stoneham, owner of the Giants, and signed his contract. When that ceremony was completed, he asked if he might send a telegram. Mr. Stoneham was agreeable. Mr. Hogan wrote: "Mrs. Delia Hogan, 6 Lincoln Parkway, Somerville, Massachusetts. Send the trunk."

That trunk turned out to be quite a pain for Mr. Hogan. When he left New York for Hot Springs, Arkansas, it hadn't arrived. After two weeks at Hot Springs, there was still no trunk. Mr. Hogan was not the sort of person who could borrow a shirt with ease unless he could find an owner who had no objection to having the shirt returned with adhesive tape binding up the seams. He was conducting his business and extensive social life with one flannel shirt when the trunk finally arrived.

"The guy carried it down on his back," explained Mr. Hogan. "He had a little trouble getting over the Alleghenies."

The Giants were in Hot Springs prior to the training season at Augusta, Georgia. McGraw was still in Havana slightly entranced by the ponies and the team was in charge of Roger Bresnahan, the old catcher. He had been instructed to watch Mr. Hogan's weight, appetite, girth and general displacement. Bresnahan turned the assignment over to Doc Knowles, the trainer. They boiled Shanty in the hot baths until he was afraid to come into the dining-room lest one of the guests start tearing him apart limb by limb under the misapprehension that he was on the menu. They chased him up and down the solitary mountain at Hot Springs and made him take ten laps around the track every time they caught a glint in his eyes which indicated that he might like to sit down and fan himself. When the team reached Augusta and met McGraw, Hogan was in excellent shape. He had gained ten pounds.

During a spring game in the South, McGraw was being interviewed on the bench by one of the local boosters. Hogan was standing by the bats in front of the dugout.

"Mr. McGraw," said the local gentleman proudly, "what do you think of our new ball park?"

"Wait'll the balloon goes up out there and I'll tell you," answered McGraw.

Meats à la Code

By this time the Hogan weight question was an issue of importance and Doc Knowles was ever more insistently on the job. McGraw, for his part, kept a close watch on the Hogan dinner checks and was gratified to note the quantities of spinach, lettuce and turnip greens being consumed and the corresponding absence of steaks, chops and spuds. When weighed at the end of the week, Mr. Hogan had gained ten pounds more. Since this was in direct conflict with the laws of dietetics, gravity and the State of Rhode Island, the management was in a fair way of being dumfounded. The mystery was solved quite a time later when it was found that Mr. Hogan had a code with the cook whereby spinach, by a magical formula, turned into an order for two steaks, three helpings of potatoes and a large slab of Boston cream pie. A second order of spinach meant corn beef and cabbage, with a dash of canned corn garnished with apple pie à la mode.

Mr. Hogan was having an excellent time these days. McGraw was making a place hitter out of him and taking the punch out of his long drives, but everything else was jake. The only difficulty was Doc Knowles, who was taking his guardianship even more seriously. Mr. Knowles wore out the chairs in the hotel lobbies waiting for Mr. Hogan to come in at night. He hung around the dining-room to see that Mr. Hogan ate no more than one helping of wiener schnitzel.

Mr. Hogan tried to show by obvious hints that this wasn't what a grown man had a right to expect. When he went into the dining-room, he carefully lifted each piece of bread and looked under it.

"What, no Doc Knowles!" said Mr. Hogan in surprise.

He ostentatiously looked under his bed every night and every morning.

"What, no Doc Knowles!" cried Mr. Hogan.

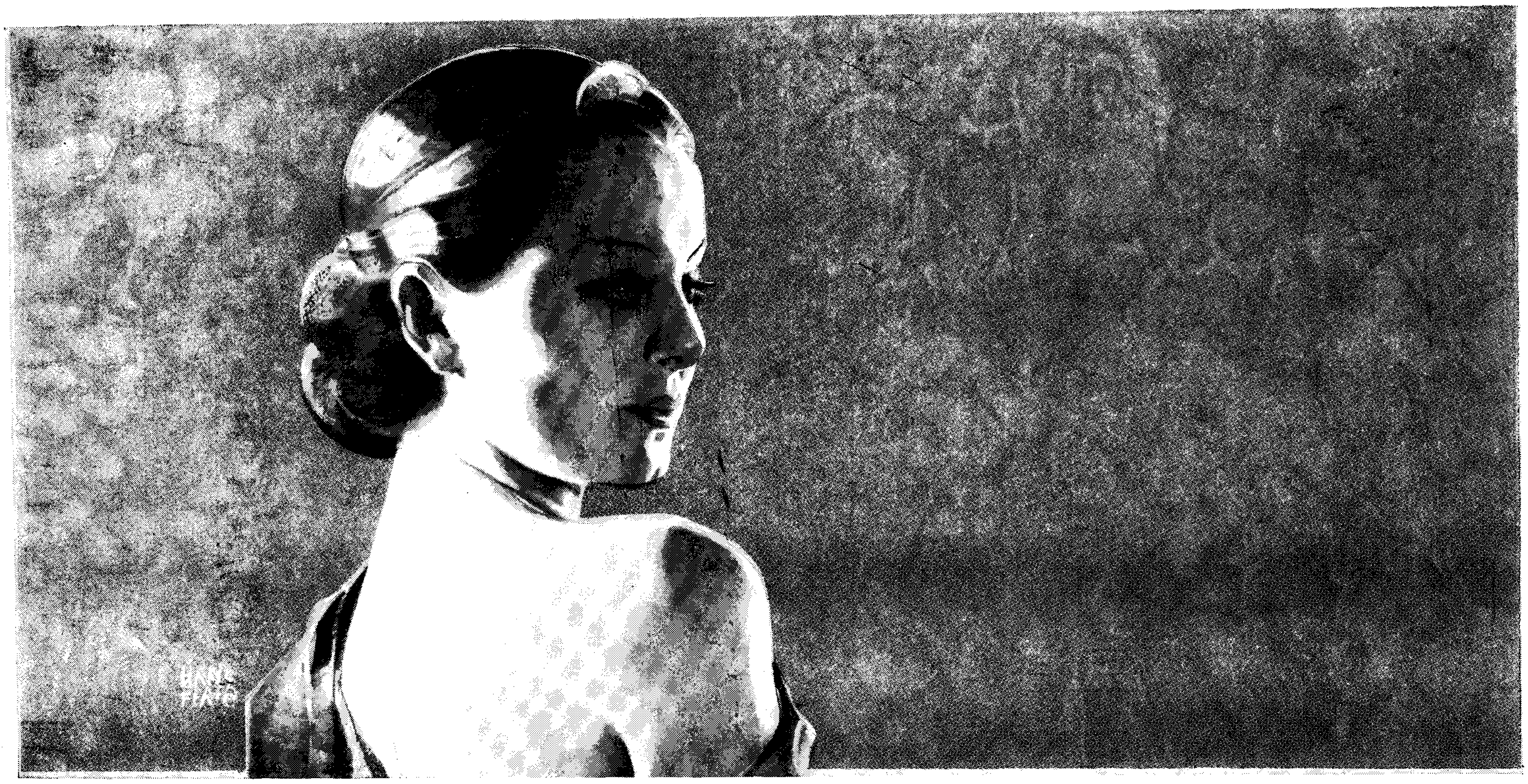
Shanty at Home

The climax came shortly after. The Giants were going from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati and the squad was in charge of Dave Bancroft, in the absence of McGraw. At train time there was no sign of Mr. Hogan and Doc Knowles was charging up and down the platform in a frenzy. Bancroft was unconcerned. If Hogan wasn't on the train, that was something for Mr. Hogan. Mr. Bancroft was not conducting a day nursery. When the train pulled out Mr. Hogan was not in sight. Mr. Knowles finally found him in the observation car, talking amiably enough to a young lady.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Knowles is reported to have shouted.

Whereupon Mr. Hogan arose from

(Continued on page 53)



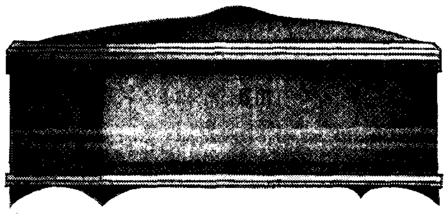
She turned and faced him with perfect composure. "So you're married?"

A Lady Enters

A romance which may surprise you by ending with a honeymoon. We hazard the guess that it will not appear in the heroine's memoirs

By Cleo Lucas

ILLUSTRATED BY HANS FLATO



NEW YORK had waited two years for London to tire of A Lady Enters and it had waited five years for Sybil Relfe to tire of London. The time had come at last. A few hours from now Sybil Relfe would walk across the boards to prove that she was entitled to wear the crown that the critics had bestowed upon her: that of First Lady of the Theater.

There was little that the newspapers could say about Sybil that they had not said before. All the adjectives that can be applied to a beautiful woman had been used time and time again. Glamorous, lovely, charming, delightful, brilliant, radiant, graceful, polished, a finished actress. They had said all these things about her. Now all they could say was that she was more radiant. More beautiful. More everything since she had been away. So they said it and carried hundreds of photographs of her to prove it.

None of them went into her personal life except to say that she had been the toast of England. Only one gossipy columnist thought it important enough to "wonder if a certain well-known society man whose heart, it will be remembered, took a flip-flop not so many years ago is sufficiently recovered to be in his customary box tonight as the curtain is rung up on A Lady Enters."

Sybil read it as she lay on her chaise longue in her luxurious apartment on Park Avenue and wondered too. Her soft, white hands, about which the critics loved to write, slowly folded and unfolded a corner of the paper as she wondered. Her great, brown eyes, that tonight would sparkle and laugh or become sad and weep at her will, now stared unexpressively at the ceiling as she let her thoughts drift back to those three stormy, unbelievable years that she had been the wife of Kristian Marsh.

Their parting had been as anomalous as had been their life together. A strange sensation of happiness and unhappiness. A strange desire of wanting each other and yet not wanting each other. She recalled their last moments together in her cabin just before she had sailed for England. Kristian standing there beside her, straight and tall and handsome, holding her hand so tightly that her rings left red stripes on her fingers. Looking down at her with a hurt, sad look in his eyes and yet with a little hint of relief in them too, telling her "goodby" forever.

SYBIL had understood both looks. The hurt, sad one was because he loved her and the relieved one was because there would be no more quarrels or scenes. Kristian hated fights. How many times he had said, "I don't enjoy this. You know I'm not an actor. I don't appreciate scenes."

And scenes there had been, she reflected. Scenes into which she had bitten her teeth and enacted with a perfection that she had never attained in the theater before or since. Some of them, especially the scenes in the drawing-room of Kristian's family home, were as good as any sophisticated comedy that Coward had ever written. Better, Sybil decided now as she thought back on them.

The final scene over the blue cigarette box had been just too perfect. Of course, they had argued before over the same thing but never with such feeling. She couldn't have stayed anyway, after the things Kristian had said to her that night, but she had often thought that her exit was the most dramatic and the best-timed one she had ever made.

She visualized it again in her mind. Kristian, sitting in his favorite chair, not saying anything while she stormed about the room in the manner of Hedda Gabbler.

"But I tell you I can't stand it," she screamed, "these awful evenings of bridge and dinners and your mother's boring friends."

Silence. That was what drove her to distraction. His silence. How could anyone enact a scene alone? Well, when everything else failed there was always one thing that roused him into action. Sybil had tried it many times and always with success.

Continuing her tirade of invective, she moved toward the table beside his chair and whisked the cigarette box from it. She walked across the room and set it beside the blue lamp that stood on a long table near the wall. Then she waited. Waited until he should put out his hand for a cigarette and find that there was none within his reach.

IT WAS such a little thing to provoke anger, she thought, as she watched his gaze fly across the room to the long table. After all, she did other things that should have broken down his resistance much more quickly than the mere absence of a cigarette box should have done.

The effect was instantaneous. He was on his feet. Down came his hand on the back of the chair.

"You've done this once too often, Sybil." His voice was high-pitched. Angry. "I've told you over and over again that I want that box left on that table and I—"

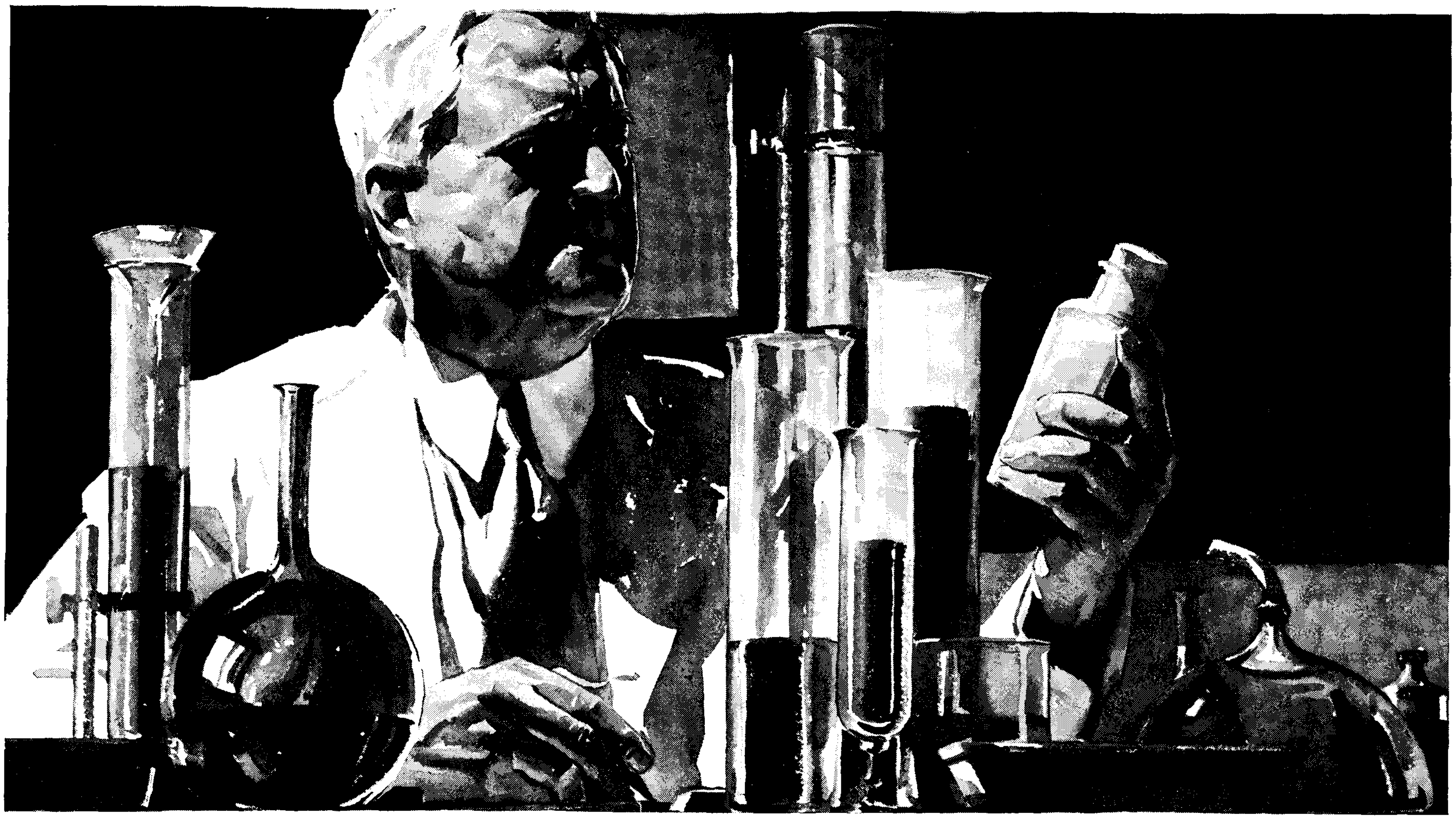
Sybil, tense with expectancy. Picking up her cue joyfully but with the air of being offended.

"Don't shout at me, please, Kristian."

"I will shout at you!" And he did shout.

Sybil walking over toward the fireplace so that the glow of the fire could fall on her glittering dress of sequins. Kristian following, raving at her now about how inconsiderate she was, how selfish and vain and egotistical. And then the names. She had been terribly shocked when he had called her those awful names but it had given her a great chance to prove her ability, to reestablish confidence in her acting.

(Continued on page 47)



"Now and then you get a man who is a materialist, in the sense of a beast. He's a bad man"

The Crime of the Communist

A mystery story, in which more, far more, than a corpse is found. The law's master-mind is the famous Father Brown, the world's most studious detective

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

THREE men came out from under the low-browed Tudor arch in the mellow façade of Mandeville College, into the strong evening sunlight of a summer day which seemed as if it would never end; and in that sunlight they saw something well fitted to be the shock of their lives.

Even before they had realized anything in the way of a catastrophe, they were conscious of a contrast. They themselves, in a curious, quiet way, were quite harmonious with their surroundings. Though the Tudor arches that ran like a cloister round the college gardens had been built four hundred years ago, though they themselves were in modern clothes, something in the spirit of the place made them all as one.

The first of the three, a tall, bald, bearded maypole of a man, was a familiar figure in the Quad in cap and gown; the gown slipped off one of his sloping shoulders. The second was very square-shouldered, short and compact, with a rather jolly grin, commonly clad in a jacket, with his gown over his arm. The third was even shorter and much shabbier, in black clerical clothes. But they all seemed suitable to Mandeville College and the indescribable atmosphere of the two ancient and unique universities of England. They fitted into it and they faded into it; which is there regarded as most fitting.

The two men seated on garden chairs by a little table were a sort of brilliant blot on this gray-green landscape. They were clad mostly in black and yet they glittered from head to heel, from their burnished top-hats to their perfectly polished shoes. It was dimly felt as an outrage that anybody should be so well-dressed in the well-bred freedom of Mandeville College. The only excuse was that they were foreigners. One was an American: a millionaire named Hake, dressed in the spotlessly and sparklingly gentlemanly manner known only to the rich of New York. The other, who added to all these things the outrage of an astrakhan overcoat (to say nothing of a pair of florid whiskers), was a German count of great wealth; the shortest part of his name was Von Zimmern.

THE mystery of this story, however, is not the mystery of why they were there. They were there for the reason that commonly explains the meeting of incongruous things: they proposed to give the college some money. They had come in support of a plan supported by several financiers and magnates of many countries, for founding a new Chair of Economics at Mandeville College. They had inspected the college with that tireless, conscientious sightseeing of which no sons of Eve are capable except the American and the German. And now they were resting from their labors and looking solemnly at the college gardens. So far so good.

The three other men, who had already met them, passed with a vague salutation; but one of them stopped; the smallest of the three, in the black clerical clothes.

"I say," he said, with rather the air of a frightened rabbit, "I don't like the look of those men."

"Good God! Who could?" ejaculated the tall man, who happened to be the Master of Mandeville. "At least *we* have some rich men who don't go about dressed up like tailors' dummies."

"Yes," hissed the little cleric, "that's what I mean. Like tailors' dummies."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the short man in gray sharply.

"I mean they're like horrible waxworks," said the cleric in a faint voice. "I mean they don't move. Why don't they move?"

Suddenly starting out of his dim retirement, he darted across the garden and touched the German baron on the elbow. The German baron fell over, chair and all, and the trousered legs that stuck up in the air were as stiff as the legs of the chair.

Mr. Gideon P. Hake continued to gaze at the college gardens with glassy eyes; but the parallel of a waxwork confirmed the impression that they were like eyes made of glass. Somehow the rich sunlight and the colored garden increased the creepy impression of a stiffly dressed doll; a marionette on an Italian stage. The small man in black, who was a priest named Brown, tentatively touched the millionaire on the shoulder; and the millionaire fell sideways, but horribly all of a piece, like something carved in wood.

"*Rigor mortis,*" said Father Brown, "and so soon. But it does vary a good deal."

THE reason the first three men had joined the other two men so late (not to say too late) will best be understood by noting what had happened just inside the building, behind the Tudor archway, but a short time before they came out. They had all dined together in Hall, at the High Table; but the two foreign philanthropists, slaves of duty in the matter of seeing everything, had solemnly gone back to the chapel, of which one cloister and a staircase remained unexamined, promising to rejoin the rest in the garden to examine as earnestly the college cigars. The rest, in a more reverent and right-minded spirit, had adjourned as usual to the long, narrow, oak table round which the after-dinner wine had circulated, for all anybody knew, ever since the college had been founded in the Middle Ages by Sir John Mandeville, for the encouragement of telling stories.

The Master, with the big, fair beard and the bald brow, took the head of the table, and the squat, square man in the square jacket sat on his left; for he was the bursar or business man of the college. Next to him, on that side of the table, sat a queer-looking man with what could only be called a crooked face; for its dark tufts of mustache and eyebrow, slanting at contrary angles, made a sort of zigzag, as if half his face were puckered or paralyzed. His name was Byles; he was the lecturer in Roman history, and his political opinions were founded on those of Coriolanus, not to mention Tarquinius Superbus.

Beyond him sat Father Brown and at the end of the table Wadham, the professor of chemistry, large and blond and bland, with eyes that were sleepy and perhaps a little sly. It was well-known that this natural philosopher regarded the other philosophers, of a more classical tradition, very much as old fogies.

ON THE other side of the table, opposite Father Brown, was a very swarthy and silent young man, with a black, pointed beard, introduced because somebody had insisted on having a Chair of Persian; opposite the sinister Byles was a very mild-looking little chaplain, with a head like an egg. Opposite the bursar, and at the right hand of the Master, was an empty chair; and there were many there who were glad to see it empty.

"I don't know whether Craken is coming," said the Master, not without a nervous glance at the chair, which contrasted with the usual languid freedom of his demeanor. "I believe in giving people a lot of rope myself; but I confess I've reached the point of being glad when he is here, merely because he isn't anywhere else."

"Never know what he'll be up to next," said the bursar cheerfully, "especially when he's instructing the young."

"A brilliant fellow, but fiery of course," said the Master, with a rather abrupt relapse into reserve.

"Fireworks are fiery, and also brilliant," growled old Byles, "but I don't want to be burned in my bed so that Craken can figure as a real Guy Fawkes."

"Do you really *think* he would join a physical force revolution, if there were one?" asked the bursar, smiling.

"Well, *he* thinks he would," said Byles sharply. "Told a whole hall full of undergraduates the other day that nothing now could avert the class war turning into a real war, with killing in the streets of the town; and it didn't matter, so long as it ended in Communism and the victory of the working-class."

"THE class war," mused the Master. "I never can understand all this about the class war. When I was young, Socialism was supposed to mean that there are no classes."

"Well," said the bursar, "there *are*. You can't make men equal and it's damned bad business to pay them equal; especially a lot of them not worth paying for at all. Whatever it is, you've got to take the practical way out, because it's the only way out. It's not our fault if nature made everything a scramble."

"I agree with you there," said the professor of chemistry, speaking with a lisp that seemed childish in so large a man. "Socialism is sentimentalism; and more dangerous than a pestilence, for in that at least the fittest would survive."

The Master smiled a little sadly. "You know you and I will never feel quite the same about differences of opinion. Didn't somebody say up here, about walking with a friend by the river, 'Not differing much, except in opinion.' Isn't that the motto of a university? To have hundreds of opinions and not be opinionated. If people fail here, it's by what they are, not what they think. Perhaps I'm a relic of the eighteenth century; but I incline to the old sentimental heresy. 'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; he can't be wrong whose life is in the right.' What do you think about that, Father Brown?"

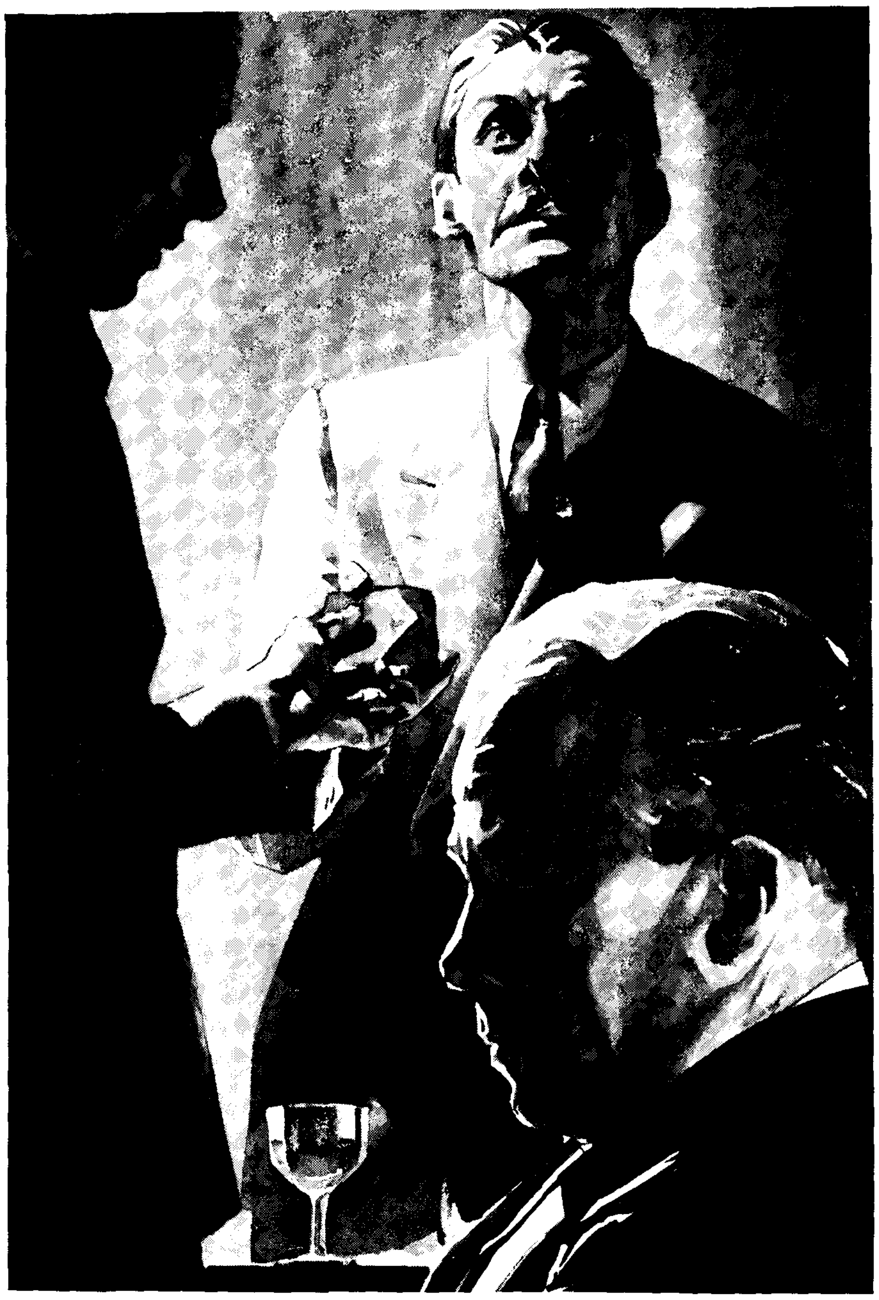
He glanced a little mischievously across at the priest and was mildly startled. For he had always found the priest very cheerful and amiable and easy to get on with; and his round face was mostly solid with good humor. But for some reason the priest's face at this moment was knotted with a frown much more somber than any the company had ever seen on it.

"I don't believe in that, anyhow," he said shortly. "How can one's life be in the right, if one's whole view of life is wrong? That's a modern muddle that arose because people didn't know how much views of life can differ. Baptists and Methodists knew they didn't differ very much in morality; but then they didn't differ very much in religion or philosophy. It's quite different when you pass from the Baptists to the Anabaptists; or from the Theosophists to the Thugs. Heresy always does affect morality, if it's heretical enough. I suppose a man may honestly believe that thieving isn't wrong. But what's the good of saying that he honestly believes in dishonesty?"

"Damned good," said Byles with a ferocious contortion of feature, believed by many to be meant for a friendly smile. "And that's why I object to having a Chair of Theoretical Thieving in this college."

"Well, you're all very down on Communism, of course," said the Master, with a sigh. "But do you really think there's so much of it to be down on? Are any of your heresies really big enough to be dangerous? Are—"

A SHADOW shot or slid rapidly along the paneled wall opposite, as swiftly followed by the figure that had flung it—a long-limbed, high-shouldered man with long, drooping mustaches, who sank into the empty chair on the Master's right, and looked across at the bursar and the rest with hollow and cavernous eyes. His hanging hair and mustache were quite fair, but his eyes were so deep-set that they might have been black.



He returned the pouch; his eyes were far away and burning

The professor of Roman history rose stiffly to his feet and stalked out of the room, indicating with little *finesse* his feelings about sitting at the same table with the professor of Theoretical Thieving, otherwise the Communist, Mr. Craken.

The Master of Mandeville covered the awkward situation with nervous grace. "I was defending you, or some aspects of you, my dear Craken," he said smiling, "though I am sure you would find me quite indefensible. After all, I can't forget that the old Socialist friends of my youth had a very fine ideal of fraternity and comradeship. William Morris put it all briefly, 'Fellowship is heaven; and lack of fellowship is hell.'"

"Dons as Democrats; see headline," said Mr. Craken rather disagreeably. "And is Hard-Case Hake going to dedicate the new Commercial Chair to the memory of William Morris?"

"Well," said the Master, still maintaining a desperate geniality, "I hope we may say, in a sense, that all our chairs are chairs of good fellowship."

"Yes; that's the academic version of the Morris maxim," growled Craken. "'A fellowship is heaven; and lack of fellowship is hell.'"

"Don't be so cross, Craken," interposed the bursar briskly. "Take some port. Tenby, pass the port to Mr. Craken."

"Oh, well, I'll have a glass," said the Communist professor a little less ungraciously. "I really came down here to have a smoke in the garden. Then I looked out of the window and saw your two precious millionaires were actually blooming in the garden; fresh, innocent buds. After all, it might be worth while to give them a bit of my mind."

The Master had risen under cover of his last conventional cordiality, and was only too glad to leave the bursar to do his best with the wild man. Others had risen, and the groups at the table had begun to break up; and the bursar and Mr. Craken were left more or less alone at the end of the long table. Only Father Brown continued to sit staring into vacancy with a rather cloudy expression.

"OH, AS to that," said the bursar, "I'm pretty tired of them myself, to tell the truth; I've been with them the best part of a day going into facts and figures and all the business of this new professorship. But look here, Craken," and he leaned across the table and spoke with a sort of soft emphasis, "you really needn't cut up so rough about this new professorship. It doesn't really interfere with your subject. You're the only professor of political economy at Mandeville. And, though I don't pretend to agree with your notions, everybody knows you've got a European reputation. This is a special subject they call applied economics. Well, even today, as I told you, I've had a hell of a lot of applied economics. In other words, I've had to talk business with two business men. Would you particularly want to do that? Would you envy it? Would you stand it? Isn't that evidence enough that it is a separate subject and may well be a separate chair?"

"Good God," cried Craken with the intense invocation of the atheist. "Do you think I don't want to apply economics? Only when we apply it, you call it red ruin and anarchy; and when you apply it, I take the liberty of calling it exploitation. If only you fellows would apply economics, it's just possible that people might get something to eat. We are the practical people; and that's why you're afraid of us. That's why you have to get two greasy capitalists to start another lectureship; just because I've let the cat out of the bag."

"Rather a wild cat, wasn't it," said the bursar smiling, "that you let out of the bag?"

"And rather a gold bag, isn't it," said Craken, "that you are tying the cat up in again?"

"Well, I don't suppose we shall ever agree about all that," said the other. "But those fellows have come out of the chapel into the garden, and if you want to have your smoke there, you'd better come." He watched with some amusement his companion fumbling in all his pockets till he produced a pipe and then gazing at it with an abstracted air. Craken rose to his feet, but even in doing so, seemed to be feeling all over himself again. Mr. Baker, the bursar, ended the controversy with a happy

(Continued on page 49)

You Can't Fool New Hampshire

Just try to put something over on the legislature of New Hampshire. You can't do it. For one thing, it's too big—nobody could afford to bribe the boys even if they could all be seen. Besides, politics is a pastime, not a business, in New Hampshire. And when you add a governor who looks like Lincoln, you're licked completely

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

ANYONE could have learned in short order what was engaging the expert attentions of Mr. Enoch D. Fuller in his offices in Concord, New Hampshire. Mr. Fuller is New Hampshire's Secretary of State and you may travel from Dummer Ponds to Windham Depot, a journey packed with profit to anyone with an eye for suave beauty, and discover that friend and foe alike ascribe to Mr. Fuller all the stout virtues and rugged talents that combine to make the perfect Secretary of State.

For example, search as you will and resort to such low devices as you may command and you will not find that Mr. Fuller is given to disbursing snap judgments in lieu of facts. Moreover, facts themselves do not issue from the offices of New Hampshire's Secretary of State before having been tested for shrinkage, color, strain, twist and combustion. Therefore the decision that was being handed down when we were in Mr. Fuller's office was sound. There it was, proved in simple mathematics understandable even to us who frequently are put to rout by such elementals as the early multiplication tables.

The question was this: When, if ever, would the village of East Sullivan in Cheshire County be entitled to a membership in the largest legislative body in America outside the House of Representatives in Washington, to wit, the House of Representatives of New Hampshire? We shall have a word or two about New Hampshire's House of Representatives and other points of interest in the state, but for the moment we shall stick to the business in hand and thereby explain how, numerically, this law-making rodeo gets the way it is. Nobody in Mr. Fuller's office appeared to know just how the matter of East Sullivan had arisen but it was disposed of just the same, along with such current problems as the perplexity of a hotel owner in Coos County concerning whether he should append "pres." or "prop." to his name on his business stationery.

But as to East Sullivan it was clear that for all her beauty and fertility she was not entitled to membership, having a population of only eighty, whereas it is necessary in New Hampshire for a community to muster six hundred souls before the right to regular representation in the legislature is hers. Nevertheless the outlook for East Sullivan was not altogether hopeless. If she never grew so much as an incubator baby beyond her present modest proportions of eighty she would not be able to complain that she was the victim of that celebrated tyranny known as taxation without representation. To demonstrate this, Mr. Fuller took pencil and paper and with a swift application of homemade formula found that East Sullivan would be entitled to one representative every fifteen years. This, he went on to explain, might impress some people as a trifle infrequent, but the more philosophic residents of East Sullivan would derive a great deal of comfort from the fact that there are communities in New Hampshire—Flume House, for example—which could send a leading citizen to the legislature only once in eighty years. Flume House has a population of fifteen, almost all of whom are of legislative dimensions.

Once in Fifteen Years

You see, the Constitution of New Hampshire, a venerable instrument written in 1793, has it that "towns of less than six hundred inhabitants shall be entitled to one representative such proportionate part of the time as the number of inhabitants shall bear to 600." For a number of years this proposition, in simple equation or proportion or whatever it is, was the subject of much acrimonious debate, to say nothing of downright bad arithmetic. The result was some pretty tart exchanges between the represented and the unrepresented with nobody being thoroughly convinced and such communities as Flume House, Granite, Starr King and Roby waxing pretty nasty. But Mr. Fuller put an end to it all by producing a formula which, upon being inspected for flaws by the best minds in the state, was pronounced incontestable.

Starting from legal scratch, which grants a community with six hundred inhabitants one representative each session, Mr. Fuller worked it out on a ten-year basis. New Hampshire's legislature convenes every two years and that, it must be clear, makes five sessions in ten years. Therefore, letting X equal the number of representatives a community may be entitled to, he evolves: X is to 5 as the number of a town's inhabitants is to 600. Thus in East Sullivan's case X is to 5 as 80 is to 600. You may figure it out for yourself but no argument will be tolerated. You will find that East Sullivan is entitled to two thirds of a representative every ten years, but inasmuch as there are no adults of fractional caliber in all New Hampshire, East Sullivan must therefore wait an additional five years before electing one of her notoriously complete citizens to be her voice in Concord. And when he has served his single term the excitement is all over for another fifteen years. I am told it works out nicely, fifteen years being just about enough time to repair the damage. There's another nice feature of such blue-moon representation to consider: If a town's representation years are impressively far apart, few citizens live long enough even in New Hampshire to return to the Capital, and the honor thus descends in time upon all the community's deserving families. Even where it happens every ten or twelve years like locusts or panics, the citizenry are likely to regard it as a sporting rather than a political event and award the distinction to somebody who hasn't had a vacation for some years or use it as laurel for the brow of some declining local father who has accumulated all the other honors the community has to confer. New Hampshire's graveyards are thickly strewn with tombstones whereon one reads (away down at the bottom) "Served in the Legislature of—"

It is by this process then that New Hampshire with 469,000 inhabitants in all comes by its densely populated House of Representatives of 418 members. It was our fine fortune to be in Concord while the legislature was in session, specially convened to consider the matter of the manufacture, distribution, sale and consumption of hard liquor, the state having voted 76,000 to 30,000 to be wet. Therefore we saw this ponderous body in action and were surprised that it got about with such alacrity. More, we arrived in the spacious hall where this House of Representatives sits just in time for morning prayer and met the governor of New Hampshire—His Excellency John Gilbert Winant, who used himself to be one of this representing multitude.

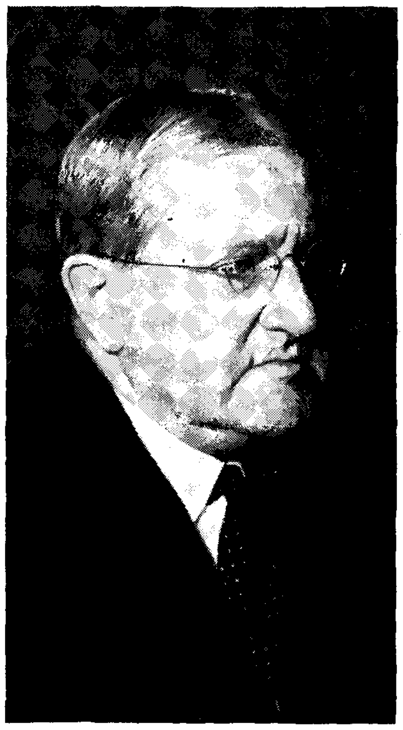
A Liberal with a Chill

We shall come to him in a moment. He is quite as interesting and in several ways every bit as large as the House we met him in. More than that, he is spoken of by sundry Republicans as the "type" of Republican that the currently befuddled and slack-jaw G. O. P. must look to in the immediate future if the party is to be anything more for the next six or eight years than a petulant whisper whimpering in the wilderness. Of the Senate which was convening with the House we shall say practically nothing. It consists of but twenty-four somber members and, after the fashion of Senates the world over, is absorbed most in trying to stop the House from doing something the latter hopes will turn out all right in the long run. Not that this can't be of considerable service to a people.

Governor Winant, a tallish, brooding man of forty-five, with a schoolmaster's stoop and a voice which, even on the stump, gives the hearer a sense of being taken into his confidence, looks like or rather suggests Abraham Lincoln. An indoor Lincoln. But the resemblance is reminiscent rather than immediate. He is a Republican who, like a majority of Republicans surviving in office, has hooked his chariot to the Roosevelt engine. He is a smolderer by nature, not a

Clyde Keefe, Democratic leader of New Hampshire's House, who needs no lessons in practical politics

Ex-Senator George H. Moses and, below, Governor Winant of New Hampshire



Where New Hampshire's huge House meets. A yearning for adequate representation results in a legislative body of 418 members

John Gilbert Winant, New Hampshire's soft-spoken, three-term governor, who looks like Lincoln and is considered a potential Coolidge

firebrand, and while he is a New Dealer of the Brain Trust persuasion one gathers from him that it is one of his major sorrows that Mr. Hoover's timidity did not permit him as President to beat Mr. Roosevelt to it. Governor Winant was quite close to Mr. Hoover and still regards him with a deploring friendliness. In short, Governor Winant is an intellectual liberal with a chill.

Certainly he is not a Son of the Wild Jackass, a distinction we want to make here because within a dirty look of the austere office where Governor Winant spends the major part of six sevenths of the week sits his most pungent enemy, the Honorable George Higgins Moses, once U. S. senator from New Hampshire and more than once master of hounds of the Wild Jackass hunt. Senator Moses is no longer in public life, as it is called, having hunted the Wild Jackass once too often, suffering in that last roundup the lamentable fate of the late but still cherished Captain Prosper Descant, a mighty hunter of rabbits who, they say, was done to death one evening by a desperate Belgian hare. Senator Moses, who now valiantly devotes himself to doing all the damage he can to the Winant wing of New Hampshire's Republican party and to writing his memoirs, which he totes about with him like knitting, does not trust himself to speak of Governor Winant for publication, although it is permissible to say that he does not regard the governor as a Son of the Wild Jackass—merely a somewhat inept imitator of a distant cousin by marriage.

The Betrayal of George Moses

You must understand, however, that Senator Moses' virulent dislike for Governor Winant is born of the governor's antipathy to almost all of the things that Mr. Moses stands for in politics, including George Moses. Senator Moses, in the eyes of New Hampshire, stood for that vague goblin known as The Interests, which, you may recall, were very popular while they had it. As a member of the Senate he was militant in the strait-jacket Republicanism fashioned by such plutocrats as the Hannas, the Penroses, the Aldriches and the Cannons. These gentlemen were unrelenting realists who regarded all dissenters from the will of the great industrialists as vicious malcontents who were better off in jail—or dead. It would be difficult, if worth trying at all, to find a more charming and generous person than Mr. Moses, but since 1906 a small but vigorous section of his own party in New Hampshire had been trying to convince the people that they would be much better off with George Moses in his Main Street law offices than with Senator Moses in Washington.

This wing of the Republican party had, however, to be satisfied with local successes such as electing a governor or so; George Moses, backed by the political machines of the state's larger industrial centers and therefore the well-organized vote, was always returned to Washington in perfect condition, not even breathing hard. And he would have been returned in 1932 had it not been for John Gilbert Winant who, running successfully for his third term as governor (an all-time record in New Hampshire, where they don't believe in coddling local office seekers), quietly threw his influence to Senator Moses' Democratic opponent, the Honorable Fred Brown, who now wears the senatorial toga that had almost to be scalded off Mr. Moses. Among the crimes that Republicans of the Moses school regard as capital is apostasy. For Governor Winant, a Republican of sorts, thus to betray a Republican completely exhausted all of Mr. Moses' store of charity and understanding. Today any Winant bad news that transpires will be regarded by Mr. Moses as an infallible sign that America is again America and that Pippa was right.

A large part of the political opposition to all that Mr. Moses represented has been concentrated in this champion heavyweight House of Representatives. Nobody seems to know how many times since 1793 the longer-visioned Old Guard directors of the Republican party have set out to change, even rewrite, the state constitution in the professed interests of efficiency but actually to whittle down the House to manageable dimensions.

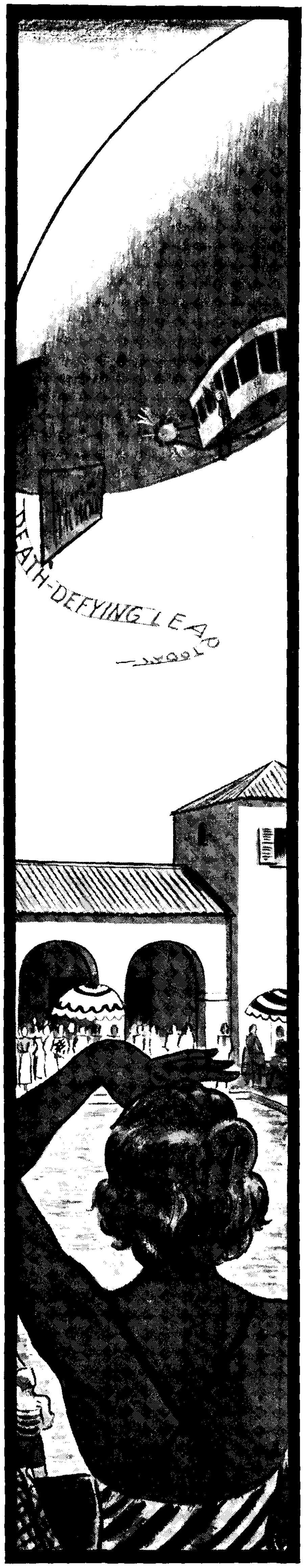
Safety in Numbers

But aside from clearing up a few rhetorical puddles, the constitution changers never got their pencils sharpened, the rural delegates being ever fearful (and with some justification) that the true intent of the modernizers was to squeeze a lot of the hard cider out of the House and leave the apportionment clauses of the constitution so worded that the preponderance of representation would be of city folk. As it is, and has remained, the House is about evenly divided between the urban and the rural, the latter having a very slight majority.

Thus it has been that the rural voter has defended his original rights. Thereby, and perhaps unconsciously, the House of Representatives in New Hampshire has become the citadel of the more liberal branch of the Republican party, always the dominant party. On the theory that there is safety in numbers New Hampshire has firmly refused to reduce its House to conventional dimensions. The Old Guard has therefore been forced to entrench itself in the Senate and, as an anchor to windward, in the Governor's Council, a body of five whose duty it is to see to it that the governor doesn't have things his own way unless that way happens to be theirs. Being governor of New Hampshire is no holiday for any man with a bent for change or experimentation. If the Senate doesn't get you, the Council must.

The Governor's Council—at present composed of a small town department-store owner, a retail dairy farmer, a shoe manufacturer, an auctioneer and a proprietor of a billiard parlor, the last named being the sole Democrat—is elected from five districts so cunningly devised that the chances of the Council being anything but desperately conservative are not worth bothering about. It passes upon the governor's appointments and if it harbors the slightest suspicion that any appointee might turn out to be an upsetter it refuses to confirm him and that's all. The current Council is perhaps less suspicious of anarchy than some of its predecessors, the spirit of the times having invaded even such remote crannies of our political maze. But candidates have failed of appointment in the past for what today appears to be less than major deficiencies. For having spent too much time in Europe when young, for example. For having said in the hearing of a dozen persons that it was exceedingly difficult to be a loyal employee of a textile mill for a dollar a day. For once having shaken hands with a lady whose past was a popular subject of speculation. And there was a Council that declined to confirm the emergency appointment of the great Dan'l Webster to the attorney-generalship because, it was charged, there was never any telling what Mr. Webster might say on any given subject, particularly if there was an audience handy.

(Continued on page 30)



Jay poised, oblivious of everything except the pool

Captain X

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

The curious adventures of the world's most remarkable lion hunter (bar none), who met a girl after making quite a splash

JAY MARSHALL picked up the picture section of the Sunday paper to regard, again, the page entitled: "Prominent New Yorkers at Summer Resorts." There they were, all right—whole herds of them. They reclined, restfully, on yielding, breeze-swept beaches, while he sat here in a stuffy New York room and roasted. They rollicked hand in hand, toward cool and roomy oceans—

Jay rolled the Prominent New Yorkers in a ball and booted them across the room.

Jay thought: "So the pretty pictures irritate you, huh? Because you think you ought to be there with them, that's why. Sure you do. You think you *ought* to be a Prominent New Yorker too. You thought you would be, didn't you? A cinch, you thought. Exactly what it took, you had. And look at you!"

Jay looked at him, distastefully. He saw a long, wide, thwarted, dark young man who crouched, disconsolately, in a vicious climate, jobless, hanging on like grim death to his last five hundred dollars; scared a dismal shade of green because there seemed to be no rush of volunteers to feed him after it was gone. A pretty picture!

"Well, it's you all right," Jay told himself. "The fellow with the big false chin. And look at you last June!"

Jay looked at him last June, just after he had made the grave mistake of graduating. It was pretty unbelievable, all right.

"Yes," Jay thought, "that was *you*. The campus hot-shot with the swollen shoulders and the padded head. The editor of Blue and Crimson, weren't you? Marvelous! The brilliant cynic who had swayed a whole big college campus. Whee! Why, editors would scuttle over desks and drape themselves around your neck like made-to-order collars. Sure! And in a month or so you'd have a by-line and a syndicated column and be pointed at: 'That's Marshall at the ringside table there.' 'No! Honestly? Who are the people with him?' 'Oh, just McIntyre and Sinclair something and a girl named Garbo.' "

JAY thought: "Yes, you thought you'd have it just about that soft and that's the trouble with you; always had it too darn' soft and so when you went in to try to get a job you simply stood and pointed at yourself. The trouble is somebody's always fed you—that's the trouble. Been a darn' sight better if you'd spent the last of your inheritance in college and come on to New York broke. A darn' sight better right now if you'd take this last five hundred out and pitch it in a craps game. Then you'd do your stuff if you had any stuff to do, you lolly, but I doubt it."

Jay mopped his brow—and started packing up.

Jay spent the first day in an expensive summer resort—large enough to boast two newspapers and a race track—pointing at himself in front of editors, to ease his conscience, and then simply shrugged the future off and started in to spend his last five hundred dollars while he had it. There were cover charges and fishing trips and ringside tables—and the daughter of some people from Eau Claire who just adored champagne, until her parents took her inconsiderately on back to Wisconsin.

Then a pretty horsie Jay had thought would run around the track the fastest *almost* won and (with ninety cents in his pocket) Jay thought: "You figured you were being debonair, that's what you figured. Debonair! Sure, shoot the works with one last debonair beau geste and face life with ninety cents and a smile. You thought that that was pretty darned insouciant or something, didn't you? You couldn't wait till nature took its course. Not you! You stepped out and went busted with a bang! Insouciant."

BUT just the same, and kid about it all you wanted to, there was a certain swagger to the situation. Anyway, he'd gone bust with a bang. He'd gone bust with a bang to see what happened when there wasn't anyone to feed him any more, and now he'd see. He'd paid his bill at his hotel up to date this morning and he'd go on back and check out now and leave his bags and walk out on the street and see what happened. *Something* had to happen when you got down to your final ninety cents. All right then; bring it on!

Jay thought: "Uh-huh, been going to the movies, huh? Tonight you'll stroll down to the water front. A long, white arm will beckon from a balcony. There'll be a shot; a scream; your hat will fly off; nineteen men in turbans will glide stealthily across the street and disappear into a hot-dog stand. Nuts!"

A voice said: "Well, well, well, and all together now! Why, fancy meeting *you* here!" And the way Jay felt, excited and expectant and prepared for something dizzy from a movie, it was almost anti-climax when he turned to see the grinning face of Howie Pell.

"Why didn't you answer my letter?" Howie asked.

"I meant to," Jay said. "But you never wrote it. How's that?"

"Splendid," Howie told him. "What are you doing here, fellow?"

"Just relaxing," Jay said negligently, "while they overhaul the yacht. You got a car here, Howie? It's my chauffeur's birthday."

"Decent of you," Howie said. "Well, well! Chauffeurs! Yachts! How time's been flying since last June. And here I am still only just a big hotel man."

Howie, a hotel man! There you were, Jay thought. You got down to your final ninety cents and see what happened! Howie happened; Howie the hotel man. Not so romantic, possibly, as shots and screams; but practical! You had to hand the situation that!

"Hotel man!" Jay said. "Almost a coincidence. You'll not believe it, Howie, but do you know what was running through my mind the very second you came up? Hotels! A first-class place, I trust?"

"The new Glorioso, on the beach; that's all!"

"Fine, Howie. You have no idea how glad I am to hear it. Large, bright, airy rooms?"

"Look here—"

"Good service? Passable cuisine, I hope? And you're the manager! Well, well."

"Publicity director."

"Oh," Jay said. "Well, that will do, I guess. Well, come on, Howie; let's inspect some suites."

"Suites?"

"On the ocean side, about fourth floor. And don't say a word now, Howie. Glad to throw the business your way. Fact is, I was on the verge of leaving my hotel anyway."

"You know how much suites are at the Glorioso?" Howie asked.

"A detail," Jay said. "Same old vulgar Howie, always going into dirty details. What do you suppose a man in my position cares about the price?"

"Look," Howie said. "Do you know what I think about these yachts and things and chauffeurs?"

"Why, Howie!" Jay said. "Why, I know! You think I'm being ostentatious. Why, I wouldn't have you think I'm ostentatious for the world. Forget the suite, old man. I'll tell you what I'll do to show you I'm the same old democratic Jay. I'll bunk right in with you. We'll have them put a cot up. There!"

"I thought so," Howie said. "You animal."

"It will be snugger, anyway," Jay said. "I'd sleep on it myself except I know you, Howie. Never happy unless you're—"

"Look," Howie said. "It's nearly six o'clock and we're not even staggering. Come on, clown."

THEY sat in Howie's room and talked. They hadn't seen each other since the class had voted Jay most likely to succeed.

"And now," Jay said, after he'd heard Howie's story and told Howie his own, "I'm down to ninety cents."

Howie grinned. "So, you're all steamed up to grapple Life," he said. "You're ready for thrills. How'd you like to dive from the blimp?"

"What?"

"You'd like to make a hundred dollars, wouldn't you?" asked Howie. "And you're looking for thrills. All right, take Desperate Datto's place and do the 'Death Defying Dive from the Dirigible.' You've seen the ads. The feature of the water show we're having at the hotel pool on Saturday."

Jay laughed. "You mean some chump is diving from the blimp into the pool? And does a stunt like that for just a hundred bucks?"

"There are fellows here who'd jump from city hall into a salad bowl for all that money," Howie said. "It isn't dangerous, Datto says. No chance of getting hurt at all. A cinch. And then he broke his leg this afternoon."

"How? Practicing?"

"I guess so. Stepping in a bathtub," Howie said. "He slipped."

Jay laughed, but Howie kept a straight face, looking at him. "Well," he said. "So how about it? Why, we'd planned to have the blimp come down to sixty feet and all you'd have to do is just lean over and let go. Remember how you used to dive off the boathouse at the lake? For nothing, too!"

"Sure, forty feet," Jay said. "The boathouse nearly always stood still while I did it, too."

"Oh, well," said Howie. "Simply figured you were looking for a thrill and aimed to please." Then suddenly he laughed. "Come on, let's eat, clown. Can't you stand a little kidding?"

Jay said: "I could stand a hundred bucks, too. Will they give me an advance?"

AND even after he had finally persuaded Howie; even when, next day, Jay saw the ads, the whole thing seemed fantastic and unreal. The ads read: "Captain X, mysterious thrill-seeker, volunteers for leap." But what had some fool Captain X to do with him? Dive from an airship? Me? Jay Marshall? Why, you're *nuts!*

And even Saturday, when he had climbed in and waved at the grinning ground crew as he floated up, there didn't seem to be much plausibility about it. They steered across the bay and down the beach and Jay looked at the advertising streamer flapping out behind and then he looked away and tried to think he'd just come for the ride.

They had a crowd, all right. The stands around the pool were filled and Jay could see expectant bright dots moving from the beach to find a point of vantage. Yes, they had a crowd. His public; Captain X's public; hoping for the worst. Jay thought: The whole thing's absolutely nutty and I'll wait until we get a little lower and lean out and holler: "April Fool, it's just Jay Marshall up here. Go on home!"

The pilot said: "I'll make three circles first, to give them time to get excited. You lean out and wave. And kiss your hands to make the ladies' hearts go boomp."

Jay said: "Nuts!" and the pilot leaned around and leered.

"It won't be long now, Captain X," he said, and cocked a cool, sardonic eye at Jay and Jay grinned back at him. The corners of his mouth felt kind of stiff.

"Listen, now," the pilot told Jay. "I'll come in the last time by the hotel tower, like we planned. I'll come in low and squat her broadside to the pool. When we come in, I'll start to count slow, up to ten. When I say ten you go. You got it?"

"Got it."

"And you go right then!" the pilot said.

"I'll go, all right," Jay told him, but his chest felt crowded just the same.

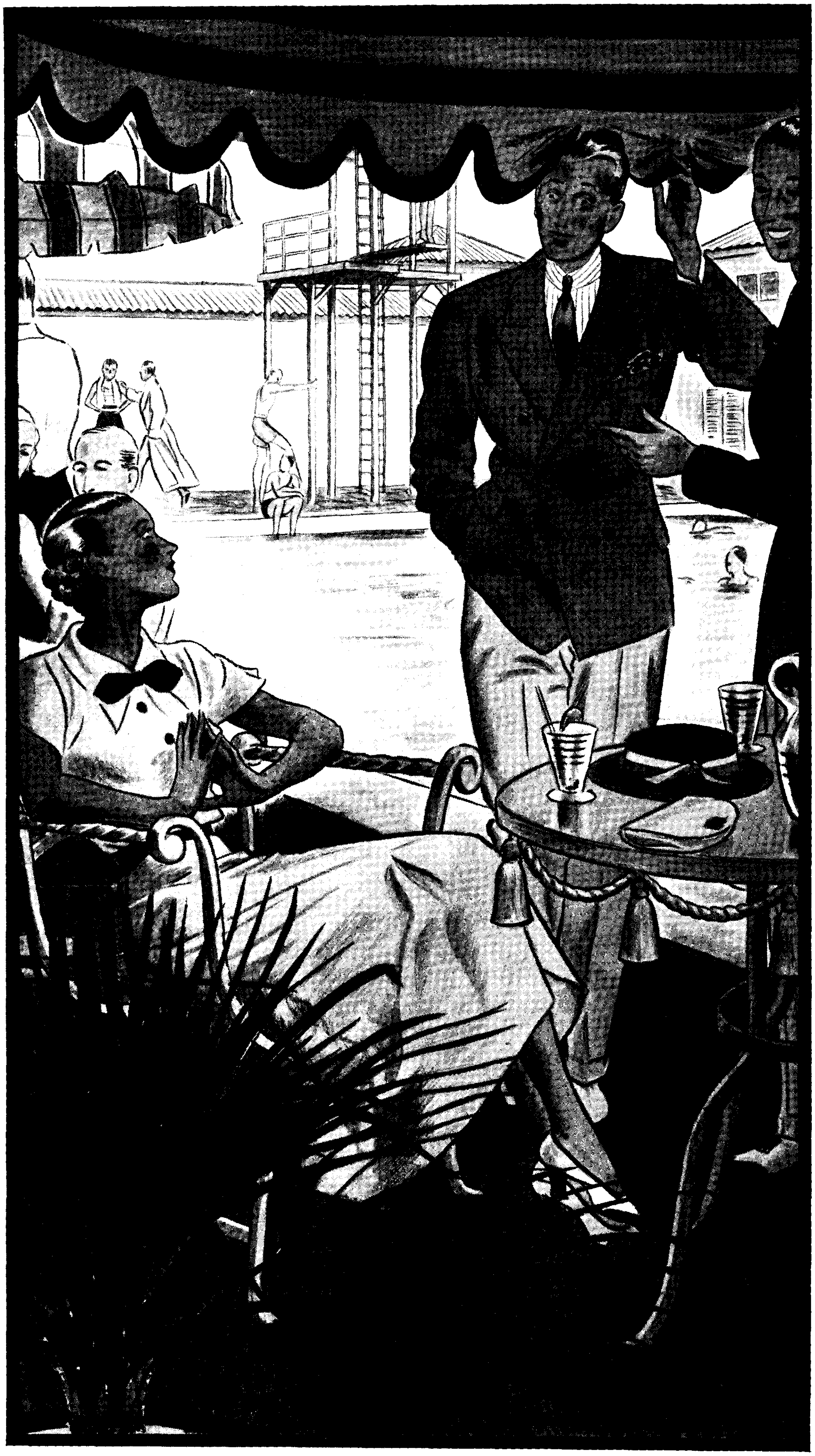
IT SEEMED a long, strange time until the pilot spoke again. He said: "We're coming round the mountain for the last time, fellow. Any messages? And say, don't loiter on the way down." Then he turned around and looked at Jay and said: "You're all set, aren't you? If you're not, the hell with it."

"All set," Jay said. He opened up the door. The wind grabbed at his breath and something kicked his heart and made it turn a backflip, but he looked down.

"One—two—"

The tower of the hotel glided slowly past the blimp.

(Continued on page 51)



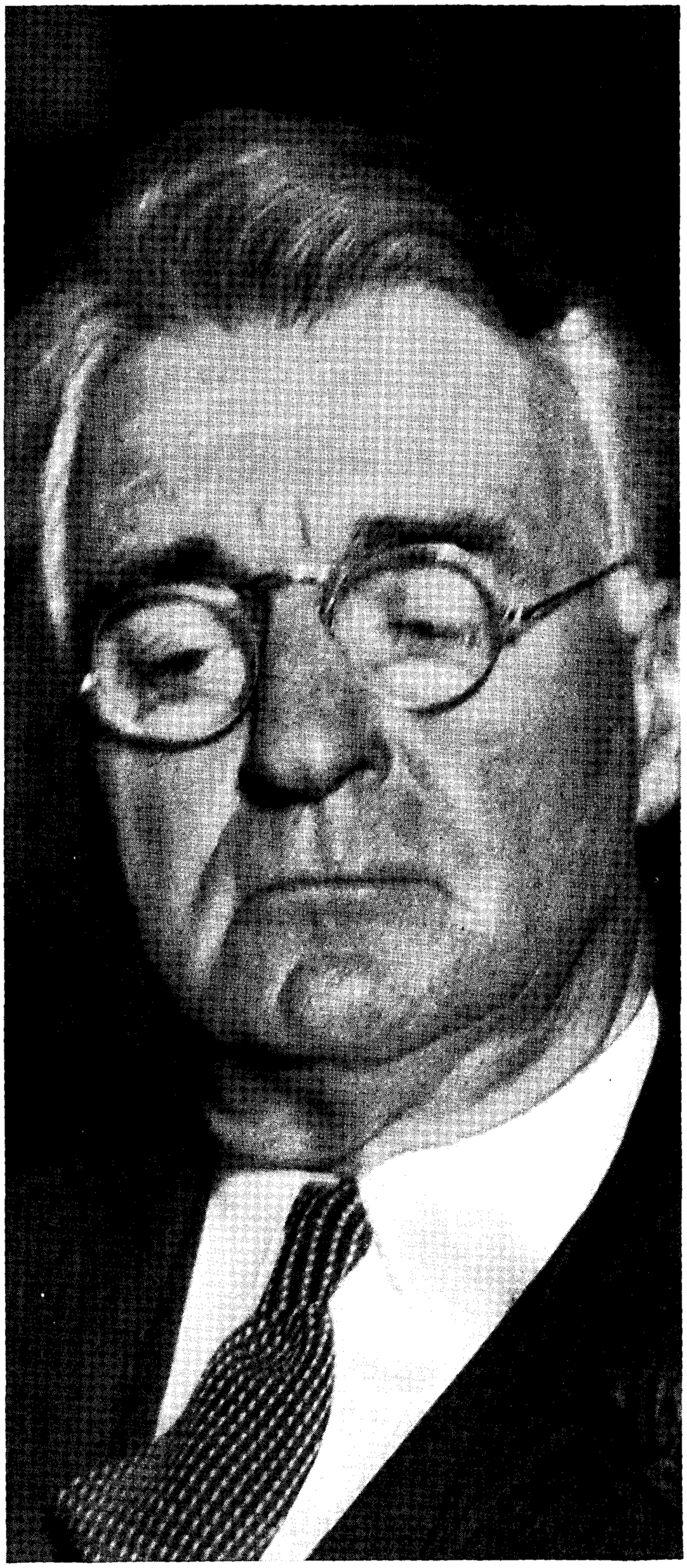
Howie said: "I'd like to present you to Miss Cleve, if you can spare a few moments from your stupor"

Medicine Man

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer



One of the securest seats in the Senate is that occupied by Royal S. Copeland, who has found a way to make medicine pay political dividends. His platform is so sound that you would have to be a plague germ to attack it

ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND is the general practitioner of politics. A journalistic and radio booster of preventive medicine, he has compounded a prescription to ward off political ills that is one of the best-paying in the business. He is for babies and against bacteria—that is, bacteria of the wrong set. Since nobody dares to disagree with such a profound philosophy, "Old Doc Copeland," as fellow-senators lovingly and laughingly refer to him, is almost immune to the ailments which befall mere statesmen.

"The doc," says an envious colleague, "has made medicine a fine political art. He knows that, just as the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the way to a woman's vote is through her miseries."

In the eyes of feminine voters he is just simply grand. So much so that when he faced a hard reëlection fight in 1928, 45,000 women in all sections of the country dropped their vacuum cleaners to write in and ask how they could help. It was a tribute to Doctor Copeland rather than to Senator Copeland. They loved him for his prescriptions, not his political philosophy. Their admiring attitude is understandable. Many of the commercial radio programs over which he espouses certain brands of mineral oil, salmon and yeast are staged in the early morning hours, housewives listening to his coaxing, curative voice while they dust the furniture and dry the dishes. Each morning, through his health column in a nation-wide string of newspapers, he tells them how to cure lumbago and to fix up the bruise on the youngster's shin. In a day of specialists he still fills the rôle of the old-fashioned country doctor whose abundant sympathy was often as efficacious as his remedies.

On the air and on the political platform he is one and the same man. He has a soothing bedside manner which combines the prayerful solicitude of the preacher and the practical helpfulness of the physician. Ponderous, even dull, in his delivery of a hygienic or political speech, he addresses strangers as "brother" and "sister," a trace of his Methodist upbringing and experience, and adds a fatherly pat on the back for good measure. He uses homey language and indulges in familiar incidents, whether attacking the "aluminum trust's" prices on kitchen pots and pans or advocating a renovation that will admit more air and sunlight to the Senate chamber. Once a year he visits the White House, always pronouncing the President to be in perfect trim when he meets the newspaper boys on the threshold. He never lets people forget that he is, first of all, a medicine man.

In the face of this great army of feminine and rural rooters, both inside and outside New York State, the menfolk who direct practical politics are helpless, and to the bosses Mr. Copeland is a painful enigma. Some Administration people, for instance, would like to deny him a renomination next fall. He did not favor President Roosevelt's nomination, and until convention eve he thought that somebody else would win out. When National Chairman Farley set out to smash Tammany Hall in the 1933 mayoralty campaign, he delivered speeches for the outlawed organization; he was "regular."

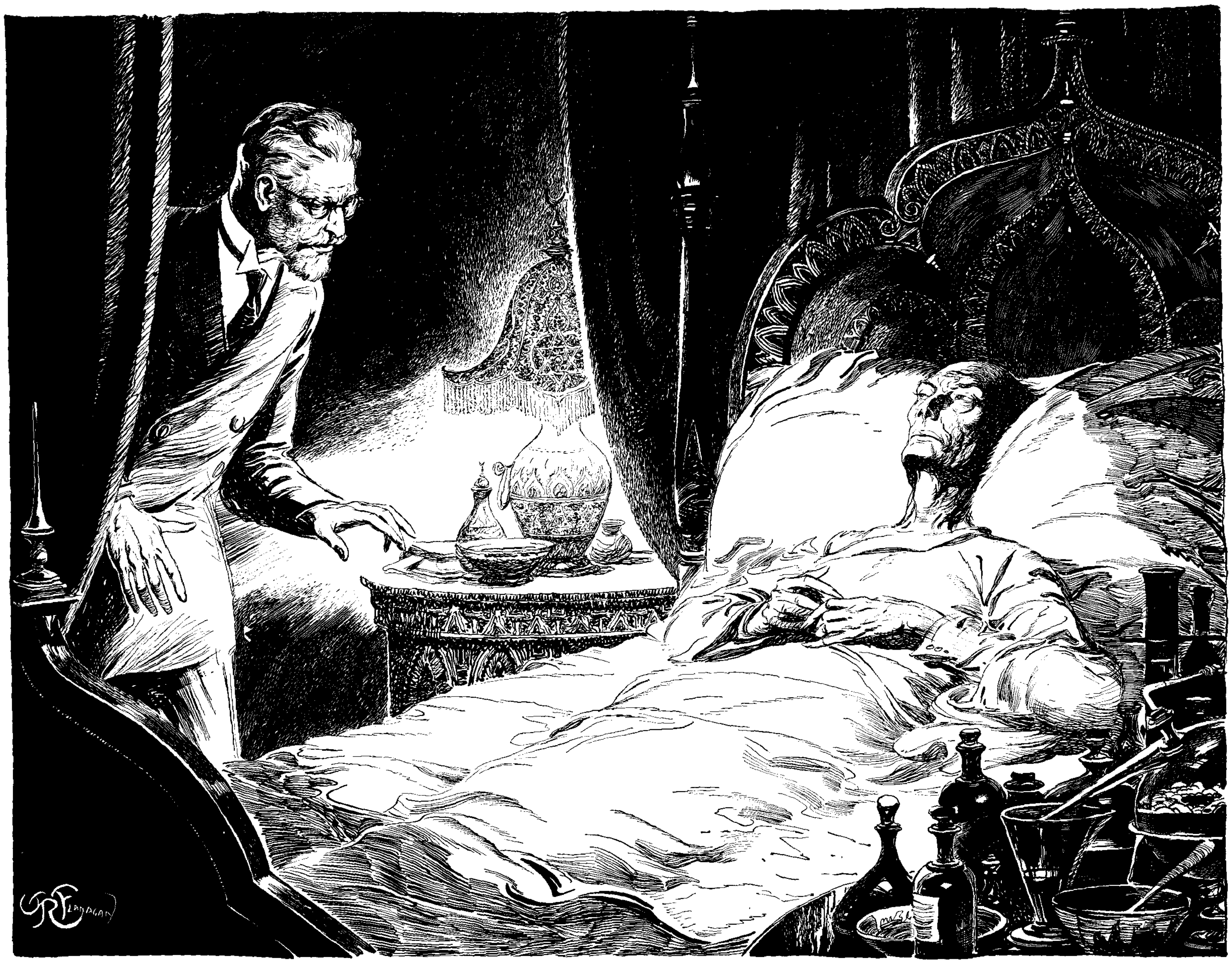
The Cause That Never Fails

Mr. Copeland has opposed the Administration on several major issues, even voting to override the bonus veto. He is no palpitating liberal, much less a New Dealer. But not even the White House can afford to slight a man who loves babies and detests germs, and expounds this original creed in the Senate, in the newspapers and over the radio. By his diagnosis rather than by his deeds he will undoubtedly be renominated and reëlected.

Had he been willing to submerge his medical self in politics when he entered the Senate, and had devoted himself whole-heartedly to the ills of the body politic, he might now be on his way out. But he was too smart to make such a sacrifice, as he has been from the start. He himself made most of his opportunities, although he never missed any chances which others placed in his way. As a young man just out of the University of Michigan, and serving on the faculty as an eye expert, he took an active part in civic affairs. He got on the park and health boards and eventually became the Republican mayor of Ann Arbor.

When twitted about this early political allegiance, he explains that he turned Democratic because he became "ashamed of the Republican party." Just when and why he doesn't say.

(Continued on page 42)



Petrie stared, and stared again, unable to accept the evidence of his senses

The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE shadowing Dr. Fu Manchu, the world's most sinister criminal, who has kidnapped Alan Sterling's fiancée, Fleurette Petrie, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, England's greatest detective, Sterling and Sergeant Murphy, of Scotland Yard, are captured by the monster. Condemned to die, they await their fate, before a roaring furnace. . . . Two others are to die, also: Fah Lo Suee, the doctor's beautiful daughter, who is guilty of loving Sir Denis; and Ali Oke, one of Fu Manchu's hirelings, caught aiding Sterling in an effort to escape. . . .

Having followed Fu Manchu, Scotland Yard operatives—Inspector Gallaho, Forester, Trench and others—know that the captives are in a subterranean chamber (to which a tunnel leads) under Sam Pak's, a resort of evil repute. As they prepare to break in with explosives, Ali Oke and Fah Lo Suee are put to death.

Fu Manchu is presiding. "Sir Denis, now!" he orders. But Sir Denis does not die. Having extricated himself from the ropes which bind him, he leaps forward, attacks the executioner (a gigantic Burmese swordsman), and frees Sterling and Murphy. A wild fight follows. Then comes a terrific explosion—the police are crashing in—and a torrent of water. Water from the Thames! . . . Miraculously, the three men make their escape. Fleurette, too, succeeds in slipping away from her captors. But another shocking experience awaits her, at Sir Denis' apartment.

Fu Manchu is still alive. While Fleurette is alone, he finds her, puts her in a state of hypnosis, then slips out again. Presently Sir Denis, Dr. Petrie—Fleurette's famous father—and Gallaho find the girl. She does not recognize them; she seems to think she is Fu Manchu's slave!

The three men search the apartment house. In one apartment—leased to a Mrs. Crossland, who is absent—they find an Egyptian servant: Ibrahim. They question the fellow—and learn nothing.

Back in Sir Denis' apartment, Dr. Petrie receives a phone call. It is from Fu Manchu! The master criminal is dying. He must have certain chemicals and medicines which he cannot obtain. If Petrie will bring them to him, mix them under his directions, serve as his physician, he will, he says, in return, restore Fleurette's mind.

"I will come to you," says Petrie.

Conclusion

DON'T wake her," said Dr. Petrie. He beckoned to the nurse to follow him. Outside in the sitting-room, where misty morning light was just beginning to assert itself, Nayland Smith in pajamas and dressing-gown was pacing up and down, smoking furiously. Petrie was fully dressed, and:

"Hello, Petrie!" said Smith. "You'll crack up if you go on like this."

"She is so beautiful," said the nurse, a dour Scotchwoman, but capable as all London could supply. "She is sleeping like a child. It's a strange case!"

"It is a very strange case," Petrie assured her. "But you fully understand my instructions, nurse, and I know that you will carry them out."

"You may count upon that, Doctor."

"Go back to your patient, now, and report to Sir Denis, here, if there is any change when she awakens."

"I understand, Doctor."

Nurse Craig went out of the room and Petrie turned to Nayland Smith. The latter paused in his restless promenade, puffing furiously upon a cracked brier, and:

"This job is going to finish you, Petrie," he declared. "Neither you nor I am getting younger; only Dr. Fu Manchu can defy the years. You look like hell, old man. You have been up all night, and now—"

"And now my job begins," said Petrie quietly. "Oh, I know I am stretching myself to the limit, but the stakes are very high, Smith."

Nayland Smith gripped Petrie's shoulder and then began to walk up and down again.

PETRIE dropped into an armchair, clutching his knees, and staring into the heart of the fire. Fey came in unobtrusively and made the fire up. It had been burning all night, and he, too, had not slept.

"Can I get you anything, sir?"

"Yes," said Nayland Smith. "Dr. Petrie has to go out in an hour. Get bacon and eggs, Fey, and coffee."

"Very good, sir."

Fey went out.

"I haven't slept," said Nayland Smith; "couldn't sleep, but at least I have relaxed physically. You," he stared at Petrie, "haven't even undressed."

"No—" Petrie smiled; "but as you may have observed, I have shaved."

"A hit, Petrie. *I* haven't. But I propose to do so immediately. Take my advice. Strip and have a bath before bacon and eggs. You'll feel a new man."

"I believe you are right, Smith."

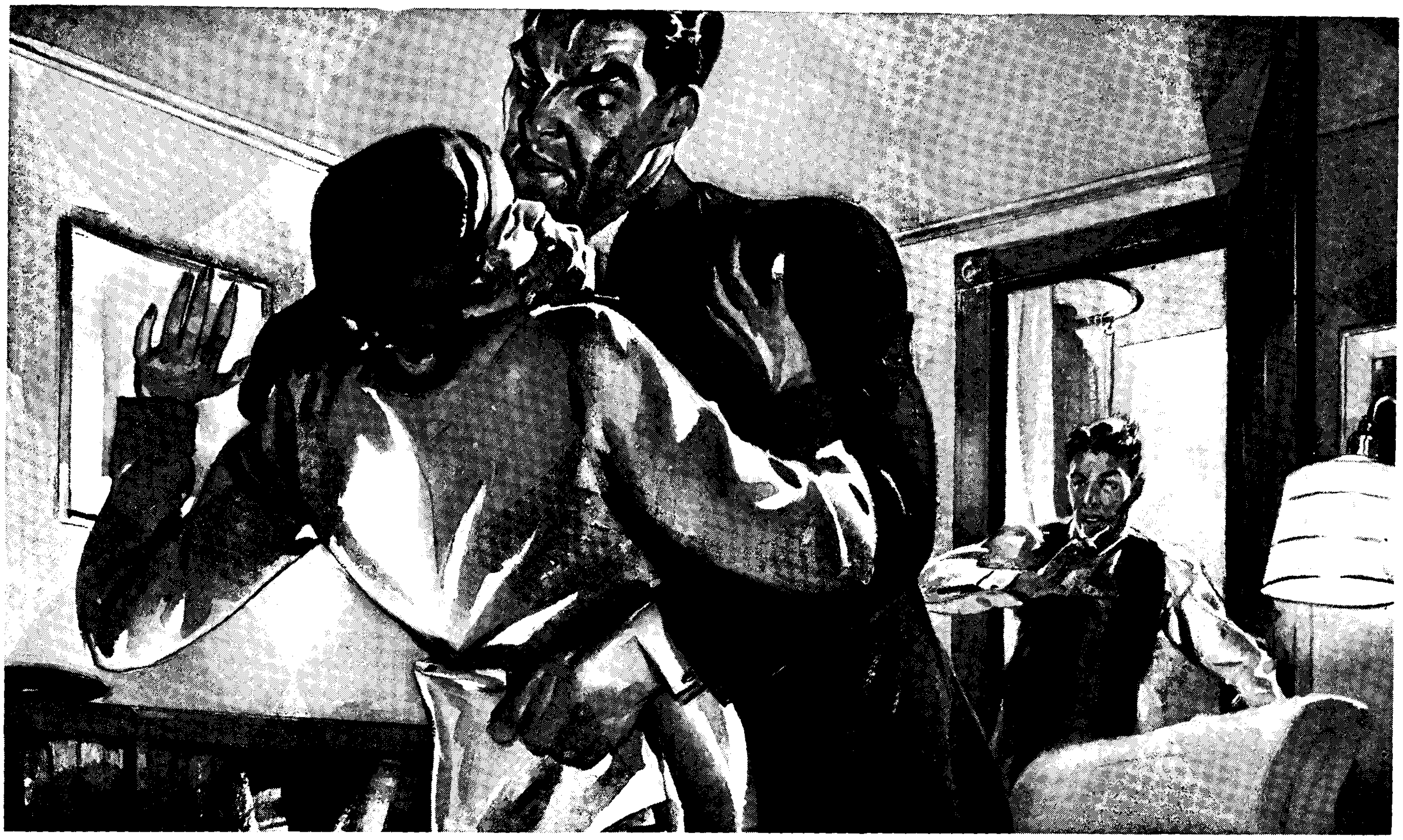
And when presently the two, who many years before had set out to combat the menace represented by Dr. Fu Manchu, sat down to breakfast, except for asides to Fey, who waited at table, they were strangely silent. But when Fey had withdrawn:

"I don't doubt," said Nayland Smith, "and you *cannot* doubt, that Fleurette will live in a borderland to the end of her days if the man who has set her there does not will it otherwise. We are compromising with a remorseless enemy, Petrie, but in this compromise I am wholly with you. Gallaho is out for the moment. He is the most fearless and the most conscientious officer I have met with in recent years. He will go far. It rests between *us* now, old man, and I suppose it means defeat."

"I suppose it does," said Petrie dully.

"Naturally, you know where to assemble the drugs and paraphernalia demanded by Dr. Fu Manchu. You have passed your word about the place where the particular ingredient is to be found."

(Continued on page 43)



Mannion snarled at Jones: "Know this frail? Tell her to keep her mouth shut"

Jail Breaker

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

KILLER MANNION, the most dangerous criminal in America, makes a daring escape from a Mid-Western penitentiary; and within a few hours, Arthur Jones, a hard-working clerk in the State Bureau of Industrial Statistics, in Midland City, finds himself in an alarming situation. Entering a drug store, he is arrested—he, a quiet, unassuming young man who had never broken a law in his life. The police feel sure he is Mannion!

The error is a natural one: Arthur Jones and Killer Mannion might be twin brothers! Mr. Rawlins ("J. G.," Jones' boss) has noted the amazing physical resemblance, as have all of Jones' associates—pretty Miss Wicklow, Mr. Rawlins' secretary, Chief Clerk Seaver, and the various clerks. Only Jones has not. Now, escorted to the Homicide Bureau, he learns the amazing truth. He protests his innocence. The officers only laugh at him. Questioned by the district attorney, he insists that his chief be summoned.

A few minutes later, J. G. and Miss Wicklow appear on the scene and identify the suspect, who is promptly released, to his great relief.

The newspapers scream the strange story. Jones—armed with a safety "passport" signed by the district attorney—returns to work a celebrity. Even pretty Dorothy Wicklow, hitherto more or less indifferent to him, now looks upon him with something akin to awe, regards him as a hero. A reporter from the Tribune interviews him, states that his weight, height, age and countenance are almost identical with those of Mannion.

The Tribune man leaves. Another reporter breezes into the office, strides up to Jones. "Hello, Mannion!" he exclaims, grinning. "My name's Ben Healy. I work for the Journal and represent the National Syndicate. I've got a proposition for you. How about lunching together?"

Jones accepts the invitation. His secret ambition has always been to write, to become a famous author; in his tiny room, where he lives alone, he has scores of stories, articles, novels by Arthur Jones—all rejected. Healy may prove to be a valuable friend. As he goes out with the reporter, he is outwardly calm; for he is ignorant of what strange adventures await him—and Killer Mannion.

II

HEALY took Jones to the Blue Goose. It was a Bohemian restaurant in an alley behind the State Capitol building. Jones was overcome and sat clearing his throat and staring about him. Modernistic paintings of the worst period covered all the walls. Dirty batik hangings were draped above the windows. The waitresses were dressed in some indeterminate peasant costume and were very free in their manners, switching themselves between the crowded tables. A haze of cigarette smoke obscured the lights and a rich beery odor floated in from the bar at the rear. The freedom of the place astonished Jones. Women recklessly crossed their legs, leaned back in their chairs as if they were home, talked and laughed loudly; stared boldly at all the men and generally made themselves very apparent. At one table two young women with mannish haircuts were smoking pipes. Jones stared and stared.

Healy laughed.

"A joint, eh? Well, that's one thing about being literary or artistic, you can be as lousy as you like. Have a drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Not even a little one? Never mind. Sweetheart, an old-fashioned for the red-headed boy. And the usual lunch, you know. Make it two. Jones, trust me. The food is good here. I won't let you down."

"I don't mind."

The waitress went away. Healy said:

"A sweet gal, eh? That reminds me. That big one in your office with the hair, you know; the one that asked about the book. She's a honey."

"Miss Wicklow? Oh, yes."

"Going to town there?"

"What?"

"SKIP it. It was just a rhetorical question. I see you're not." Healy leaned back and stared about him, smiling with satisfaction. "This is a real joint for an ironclad burg like Midland City. I almost died here till I found this place." He looked at Jones with interest. "So you read Lost Illusions in your spare time. Good old Balzac. Ever read Cousine Bette? What a book! Rastignac is my favorite character, though. Say, is this square about you writing?"

"Yes."

"How much of it have you done?"

Jones considered.

"Well, I've written about thirty stories and five full novels."

Healy's jaw dropped.

"You wouldn't kid me, would you? And none of them published?"

"No."

"Well, hit me with a herring! Where do you get it, Jones? I wrote one novel. I thought it was the best yet. But every publisher in the known world turned it down, so I never wrote another line, except the daily drivel. Newspaper stuff. What kind of stuff do you write?"

"It's hard to say. My best book is about a dictator in a mythical empire. I . . ."

"Oh!" said Healy, his face falling.

"I got the usual rejection slips."

"Mythical empires aren't so hot right now. Graustark stuff, eh?"

Jones' face darkened, his eyes flashed.

"Hardly!"

Healy smiled broadly and extended his right hand.

"Hold it! Brother, if you aren't Mannion to the life I'll take up adagio dancing. Why, that's Mannion's fighting face. We give him Bugs Martin. We give you Graustark."

Jones smiled shamefacedly.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry. Your stuff is serious, eh?"

"I think so. This book of mine is called Empire. It's a study of what absolute power can do to a man."

Healy's face brightened.

"Good! Good! That's more like it."

THE waitress came with the food. Jones stared at the unfamiliar dishes.

"This stuff may not set so well for lunch," said Healy, "but I can't resist it. Ever eat shrimp Newburg?"

"No, I . . ."

"Well, dive in."

In fifteen minutes Jones was stuffed. He had eaten at his usual "office" pace, but Healy was through first. Sighing, Healy sat back in his chair and lit a cigar. Jones said:

"I couldn't eat another bite."

"Good, eh?"

The waitress cleared the dishes away and brought coffee.

"Now," said Healy, "we can get down to business. I want you to write a book for me."

"A what?"

"Now don't get excited. We syndicated your story and it's a wow. The writer angle is great, see? I got a wire from the Cleveland office this morning. They want you to write a life of Mannion."

"Oh." Jones' face fell.

"Not interested?"

"It's not my line."

"It's for serialization, see? You might make some long green out of it. If you won't write it or can't, as you intimated, we'll ghost it and use your name. What say?"

"If I agreed, I'd write it myself."

"Good."

"But I couldn't. I'm not interested in criminals. Mannion's just a brute; an ignorant brute."

"Maybe, maybe. But he's front page. He's a bigger name than Lindbergh right now; much bigger. And he's not so dusty. He's the nerviest guy living. That's something."

"Well . . ."

"Say, I'd like to read some of your stuff. Where is it?"

"It's home."

"How do I get at it? Could you give me your key? I could look it over this afternoon and see you tonight."

Jones' face glowed with pleasure. Healy glanced at him out of the corner of his eye, smiling to himself.

"Why, I think we could arrange it that way." Jones glanced at his watch. "Good Lord. Maybe I'd better . . ."

"It's a go. When will you get home?"

"About five-fifteen."

"Good. I ought to make quite a dent by that time. Now, Jones, don't be hasty. Just think over what I told you. We'll give you all the dope you need on Mannion. It's a good stunt and may get you out of that crummy office."

Jones looked at Healy for a long time, thinking; then he said:

"Yes. Yes, it might."

Jones came out of the State Office Building at five o'clock, walking on air. The two evening newspapers had played him up almost as strongly as the morning tabloid and the Journal. In one paper he was referred to as a coming writer. In both papers there were pictures of himself and Mannion.

There had been little work done in the office that afternoon, and Jones was the center of attention. At a quarter to five Miss Wicklow had come to his desk and had stood talking till closing time. She asked him if she might take Lost Illusions home with her; she praised the bookplate he had designed himself, and she intimated that she'd like to read some of his stories in manuscript. Even Seaver had been nice. "People," he said, as the clerks were putting on their coats and hats, "it looks like we've got a real live writer in our midst."

JONES was astonished at the "power of the press." A little front-page publicity had made a new man of him.

He found Healy waiting for him outside the building, his healthy, freckled face wrinkled up into a grin.

"Hello, Jones. Surprised? I thought we'd save time this way. How about the Blue Goose again? Can you stand it?"

"Yes; if you'll let me pay."

"What a chance!"

Healy put his arm through Jones' and they walked off together. At the corner of State and Second a patrolman turned abruptly as they passed and called after them.

"What's eating the flat-foot!" said Healy, then he grinned as the cop came up. "Why, it's my old friend, Donovan. What's on your mind, Pat?"

"That guy you got with you," stammered the cop. "Lord, but he looks like Mannion."

"It's Jones. Don't you read the papers?"

Donovan looked at Healy suspiciously.

"I wouldn't put nothing past you scavengers. So you're Jones."

Jones took out his "passport" and handed it to Donovan. It was the first time he had used it officially. The cop glanced at it, then handed it back.

"Okay. But don't forget it and leave it home or you'll get another ride in the squad car. We got orders to pick up anybody that looks like Mannion unless he's got this card, here. Say, take a tip. Watch this Healy guy. He'll pick your pocket."

"My pal, Donovan," said Healy.

The Blue Goose was crowded, but Healy was well known there and the head-waitress finally found a booth for them. Healy ordered the fish supper and Jones followed suit. When the food was brought they ate fast, talking little. Finally Healy wiped his mouth, patted his stomach and said:

"We get along great, Jones. You're the first guy I ever met who can eat as fast as I can. Usually I've got to wait around till I'm exhausted. That's the bunk about eating fast. Ever have indigestion?"

"Never."

"You see? Neither do I. Well, have a cigar and we'll get down to business."

Jones was very anxious to know what Healy thought of his writing. Healy was smart, there was no doubt about it. Quite a bit too worldly and flippant, but intelligent. Jones lit his cigar and waited.

"You know," said Healy, "you've got something on the ball, all right, Jones, but you're going to stay right where you are if you keep writing about mythical empires and things like that. Doesn't the present interest you?"

"Not much."

"That's where you're standing in your own light. Now take that book, Empire. Why, it's got everything. Good characterization; good episodes; and the interest is sustained. Now if it was a modern novel you could sell it like that!" Healy snapped his fingers. "That leading character of yours—what's his name?"

"Karl."

"Yes, Karl. Why, he's a mobster at heart, that guy. He's tough and smart, like Mannion. See what I mean?"

"Well . . ."

"NEVER mind. Another thing. You use too many words. It slows things up too much. If you'd cut out most of the adjectives, you'd improve your stuff a hundred per cent. Adjectives don't mean anything, anyway. They're just a literary convention. The simple ones are okay. Indispensable, in fact. If you want to say a day is cold, say 'it was a cold day' and that covers everything. A paragraph of description won't convey any more and it gets in the way. What you've got, Jones, is a good story sense. You're a story teller, a good one, but right now you're cluttering up your stuff with descriptions and philosophical remarks, which add nothing at all. Philosophy is the bunk. Everything that can be said about the 'lot of man,' as you put it, has been said. You're no Socrates and you know it."

Jones began to smooth his hair. He was a little shaken by Healy's vehemence. For the first time in his life he was getting some intelligent criticism and it upset him.

"I see. You mean my stories bore you."

Healy looked at the ceiling and made an impatient gesture.

"Not at all. Not at all. To tell you the truth, I didn't expect much when I started going through your manuscripts. There are probably one million men, not to mention women, trying to write. I thought that you were just one of the million. But you've got stuff on the ball. I'm trying to help you. Listen, if you'd sit down and write a life of Mannion and leave out everything but the action and the character of the guy, it would be a lulu."

"Oh!" Jones' face fell.

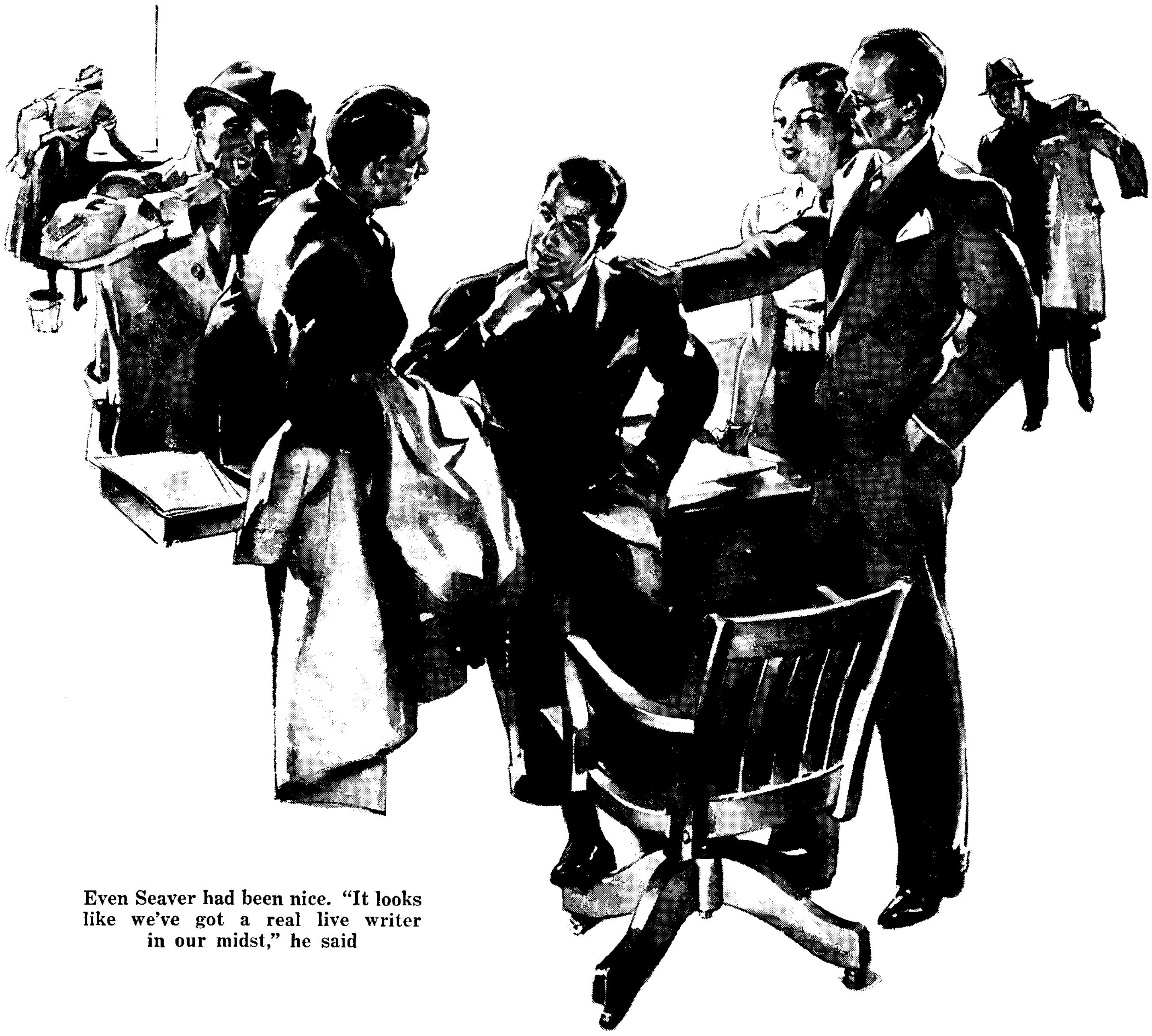
"Now I'll be frank. It's my job to get that life of Mannion out of you if I can. If you want it ghosted we can do it. But take a tip from Healy—do it yourself. All we want is first serial rights. Ten publishers will jump at it. Don't be a chump, Jones."

JONES said nothing. His feelings were hurt. He had a very high opinion of his writing ability. He had been pretty sure that after reading some of his stories, Healy would see at once that he was not the man to write trash about a cheap crook.

Healy studied Jones' face, then said:

"Listen. I'll tell you a story: A fellow I went to college with was interested in history. Along about his senior year he went scholarly on us and later he took a post grad and then went to teaching. His specialty was Rome. He knew Rome backward. He could reel off the sins of the emperors by the hour. He was practically a personal friend of Nero's. He wrote a long book about the Roman arena and the gladiatorial shows. Publishers turned up their noses at it. He used to talk my arm off about the Roman legions and Scipio Africanus. I finally read his book in

(Continued on page 25)

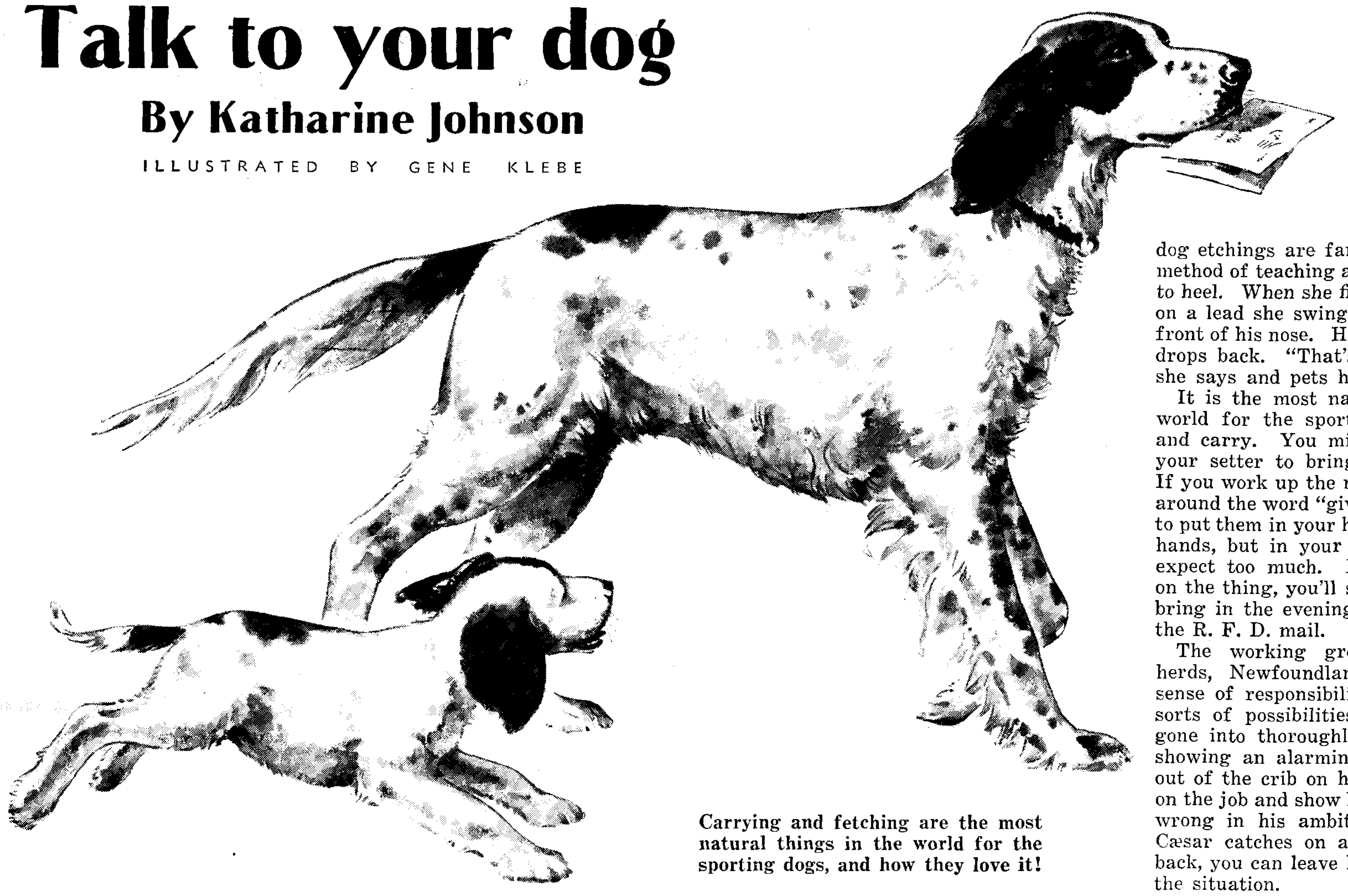


Even Seaver had been nice. "It looks like we've got a real live writer in our midst," he said

Talk to your dog

By Katharine Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY GENE KLEBE



Carrying and fetching are the most natural things in the world for the sporting dogs, and how they love it!

IF YOU catch one of your guests taking a kick at your pet schnauzer, don't jump to the conclusion that she doesn't like dogs. She may dislike that particular dog, and what she should have been doing was kicking you instead of the dog.

The charming little terrier who snips runs in your stockings, climbs in your lap and licks your face just when you're bidding a grand slam, and generally makes a noisy nuisance of himself every time the door opens or the phone rings, has simply not been taught his manners, and that is no fault of his. An obnoxious pup may be traced directly to a dumb owner.

The point is that there is no mystery about it. No mustachioed trainers, no long whips, no hocus-pocus. Ask any modern dog owner how he trains his pups and he will tell you, "I just talk to them." Ask him how he overcomes the canine desire for everything from wandering to a taste for the family rubbers and he says, "Oh, I just talk them out of it." What he means is that the dogs and their master have arrived at a degree of understanding and companionship where the dog is responsive to his wishes and moods. It means also that you go and do likewise.

There are no hard and fast rules about bringing up a dog. You teach him the principles of obedience and a few fundamentals of good behavior. After that you encourage and direct his natural bent, giving his personality free play. Puppies are the friendliest things in the world. They are born with an implicit trust that humans are going to take care of them. They have a great sense of fun and play, and with that goes an inherent desire to please.

Modern trainers make use of this instinct and achieve remarkable results. The Seeing Eye in Morristown, N. J., is one of the higher institutions of learning for dogs. It is here that German shepherds are taught to lead the blind. If you've ever seen one of these dogs leading a blind man across the intersection of Broadway, Sixth Avenue and 34th Street in New York City, a maze of traffic which daunts even the hardiest pedestrian, you will be convinced that they have not only been inculcated with a high degree of obedience but that they have actually been taught to think.

Mr. Humphrey, the head trainer at The Seeing Eye, says you can do anything with a dog when you have once developed his natural desire to please his master.

"If your dog has been off on his own for the first time at night," says Mr. Humphrey, "you start to call him in when you get ready for bed. Of course he doesn't come. He either doesn't hear you or he's chasing a cat up a tree. After you've yelled your head off for half an hour and whistled yourself dry, he comes up, wagging his tail. By that time you're sick of the whole business and you either give him a lamming or you bawl him out. When you call him again the next night, what does he do? What would you do if you were a dog? He goes off in the opposite direction as fast and as far as he can. If you were delighted to see him that first time, no matter how long he kept you waiting, he'd have responded more quickly the next night. In a few days he'd come as soon as he heard you call. More than that, he'd take care to be around when you were likely to want him."

The Secret is Consistency

Flush, who co-stars with Katharine Cornell in The Barretts of Wimpole Street, sleeps, listens to the actors or yawns—just as the spirit moves him. Several times he has gone in for vigorous scratching and ruined the scene. Mugging, the actors called it, but the audience was delighted and the actors had to be. Gertrude Macy, Miss Cornell's secretary, trained Flush herself. The worst treatment he got was a few finger snaps on the nose. She told him he was to lie still when on the stage, put him back every time he stirred during rehearsals and was always waiting for him with a piece of meat when he played his part well. The little spaniel knows he has a part to play, takes his bow with Miss Cornell, and off stage leads a normal life.

You can educate your own dog in the same way, but you must be prepared to spend weeks, even months, on the first lessons. The secret of it is consistency. Give spoken orders in the simplest form, always using the same word or phrase: Come; sit down; lie down; go over in your corner. Show him each time what you mean and let him know he is pleasing you by doing it. Make a great fuss over him the first time he does it right. Once he's acquired a few accomplishments, he'll be anxious to see what else you want him to do. One day you will say—talking more to yourself than to the dog—"Come on, Stormy Weather, get your collar. We're going for a walk." And Stormy Weather will astonish you by depositing his lead at your feet.

You have to be equally definite about letting the puppy know the actions that displease you. Tell him NO, sternly, every time he jumps up on the divan, and pull him off. *But every time.* The fond dog owner who spends the afternoon exclaiming: "Fuzzy-Wuzzy, out of the scrap basket! Fuzzy, leave the telephone cord alone! Fuzzy, stop chewing the rug! Fuzzy, for heaven's sake stop that noise!" will probably have a long lifetime of conversation with Fuzzy with little result.

C. E. Harbison, author of Our Dogs, suggests substitution as an alternative to rebuke. When you rescue your best evening slippers from Bo's clutches, give him an old shoe for himself. Tell him it is his shoe. Puppies like to chew and dogs have a natural pride in possession.

Making sin punish itself is an old and respected device. If the dog persists in running after the car douse him with cold water. If he jumps up on callers, tramp lightly on his hind legs. It is preferable to do this before the guest brains him. Marguerite Kirmse, whose dog etchings are famous, has a simple method of teaching a young dog to come to heel. When she first takes a dog out on a lead she swings a bit of brush in front of his nose. He doesn't like it and drops back. "That's right, good dog," she says and pets him. "Heel."

It is the most natural thing in the world for the sporting dogs to fetch and carry. You might start teaching your setter to bring you your gloves. If you work up the necessary education around the word "give," he'll even learn to put them in your hands. Not on your hands, but in your hands. You can't expect too much. If you concentrate on the thing, you'll soon be having him bring in the evening paper and collect the R. F. D. mail.

The working group—collies, shepherds, Newfoundlands—have a great sense of responsibility. There are all sorts of possibilities if the matter is gone into thoroughly. If the baby is showing an alarming tendency to fall out of the crib on his nose, put Cæsar on the job and show him that baby is all wrong in his ambitions. As soon as Cæsar catches on and noses the baby back, you can leave him in command of the situation.

The terriers, who fit into our cramped city lives with perfect equanimity, adapt themselves to our human ways with surprising ease. They are the drollest of all dogs and get pride out of feeling themselves part of the family. With a little encouragement your wire-haired or your cairn will bring your hat to suggest a walk, run in and bark to announce that dinner is served and hunt up the missing mate to your glove.

A Dog's Code of Conduct

It all comes down to friendship. Talk to your dog, make a friend and companion of him and he'll make up enough tricks of his own to keep you dizzy. His ingenuity will surpass anything you could devise. There was an old English sheep dog who traveled all over the island by train. He would part—ostensibly and ostentatiously—from his master at the station. At the end of the journey he always turned up and accompanied the gentleman off the train. How he slipped on the train and how he secreted his great bulk, his master never knew. They never discussed the matter, in fact, but they shared a secret enjoyment of the joke.

C. E. Harbison gives seven principles as fundamental for good dog behavior:

Your dog must be housebroken.

You want him to come when you call.

You want him to sit down or lie down, at command.

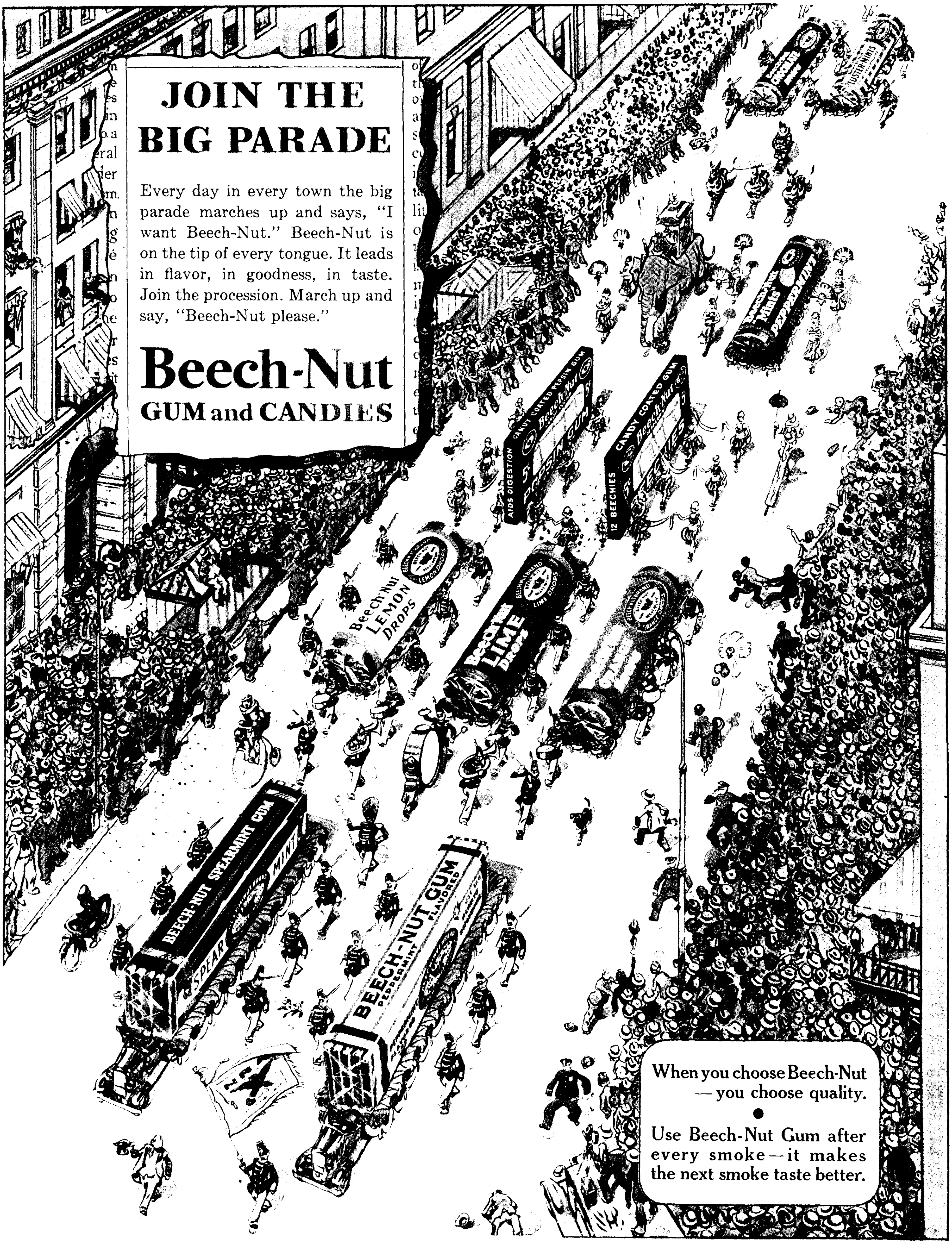
You want him to respect your belongings and the belongings of your friends.

You want him to refrain from jumping on people.

You want him to refrain from persistent barking.

You want him to come to heel when you take him for a walk.

And how to do all that? Just talk to him. It's simple enough. Anybody can do it—if he has the patience. And don't forget consistency. If you say a thing, you mean it and you continue to say it. It's the greatest system ever devised for getting in the last word. And you'd better get it in if you want a good dog.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CANDY COATED PEPSIN GUM
AIDS DIGESTION
Beech-Nut
PEPSIN GUM
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BEECHIES
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Mints

JOIN THE BIG PARADE

Every day in every town the big parade marches up and says, "I want Beech-Nut." Beech-Nut is on the tip of every tongue. It leads in flavor, in goodness, in taste. Join the procession. March up and say, "Beech-Nut please."

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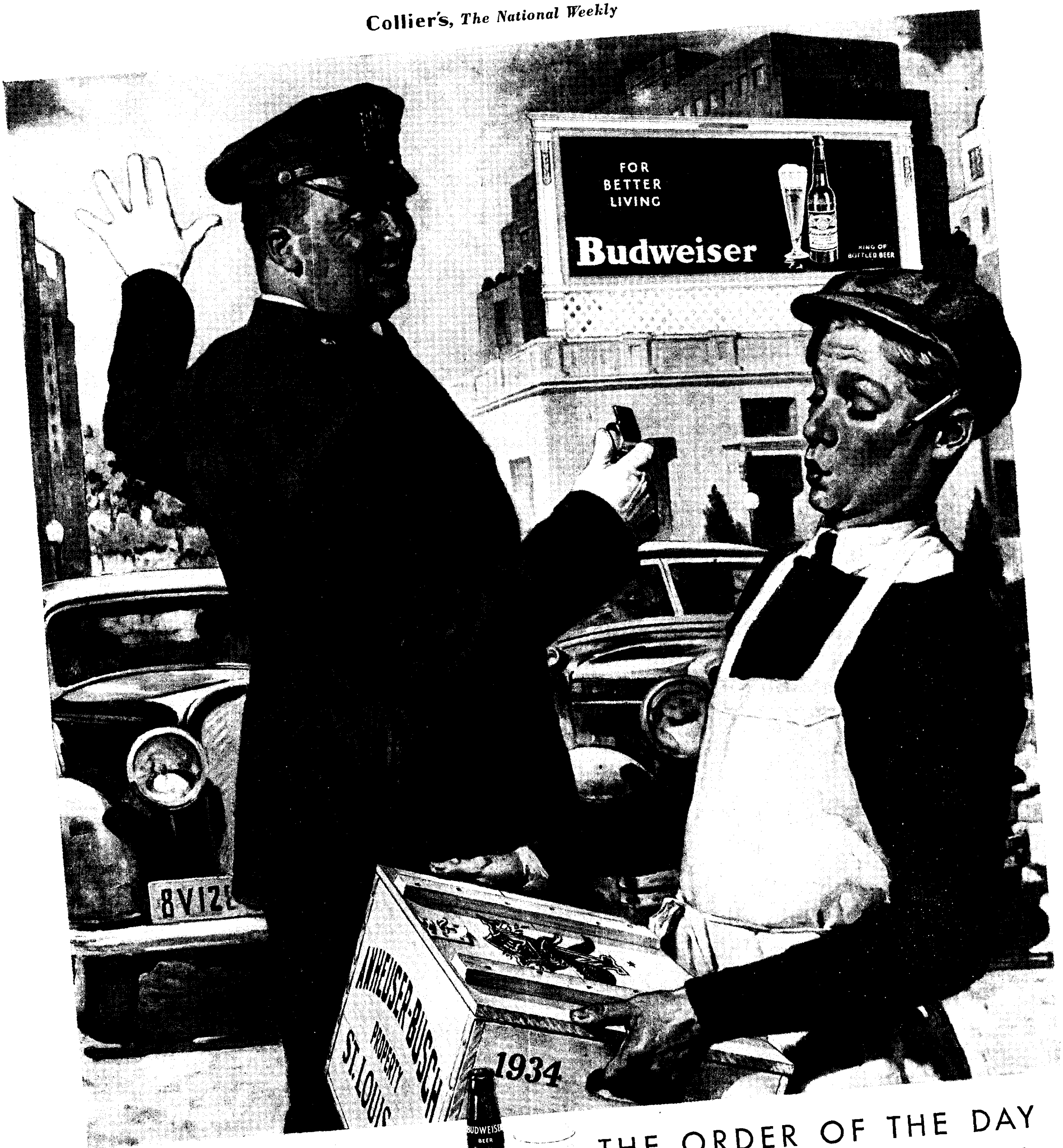
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THE ORDER OF THE DAY

The order of the day is to order a case of BUDWEISER for the home. With this world-famous lager beer in the refrigerator, you become a perfect host on a moment's notice. To offer your guests beer is hospitality, but to offer them BUDWEISER is a gracious compliment. Serve it at dinner, with light luncheons, at bridge or on any occasion that brings good friends together. One generation after another has recognized BUDWEISER as the symbol of good living.

For those who make living a fine art

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

ANHEUSER BUSCH . . . SAINT LOUIS

Jail Breaker

Continued from page 21

manuscript. He could write, and he was interested in fighting. One day I asked him why he didn't use his war experiences in a book. He laughed at me. All the same, he finally did. Ever read Under Arms?"

"Why, certainly."

"You and everybody else, and it was a damn' good book."

Jones' cigar had gone out. He sat staring at the tablecloth. Finally, he looked up at Healy and smiled.

"All right. I'll try it. But if I make a hash of it, don't blame me."

"You won't. Jake Mannion is the most interesting man alive. I'll send you all the dope you need tomorrow. So long!"

"So long," Jones said weakly.

JONES was so preoccupied that he paid little attention when Mrs. Crosby, the landlady, began to talk to him. He was trying to justify himself. He was trying to fight down a feeling of shame. Mannion was a ruthless bandit and murderer. To write a life of him was certainly not a very edifying or dignified occupation for a man who worshiped Flaubert, Turgenev and Conrad. But, after all, what was Napoleon but a superior bandit, or Cæsar? Still . . .

"I see you found your key," said Mrs. Crosby. "Have you been out long? I didn't see you go out."

"My key?" said Jones. "Out?"

Mrs. Crosby laughed.

"I think all this fame of yours has gone to your head, Mr. Jones. I declare I do. Why, the people in my house can't think of anything else. I can imagine how upset you are and everything. You better get a good night's sleep. Oh, did you see the red-haired young man? He said he had a key to your room so I . . . why, that's where your key went. I never thought."

Jones was on his way upstairs. He looked back over his shoulder.

"Yes," he said. "I let him take my key."

Mrs. Crosby shook her head and walked back into her room at the foot of the stairs.

Jones walked down the dark hallway muttering to himself. Maybe, after all, he was justified in writing about Mannion. Stacks of books had been written about Attila and Genghis Khan and Pancho Villa and they were murderers all. Jones' head ached. What a day! What a day! He had never been so tired in his life. To be thrust into the limelight after a lifetime of obscurity was trying; and then Miss Wicklow was showing unmistakable signs of thawing, and everybody had been so nice to him, and Healy had bewildered him so with all that rapid-fire talk, and he had eaten so much strange food. He felt a little dizzy and put out his hand for support. As soon as his head had cleared, he took out his key and unlocked his door, then opened it.

He felt dizzier than ever now; he was sure that he was going all to pieces. His nervous system had been strained to the breaking point, without his realizing it, by all the unparalleled events of the last twenty-four hours. It must have been, because, without some sort of derangement, a man doesn't come in the door of his room and see himself sitting in his own armchair. It was a hallucination. He must try to calm himself.

He carefully shut the door behind him. He was trembling all over. But the image before him smiled unpleasantly and spoke:

"Lock that door behind you, buddy; and don't let out one squawk."

Jones started. He felt his hair rising on his head; cold shivers ran all through him.

"Don't take it so hard," said the image. "I ain't going to hurt you if you behave yourself."

"Mannion!"

"Not so loud, chump. Sure, it's me. We been getting some swell publicity, ain't we, you and me?"

Jones fell down into a chair and with a laugh Mannion sprang across the room and locked the door. Jones began to revive. He noticed the catlike ease with which Mannion moved. He noticed the famous "granite jaw" and the sharp, shrewd, deadly eyes. The newspapers in the East had labeled him "the rattlesnake." He had shot his way out of a crowded courtroom and had somehow managed to escape through the traffic. This had happened in Brooklyn. Later, he turned up in Wisconsin and with one helper robbed a bank of twenty-five thousand dollars. He was wanted in eight states; for assault, murder and robbery. The color began to come back into Jones' face.

"Well . . ." he said. "I . . ."

"By God, you do look like me," said Mannion. "I thought maybe some of them news-rats had faked up the pictures a little. You sure do look like me. Well, here we are, the two of us, like peas in a pod. Now that's really something." Mannion sat down and crossed his legs.

"You'll get your suspenders back—he thinks he sees a dime, don't he?"

FRANK OWEN

"How did you get in here?" asked Jones.

"I just walked in. The landlady took one look at me and said, 'Why, Mr. Jones, your friend just went out.' I told her I forgot my key and she let me in. Simple, eh?" Mannion laughed and lit a cigarette. "Buddy, you sure are the answer to my prayers. I got work to do in this man's town before I blow and you can sure help me out."

JONES stared at Mannion, fascinated. It was himself speaking, a bolder, coarser self; even the voice was the same, a little sharper, perhaps, but unmistakable.

"Why don't you say something, Jones? Cat got your tongue? Listen, I ain't as black as I'm painted. Don't worry. Play ball with me and I'm your friend."

"But what can I do?"

"Plenty. First place, you got that so-called passport, ain't you?"

Jones started.

"Why . . ."

"I know you have. Don't stall. Well, I'm going to use it, get the idea? It gives me an A-Number-One out. I can walk the streets and give the coppers a laugh. Beginning to tumble? That's one thing about the newspapers. They tell things. They been playing you up like you'd just flew the Atlantic or something. They spilled the works, so don't try to hold nothing back. I know where you work, I know everything about you. See? Now listen. We're going to team up. You use the pass in the daytime; go to work as usual. I use it at night; till I get my little job done, then I'll blow. Got it?"

"But, good heavens . . ."

MANNION sprang out of his chair, pulled Jones to his feet and knocked him down with a hard punch to the jaw. It was like being kicked by a mule. A wave of nausea swept over Jones; his head spun like a top and he saw bursts of colored lights.

"Now get up," said Mannion, "and don't give me no more back talk. That was just a little love tap. Next time I'll really put some steam behind it."

Jones pulled himself up into his chair and sat staring foggily at Mannion.

"It's the way I got to do things," said Mannion. "No matter what kind of man a guy is, he understands that language. It saves trouble." He took a huge clasp knife out of his pocket; at a slight pressure a six-inch blade sprang open with a thin, metallic ring. "See this? I carve rats with it." He moved the blade back and forth under the light, making it flash. "It's always nice and sharp and it'll cut flesh like butter. So, Jones, old boy, you better play ball. It won't cost you nothing and it will be a lot of fun, fooling the flatfeet. I can't lock you up because you got to do your part. Of course you could be rubbed out; that would be the smartest thing; but, you see, I got kind of a weakness for you on account you look like me." Mannion grinned and put up the knife. "We'll work in shifts, get it? You in the daytime, me at night. Are you on?"

Jones nodded slowly, still dazed.

"Good boy. Now listen; don't get a change of heart on me. I know you can turn me in; I know there's big dough on my head. But dough never did do a stiff any good. Get it? In other words, I got friends in this town. You turn me in and you'll have a nice funeral. Well, I guess that covers everything."

Mannion leaned back in his chair and yawned.

"Say," he asked suddenly, "are you a Welshman?"

Jones started.

"Why, yes. My mother used to say I was."

Mannion grinned.

"Well, she ought to know. If my old man had ever been in this part of the country I'd be suspicious. But he didn't get around much. Me, I'm Welsh, too. My name's Llewellyn. Well, well; it's a small world."

Jones felt something wet on his ear and suddenly realized that he had cut his head in his fall; blood began to flow down over his face. He got up and went into the bathroom.

"Cold water," called Mannion, cheerfully. "When you come back I want that passport. I got business to take care of."

The amount of blood he was losing worried Jones. He swore impersonally and began to soak a bath towel with cold water. There was a knock at the door. Mannion sprang across the room without a sound and opened the bathroom door.

"Who could this be?"

Jones turned.

"I can't imagine. Nobody ever comes to see me at night. It may be the landlady with a package, or—say!—it might be a reporter. They've been after me all day."

Mannion grinned.

"I'll handle it. You look like a stuck pig. Take a slant at your shirt." Mannion laughed and shut the bathroom door. Jones stood listening, trembling with excitement. The knock was repeated, then Jones heard a woman's voice. He began to shake violently; it was Miss Wicklow.

"Excuse me for bothering you," said Miss Wicklow's voice. "But J. G. told me to bring these three reports over. He wants them tabulated tonight. It's important. There's some argument about these three plants; I don't know what. Anyway, J. G. wants them tomorrow."

THERE was a short silence. Jones' heart was pumping so that he could hardly hear.

"Oh," said Mannion's voice. "Tomorrow, eh? All right. Tell him okay."

There was another short silence, then Miss Wicklow cried:

"You . . . you're not Jones."

Jones heard a stifled scream, then he flung open the bathroom door and went in. Mannion had his left arm around Miss Wicklow, holding her helpless, and his right hand over her mouth. He snarled at Jones.

"Know this frail? Tell her to keep her mouth shut or I'll shut it for her so she won't open it for a while."

Jones stammered.

"You mustn't make any noise, Miss Wicklow. I'll explain everything."

Mannion released her. She reached back for support, found the arm of a chair, then sat down, staring wildly at Mannion.

"What a break! What a break!" said Mannion. "Now we got a tommy mixed in it. Holy cats! I thought my luck was going to hold."

"This is Mannion," said Jones.

"I was pretty sure . . . I thought . . ."

"Don't think, sister. It's safer. The name is Jake Mannion. Pleased to meet you."

"How do you do," said Miss Wicklow, very scared and very formal.

(Continued on page 26)

(Continued from page 25)

Mannion laughed.

"Say, Jones, I better get out of here before any more of your friends drop in. Give me that passport. I won't be long. Just a little business. Girlie, you stay right here till I come back. Get me?" He glared at Miss Wicklow.

She shrank back.

"No. I can't."

"You'd better," said Jones, looking at her imploringly.

"Say," asked Mannion, suddenly, "did the old girl downstairs see you come in?"

"I don't think so," said Miss Wicklow, her lips trembling. "I'm almost sure she didn't. I had Mr. Jones' room number. I knew where to go."

"All right. You stay here till I get back."

"But . . ."

"Sister, you ain't got any choice. Now, while we're talking about it, let's get this straight: the first one that squawks gets buried. Is that plain? Man or woman, it's all one to me. Generally speaking, women will all rat. But if I was you, sister, I wouldn't. My friend, Jones, will explain everything."

Jones handed Mannion the passport. Mannion read it carefully, then laughed and put it into his pocket.

"You know," he said, "I always did like this guy Nichols. For a D. A. he's a good guy. Always thinking up these bright things to do."

MANNION put on his hat and went to the door.

"Don't forget, you two. No noise in here. Don't answer the door. There ain't supposed to be anybody home." He looked from one to the other, then he grinned and went out.

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Wicklow. "This is awful. I can't believe it's happening. How did he ever . . . why, Jones, your head is bleeding. Were you fighting with Mannion?"

"Well . . . I . . ."

"That certainly took nerve. Of course you couldn't possibly beat him. But it took nerve."

Jones began to stammer.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll get cleaned up a bit. You'd better stay right where you are. Don't go out or make any noise. He might kill you. Honestly, he might."

"I believe you. How anybody could mistake him for you! Why, you have kind eyes. He has eyes like a big lizard I once saw in a zoo."

When Jones came back, wearing a clean shirt and with his hair slicked down, Miss Wicklow was kneeling in front of one of his bookcases, looking through his books. In spite of his uneasiness and his sense of impending catastrophe, he was deeply pleased and stood looking at her. Her heavy brown hair was lustrous under the lights. It was wonderful to have her there in the room with him.

"My, what a lot of nice books you've got here. I feel very ignorant looking through this collection. There are so many I haven't read."

"You can take whatever you like. Any time, I mean."

Their voices were unnatural, their smiles labored. They sat down. There was a long, uneasy silence. They could hear the traffic on the boulevard two blocks away. Finally Jones forced a laugh:

"I've always wanted to spend an evening with you. But I never thought it would be like this."

"This is terrible."

"I know how a condemned man feels."

"That's just the way I feel. Couldn't we do something?"

Jones stirred uneasily and rubbed his face.

"Well . . ."

"We could call the police."

"We could."

There was a long silence. Then Miss Wicklow said:

"But we won't."

"It would be foolish, I think. Mannion is a terribly desperate man. He means what he says. The strangest part of it is, a newspaper syndicate wants me to write a life of him." Jones tried to laugh.

"How strange! Are you going to do it?"

"Yes, I think so. But with this hanging over me I don't know."

Miss Wicklow thought for a while, then she said:

"If we did do something it would all get in the papers, wouldn't it? They'd take our pictures and bother us to death, wouldn't they?"

"Yes. Especially after all this stuff about me looking like Mannion. I suppose we could help them catch Mannion, but he has friends every place. We'd have to leave town and change our names and . . ."

Miss Wicklow spoke sharply:

"Let's don't do anything. Let's keep still. I . . . I don't want those newspaper fellows bothering me. They simply won't let you alone. They . . ." She stopped abruptly as if afraid of saying too much. For a moment Jones wondered what she was thinking about. It was rather strange for a woman like Miss Wicklow to be so scared of the newspapers.

BUT he dismissed this thought at once. She was naturally nervous. He was terribly agitated himself. He thought with detachment of Mannion, in spite of the fact that the bandit had brutally knocked him down. There was something impersonal about Mannion's brutality. It was not the brutality of cruelty but of expedience; as he had himself intimated. After all, Mannion was in a spot, hunted like a wild animal and always on the move. You couldn't expect parlor manners from a man wanted for murder.

JONES made up his mind to let things take their natural course. It would be a terrific strain to play Mannion's game, but it wouldn't last long. It seemed impossible that Mannion could stay out of the hands of the police for more than a day or so no matter what tricks he resorted to. It was only a matter of time.

Jones did not think of the reward once.

Miss Wicklow spoke suddenly:

"What are you thinking? Don't let's worry about Mannion. If we did anything at all it would just get us mixed up in a mess. Let the police catch him. . . ."

Her voice trailed off. Jones could see that she was very nervous. He felt sorry for her. Rousing himself, he said:

"Well, let's forget him. We're safe enough. Nothing to worry about."

"Promise me you won't try to interfere. If the papers got hold of it, why . . ."

"Forget it, please." He hesitated, then forced a smile. "Miss Wicklow, were you ever at the Blue Goose?"

"No, but I've heard of it. Sort of a Bohemian place, isn't it? By the way, it seems silly for us to be formal now. My name's Dorothy."

"All right, Dorothy. Mine's Arthur. I'm not bragging about it, but it's the only name I have."

"It's a nice name." He saw that she was making an effort to appear perfectly at ease and he admired her for it. "What were you saying about the Blue Goose?"

"Well, Healy, that newspaper-man who wants me to write about Mannion, took me there for lunch. It's very interesting. I was wondering if you'd like to go some time."

"Why, yes. But you be careful what you say to Healy. They're all alike. Don't, for heaven's sake, tell him anything about Mannion; about his being here, I mean. He'd have it in the paper in an hour. And then I . . ." She smiled wearily. "I'll bet you think I'm a bore. But for some reason, I have a perfect horror of newspapers."

Jones vaguely wondered why. It was hardly probable that a woman like Miss Wicklow would be so afraid of newspapers without a reason. But he began to worry about Mannion and for a moment forgot about everything except the predicament he was in. It was so wildly improbable that he felt like pinching himself.

There was another long and uneasy silence, then Jones began to talk almost at random. Gradually Miss Wicklow responded. They talked books, pictures and music and he discovered that she was very well-informed. Little by little the cloud hanging over them was dissipated and they became more like their everyday selves. Jones admired Miss Wicklow more and more as the minutes passed. She was as charming and intelligent as a woman could be, he thought.

AT ELEVEN o'clock Mannion came in, carrying a suitcase. He looked at them and grinned. Miss Wicklow got up without a word and put on her hat and coat. Jones got up also. Mannion took out the passport and gave it him.

"All right, buddy. It's yours till tomorrow night. I'm going to turn in and catch some shut-eye. Wait till you see the papers in the morning. I don't know what the news-rats would do without me. Girls and boys, want to see something pretty?"

"No," cried Miss Wicklow, her face going white.

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mannion with a grin. He put the suitcase on the bed and opened it. They saw two sub-machine guns lying side by side. Mannion smiled proudly. "Them's what I make my music on. Boy, can they play tunes!"

"Good heavens," said Miss Wicklow. "Come on, Arthur. Let's go."

Jones put on his coat and hat hurriedly, then he took her arm. Mannion held up his hand.

"What a pretty pair!" he said. "What a pretty pair! But, boys and girls, you look better alive than you would dead. Don't rat." Staring at them menacingly, he drew the forefinger of his right hand slowly across his throat; then he grinned and said: "Jones, old pal, I don't think I'll be with you long. I think my business will be all finished up in a day or so."

"I hope so."

Jones and Miss Wicklow went out. Mrs. Crosby caught them at the bottom of the stairs, and took Jones aside.

"Now, Mr. Jones," she said, "you're a good tenant and a famous man, and I don't mind you having some fun, but please be a little careful. I got my house's reputation to think of."

Jones colored.

"But . . ."

"Don't explain. I wasn't born yesterday. Just be careful, that's all I ask."

When they went out, Miss Wicklow said:

"Heavens! Does she suspect anything?"

"Oh, no," said Jones casually. "It was about my laundry."

(To be continued next week)

Woman in Love

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

Niece of a famous actress, daughter of one not so successful, Tamara Todhunter comes fresh from convent to the glamorous theatrical world of San Francisco—to a life of vivid contrasts, success and failure, strength and weakness, misery and delirious happiness. A smashing story told as only Mrs. Norris could tell it, begins

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Let you travel 75 to 85 miles an hour and feel relaxed? *Oldsmobile does—with its gliding ride.*

Let you drive all day without getting tired? *Oldsmobile does—and how you will appreciate this new comfort on long trips!*

"Drive the new Oldsmobile, pick your own roads and let the ride decide," says your Oldsmobile dealer. Phone him—take that ride! Make any comparison you wish—style, performance, comfort, safety or economy. Let the *car itself* show you why it has the highest owner loyalty in America—why so many people are deciding to be thrifty and happy with the new, all-feature Oldsmobile.

NO CAR IS MODERN WITHOUT THESE FEATURES

SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES	**KNEE-ACTION WHEELS**
CENTER-CONTROL STEERING	**BODY BY FISHER**
RIDE STABILIZER	**NO DRAFT VENTILATION**

NOW 9-OUT-OF-10 NEW-CA

OLDS

ONE LOOK MAKES YOU WANT IT..
ONE RIDE PROVES YOU'RE RIGHT!
DANGEROUS
CURVES
121879

LIES CAN AFFORD THE STYLE LEADER

Six Cylinder 4-Door Sedan

MOBILE $650 *and up*

Sixes $650 and up, Eights $885 and up, list prices at Lansing subject to change without notice. Spare tire with lock, metal tire cover, bumpers front and rear, and rear spring covers built in all cars at extra cost.

A General Motors Value

You can't fool New Hampshire

Continued from page 15

Thus it has been that the House of Representatives in New Hampshire has been largely responsible for what liberal legislation and, in consequence, liberal governors, the state has achieved. In session it is healthily suggestive of the old-fashioned town meeting, a form of government still to be found without much seeking in New England. As numerically it has the unwieldiness of the true Republican form, *in action* it comes as close to the old Jeffersonian idea as any legislative body you'll find anywhere—closer. To be sure, it has had members who have been less than zealous in pursuit of the general welfare, men who have not been above listening to reason if backed up with cash; but to talk of corrupting New Hampshire's House of Representatives is to squander one's time in a most shameless manner. Any aspiring agency that could afford to buy up this House wouldn't need to resort to bribery to get what it wanted.

And for those who deplore the prevalence of lawyers in our legislative bodies—Congress for example—the New Hampshire House should be a pleasant sight and a grateful sound. Of the 418 members not more than a score are lawyers. Looking hastily over the rolls you find salesmen, milkmen, barbers, farmers, electricians, paper hangers, retired rural mail carriers, restaurant owners, marble cutters, shoe cutters, newspaper reporters, mill hands, railroad trainmen, civil engineers, clergymen, shipwrights, grocers, general store proprietors, lobster fishermen, doctors, jewelers, carpenters, librarians, taxi drivers, schoolteachers, housewives, undertakers, hotel proprietors and on and on to include a couple of "road agents," the nature of whose profession I failed to find out.

A Down-East Proverb

In these readjusting days of crossword-puzzle codes and rust-collecting plows, state legislatures are not at their most picturesque. Time was (and it will probably come again) when the professional legislator's only real worry was how to dispose of excess public wealth in a manner least profitable to the populace. But today your legislature is less concerned with franchises, memorial bridges, rights of way, and new state capitols bought by the pound than it is with sheltering and feeding the unemployed. Legislatures are notoriously not social-minded and this dreary business of succoring the poor does not bring out the best that's in them.

Yet I am assured, and I find nothing in the recent record to deny it, New Hampshire's House of Representatives has never been noticeably venal. For one thing it's too big. For another the New Hampshire system, like the state's traditions and the shrewd individualism of its rural and small-town citizenry, is not the sort that encourages those who would make a paying business of office-holding. New Hampshire has as many prejudices as Alabama but she doesn't let them work so hard. And she doesn't do quite so much thinking with her emotions—which could, of course, be explained as an absence of emotion due to age and low blood pressure. Several natives of the state told me that I should not offer the following anecdote as typical of anything in particular; yet so many told me the same story that you cannot escape the feeling that it fits in somewhere. It's quite brief, so don't chafe.

A Coos County farmer courted a neighboring spinster for thirty-eight years without discussing with her anything more intimate than New Hampshire's part in giving the country Ethan Allen. This amorous swain had a way of going into the subject in some detail—much more, they say, than is the custom in the presence of such a comparative stranger. The lady contributed little to the discussion except blushes.

"Weren't home yestiddy afternoon, were you?" said he to her one lovely spring morning.

"Drove to town," she confessed.

"Heard so," he said. Then after a pause: "Was thinkin' of askin' you to marry me—yestiddy afternoon."

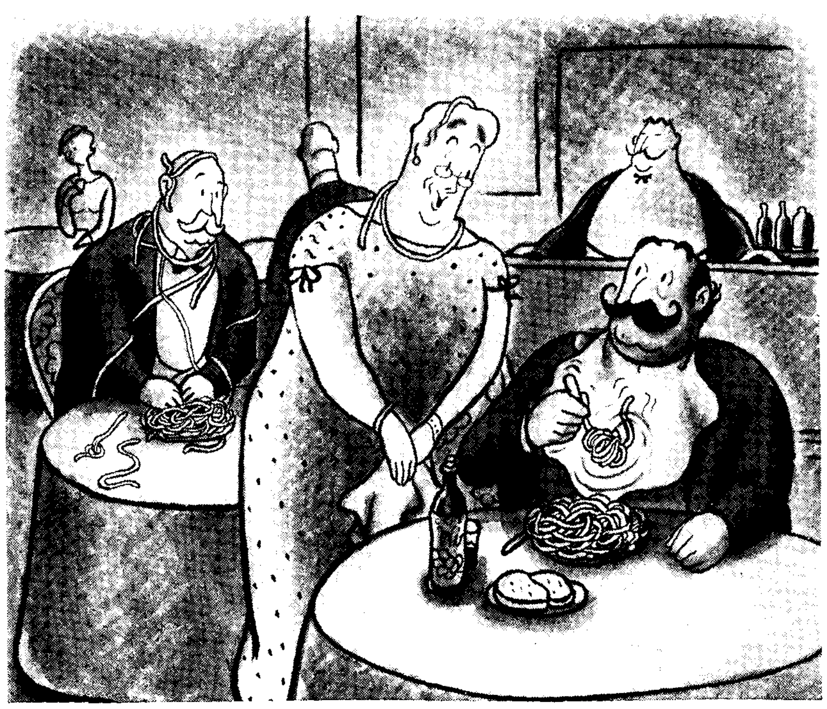
"Oh," said the lady.

"Well," said he, moving off rapidly, "can't say I never asked you."

Enter Mr. Insull

All of which has nothing to do with New Hampshire politics. Or has it? There is a proverb Down East that a man will act in the White House just about the way he handles heifers back home.

At any rate—and to get back on the main track—you do not find New Hampshire's legislature today playing badminton with the people's rights with the care-free abandon it used to, nor as you might possibly see in such richer states as New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois where, too, the game is not what it used to be. Twenty-five or thirty years ago when even such relatively modest lines as the Boston and Maine and the Concord Railroads were doing their best to follow in the gilded footsteps of the pioneering Hills, Huntingtons, Harrimans, Vanderbilts and Goulds, New Hampshire with her small population was in easily discernible danger of becoming a hopeless barony owned by a few rich men who were too englamoured to see that they were digging their own graves.


"Could you do it a trifle slower, so we can watch? My husband and I are just beginners" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Although there was a noticeable absence of pyrotechnics, the state's famous House of Representatives was more than any other agency responsible for the failure of the greedy industrialists to reduce the electorate to a collection of simple spectators. In time, and against the judgment of the railroads and other public utilities, a Public Utilities Commission was created.

It must not be taken, however, that the House has devoted all its time to giving heroic battle to robber barons and other triflers. There has never been anything aggressively liberal in this huge body as a whole. The spirit of New Hampshire's House is Moderation. But, as we have observed before, the state's highest barrier against the encroachments of the old plutocracy consisted in the constant change in the House's personnel. Seldom does the legislature convene that Concord is not invaded by a large group of strangers on whose faces one may easily behold that numb and confused look of the brand-new statesman.

Thus the House is splendidly free of the political hack who is seldom more than the party's errand boy. The so-called majority and minority leaders make little pretense of "delivering" party votes, although such House leaders as Clyde Keefe, Democrat, who is also mayor of Dover, need attend nobody's class in practical politics. Mr. Keefe and his Republican governor are in such nice accord on Roosevelt policies that the conservatives in his party are not nearly as fond of him as the working masses are. Mr. Keefe prefers the support of the latter.

When, with the coming of the Great War, the railroads petered out as Organized Menaces, New Hampshire came near to being in the dolorous position of having no Grade-A public enemies. But this lack was soon supplied with the coming of the celebrated Mr. Samuel Insull of Chicago. At that time Mr. Insull was not the famous man he is today.

Exit Mr. Insull

Whatever Mr. Insull did elsewhere is something you will learn about if you watch your newspapers closely. What he hoped to do in New Hampshire we may never know. But if it involved any hurtful skullduggery, he missed out. He took unto himself the Twin State Gas and Electric Company, the Groveton Electric Company, the Lyman Falls Power Company and two or three more and welded them together in one financial whole as the Public Service Company of New Hampshire, which in turn was owned by some other corporation which in turn—and so on and on until the floor caved in.

It may be that the collapse of 1929 interfered with such pleasant plans as Mr. Insull may have had for New England, but New Hampshire was all ready to meet him on his own doorstep. He was just a trifle too spectacular for New Hampshire, where a native son may wallow in a lot of privileges that a carpetbagger may never hear about. However that might be, the House of Representatives decided most characteristically that it wouldn't come amiss if a halter were fitted to the new critter before it began to get ornery. Therefore, after consulting all the law thereabout and learning that the Public Service Commission's jurisdiction did not extend beyond the confines of the state, a law was adopted (or a ruling made with plenty of substantial law behind it) that the State of New Hampshire had access to and the right of control over all local transactions between utility companies and their holding companies. These holding companies, you see, might be located anywhere from Boston to San Francisco. Patently the New Hampshire Public Service Commission could not dictate to such foreign corporations. But it could and does see to it that local companies observe the rules of reason. See? No thundering, no rampaging, no name-calling, no appeals to Heaven and not a demagogic caterwaul.

"The House," said one of its members, discussing the happy solution, "jest set daown."

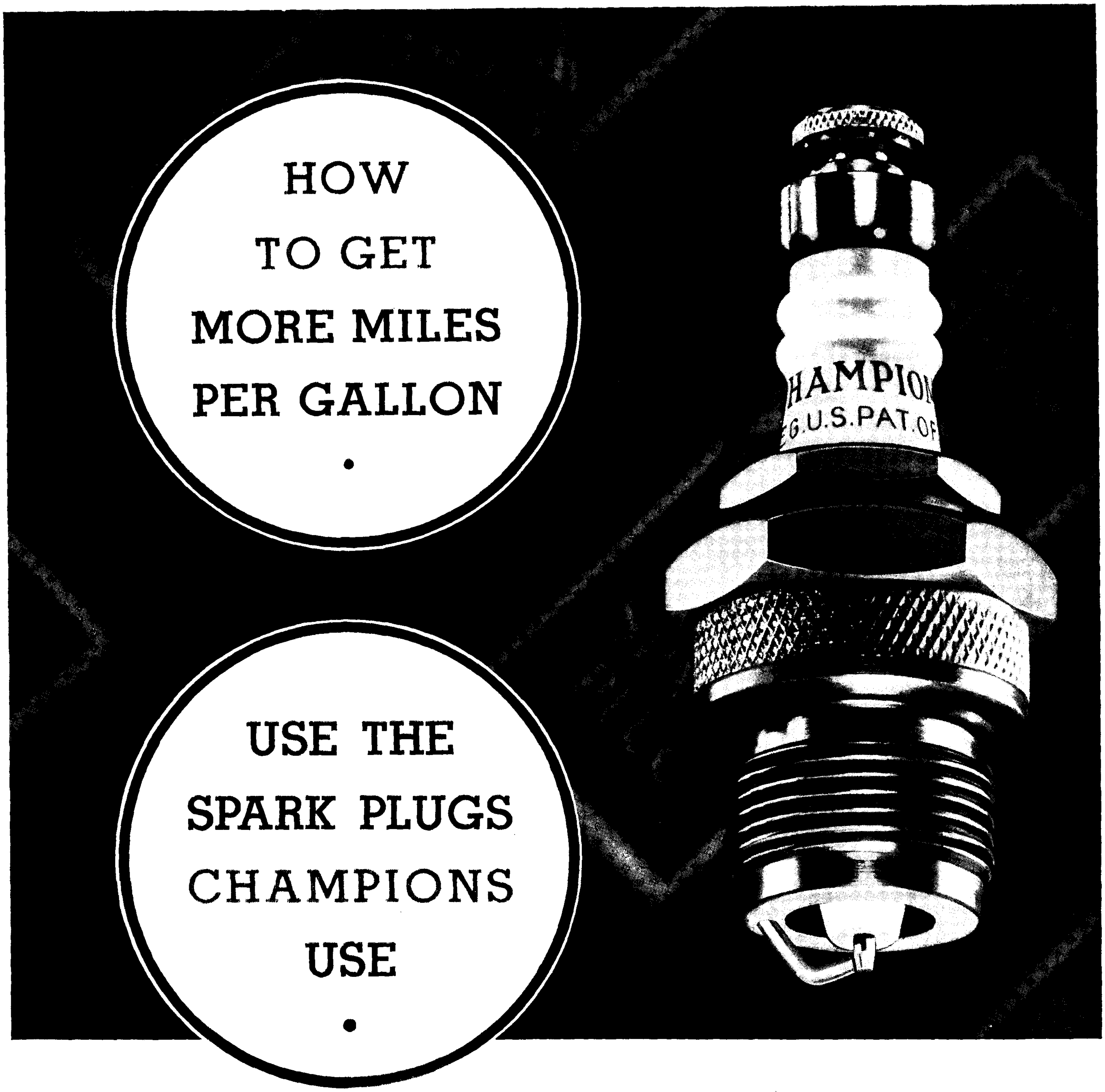
A Sane Relief Program

All of which is not to say that New Hampshire is a gas and electricity user's paradise. New Hampshire does not clap its hands in childish glee when told of two-cent power in the Tennessee Valley. The most natural answer of the White Mountains to things of that sort is: "What's the matter with it?" But the point is that if you are bent on getting away with something in New Hampshire you had better be a native. One more word about this very substantial House: It doesn't cost much. A New Hampshire legislator gets $200 a session. For special sessions called by the governor they get $3 a day, limited to fifteen days.

Something tells us now that we should switch back to Governor Winant. We've been neglecting the man rather shamefully, particularly in that it is not deniable that, whether he is upward or downward bound politically, he is one of the very few unhaunted and undaunted Republicans occupying public office. Party lines have ceased to be confines for Mr. Winant just as President Roosevelt regards them as something to pay no attention to. That doesn't count against the governor in New Hampshire very much after all, because up there Democrats were regarded as something there aren't enough of to be much of a menace. It doesn't hurt him so much as going outside the state for social workers to carry out his relief ideas. He has done that and such has been the resultant furor that perhaps it is just as well he is not a candidate for another term. The state's ten counties have always been well stocked with such defenders of our liberties as Overseers of the Poor to whom, until Governor Winant made it clear that he didn't think much of their ability to cope with current conditions, only a scattering few paid the slightest attention. Since then, however, it has been discovered that a New Hampshire Overseer of the Poor yields to no public official when it comes to getting good and mad.

Governor Winant has had the cour-

(Continued on page 32)



HOW TO GET MORE MILES PER GALLON

•

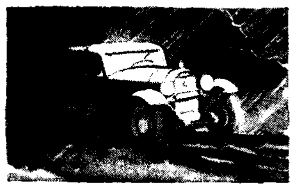
USE THE SPARK PLUGS CHAMPIONS USE

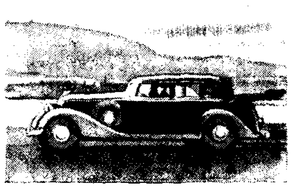
•

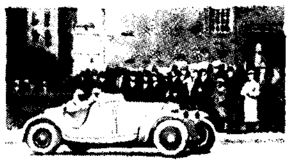
Has your car begun to use so much gas that it seems you can't drive past a station without filling up? Ten to one your spark plugs are badly worn. Nothing will enable you to get more miles per gallon like a new set of Champion Extra Range Spark Plugs—and they'll save their cost many times over in the next 10,000 miles.

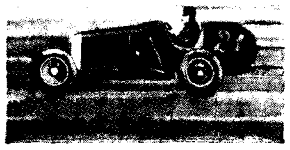
CHAMPION
EXTRA-RANGE SPARK PLUGS

See Champion Spark Plugs made. Processing of sillimanite ore, forming insulators, assembly, testing. See this display at the great Ford Motor Company exhibit at the Century of Progress.

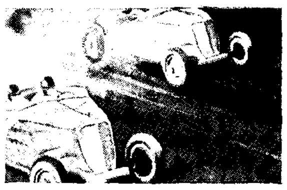

MONTE CARLO—*Gas and Trevoux winners of the Monte Carlo Rally in a Champion equipped Hotchkiss. The first four to finish this contest over all kinds of roads used Champions.*


DETROIT—*For years the fastest racing cars have used superchargers and Champions. The Graham Custom Eight, first popular priced car to use a supercharger is Champion equipped.*


ITALY—*In the recent Italian 1000 Mile Race all winners used Champions. Taruffi, winner in the four cylinder 1100 c. c. class, averaged 64.2 m. p. h. in a Champion equipped Maserati.*


PHILADELPHIA—*Johnny Hannon won 100 mile event at Langhorne Speedway in a Champion equipped Miller Special. Speed 80.53 miles per hour. Champions made clean sweep.*

FLORIDA—*Walter Everett, winner of second place in the recent International Class "X" outboard races, also won the Sir Thomas Lipton Trophy in Class "F" using Champions.*


OAKLAND, CALIF.—*All cars finishing the 250 mile stock car road race were Champion equipped. Louis Meyer, 1933 Indianapolis winner and AAA Champion, was the winner.*

You can't fool New Hampshire

Continued from page 30

age to ignore local politicians and local political set-ups in rescuing the unemployed from the agony of hunger and cold. Further, he has shown the counties that it was not impossible to take care of their needy citizens and at the same time pay their bills. The scheme might not work in more densely populated states and the fiscal results to local governments might not be as gratifying. But it worked in New Hampshire and Mr. Winant was governor of nothing else.

"In New Hampshire," said he, "when the depression came, the cost of relief was five times the cost of maintaining the usual County Poor Farm plus the local jail. This outside relief load was levied against real estate which, regardless of earnings, was already carrying more than its share of the tax burden. The increasing cost of this mounting emergency burden would not permit tax reduction and further threatened to destroy the credit of many local and county governments. Tax advances while earnings were declining could only add to individual want and place added handicap on business activity.

"Under a plan which the legislature adopted, the state took over half the relief load, the federal government a quarter of it and the local governments a quarter. The state also took over the maintenance of through highways, heretofore a county obligation. Thus, together with legislative economies, we have been able to feed our hungry, house them, clothe them and protect them from the cold and at the same time make local average tax reductions for three successive years. All units of government in New Hampshire have been able to meet their obligations."

The Potential Coolidge

Virtually everybody of importance in the state, except Mr. Moses, conceded that this was nothing short of splendid. Mr. Moses freely admitted that even if it was fine he couldn't possibly relish it because it emanated from a person the very sight of whom made him violently ill. But when the governor sent to Boston, New York and other places to get trained social workers to make a scientific and non-political job of what the Overseers of the Poor and their deputies might readily have made a celebrated mess of, appreciations of benefits were buried beneath the storm of outraged grief.

Mr. Winant, on whom, I am informed, the more mobile element of the Republican party looks as upon a potential Coolidge — streamlined, air-conditioned and otherwise up to the moment's demand—is not a Yankee at all. He is a Forty-ninth Street New Yorker of such deep Manhattan root that he still says "payfectly" and "fayst," which, as you doubtless know, mean perfectly and first. Please get this straight. He is of the upper East Side, the more fragrant end of that much misunderstood sector of our vast metropolis. He does not say raddio nor soitenly nor oinestly. Neither is the Joinal his favorite literature. I go thus into detail because it is important that you understand that while Governor Winant makes such use as he may of his somewhat unsubstantial resemblance to Abraham Lincoln he has no intention whatever of appearing before the people as Al Smith.

He was born to wealth and reared in that rarefied social atmosphere that produces more stockbrokers and corporation directors than Friends of the People. His introduction to Concord was as a student at St. Paul's School, a preparatory institution of polite excellence. From there he went to Princeton where, just before he was to be graduated in 1912, he became so enthusiastic in the cause of Theodore Roosevelt, who was seeking the presidency in competition with Woodrow Wilson and William Howard Taft, that his father protested. There was, I am told, quite an argument between John, the son, and Frederick, the father, the latter predicting that no good could come of Bull Moose antics. At any rate, John quit college and returned to St. Paul's as a master. He taught English with calm intelligence and otherwise proved himself of such value to St. Paul's that he was appointed assistant rector.

His political career was launched in 1916 when he was elected to the House of Representatives from Ward Seven, Concord, a district which has St. Paul's School at one end and the railroad yards at the other. The war took him, making him an aviator. He commanded the First Aero Squadron and subsequently was captain of the Eighth Observation Squadron and the Second Liberty Squadron on the French front. Today he is a pacifist with, one gathers, patriotic reservations.

Ward Seven returned him to the House in 1922. His firm, well-ordered fighting for such social and labor legislation as the abolishment of child labor, the 48-hour week for women workers and the like made him governor in 1925. He was defeated when he ran for reëlection in the boom years, the populace being so rich that it didn't need much of a champion. But with general adversity upon the state he came again into favor and was elected governor for the second time in 1930. And he has been in office ever since.

He is one of the least incendiary of orators. In fact, he is quite a poor one —worse, some say, than his friend Herbert Hoover. In these days of demagogic fury it is a grand thing to meet a Winant who seldom raises his voice higher than the subdued murmur that is his favorite conversational pitch.

His enemies charge that Mr. Winant has no humor. They are probably a bit prejudiced, although they do offer what they call evidence. Let's see. Oh, yes, it has to do with one of his early campaigns. A fellow campaigner had been using with considerable effect a story about the lady who during the war advanced upon a young farmer who happened at the moment to be milking a cow.

"Young man," said she, "why are you not at the front?"

"Milk's at this end," was the superbly proper reply.

Mr. Winant asked the teller of that classic for permission to use it. He was told that it was his to use as he saw fit—which is, they assure me, precisely what he did.

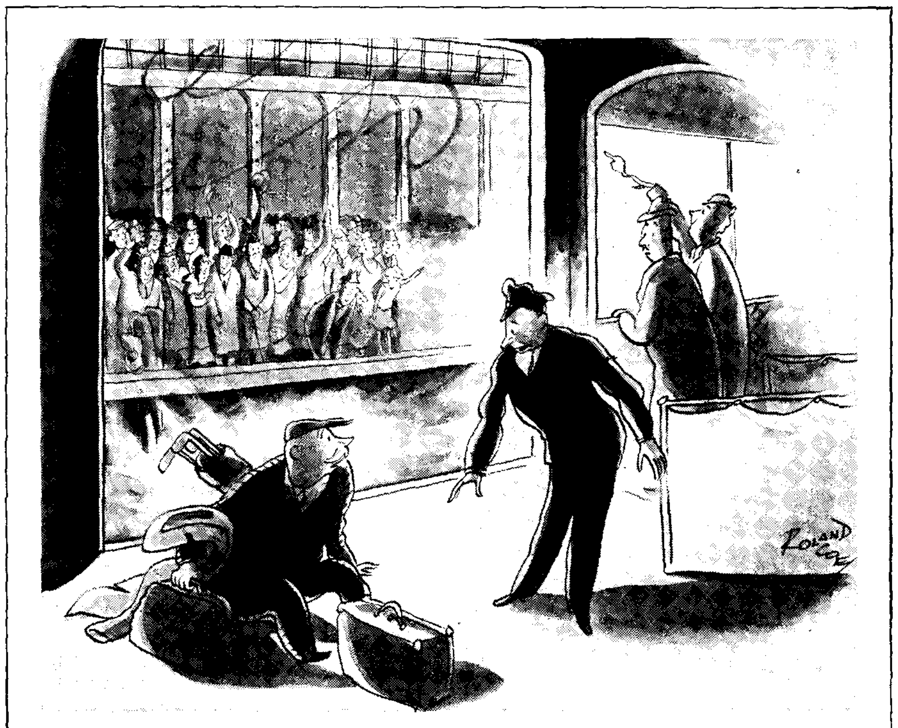
"Young man," said the lady, in the Winant version, "why aren't you on the other side?"

At this point, the opposition insists, Mr. Winant (who was elected anyway) let the whole matter drop and went back to his favorite facts wherein there was not a laugh in a book load.

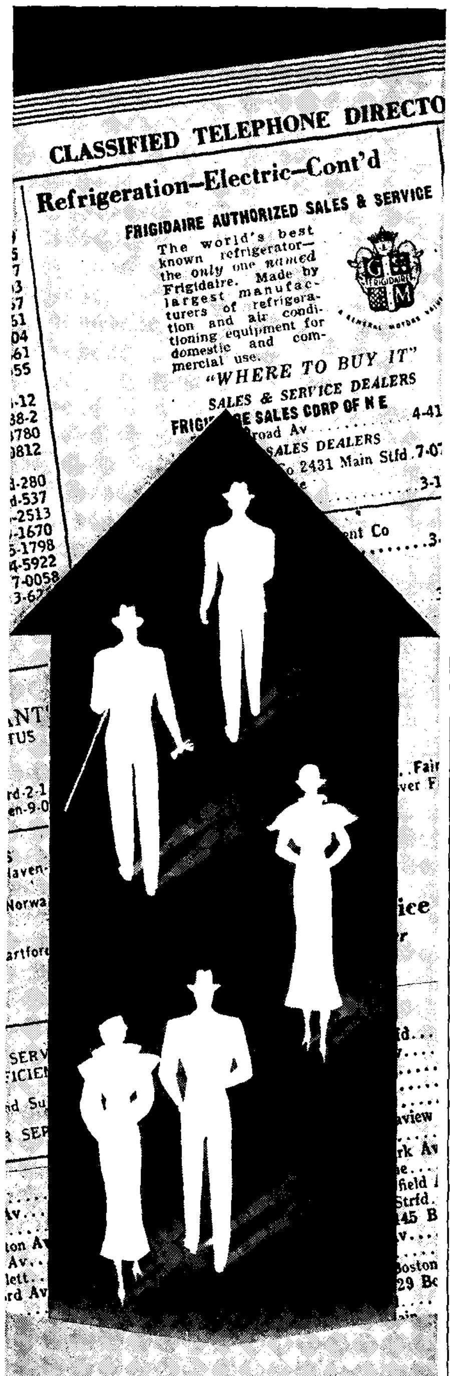
Leave It to Fuller

Governor Winant assures me that he has no political ambitions, a statement that anybody is privileged to doubt. He says he wants to write, an ambition which to me does not sound becoming in a man of his demonstrated intelligence. Perhaps he will try for the United States Senate next year when New Hampshire's Senator Keyes, a Republican of the completely reactionary school, appears for reëlection. Perhaps in 1936, when the Republican party meets in national convention to see what they can shake out of their practically empty box, he will be the subject of considerable flowery oratory. It may be, too, that President Roosevelt will be able to use him somewhere in the rainbow that they're building over Washington. I wouldn't know. But it would be a shame to allow good material like Winant to be squandered on literature.

Who knows? Maybe while the rest of us are pondering the complex question of what to do with Winant, Mr. Enoch D. Fuller will unlimber his slide rule, dust off his logarithm tables and pop up with a formula.



"Excellent leap, sir, but this boat is coming in!" ROLAND COE


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
Refrigeration—Electric—Cont'd
FRIGIDAIRE AUTHORIZED SALES & SERVICE
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

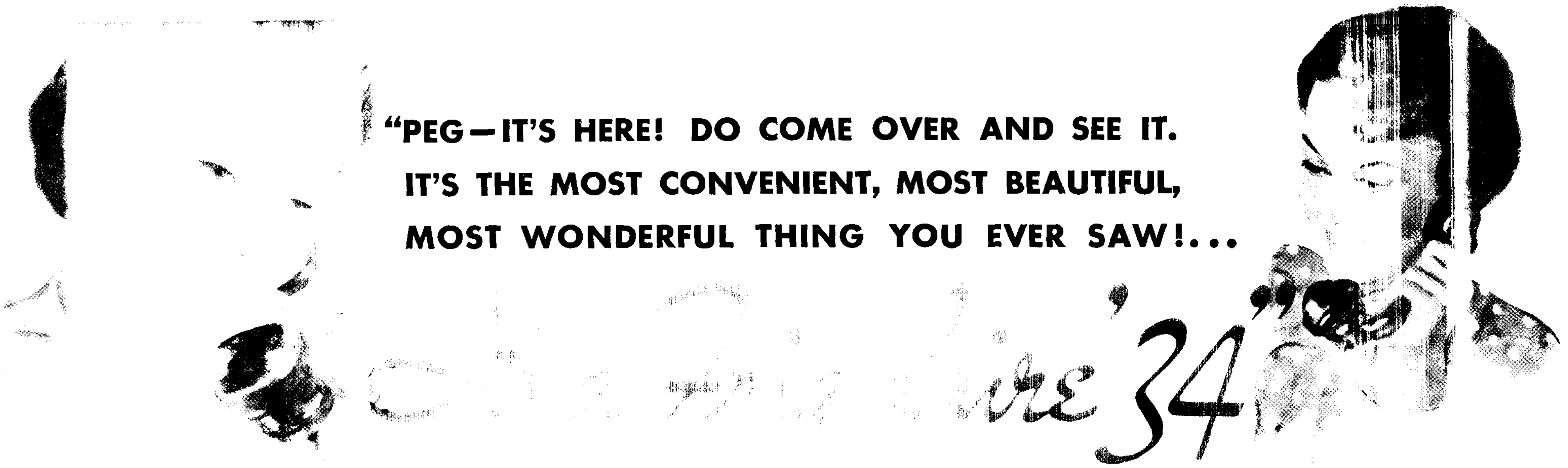
FIND *local dealers easily*

When you need a *dependable* service-man or an authorized dealer, consult your classified telephone book. Simply look for the trade mark of the brand you want.

The 'yellow pages' tell "Where to Buy It."

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

"PEG—IT'S HERE! DO COME OVER AND SEE IT. IT'S THE MOST CONVENIENT, MOST BEAUTIFUL, MOST WONDERFUL THING YOU EVER SAW!..."



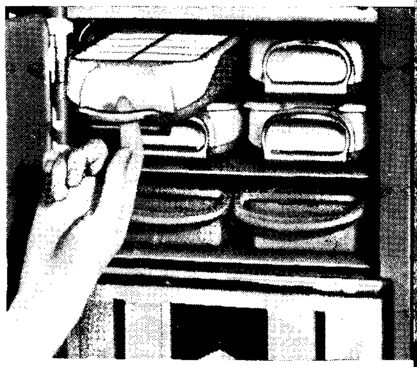
At your first glimpse of this last word in modern household refrigeration, you'll clasp your hands in admiration for its simple, classic beauty.

But the real beauty of this De Luxe all-porcelain Frigidaire '34 is very much more than "skin deep."

Think of it! . . . *five different kinds of cold* are provided! Fast Freezing . . . Super Freezing . . . Frozen Storage . . . Moist Storage, and Normal Storage!

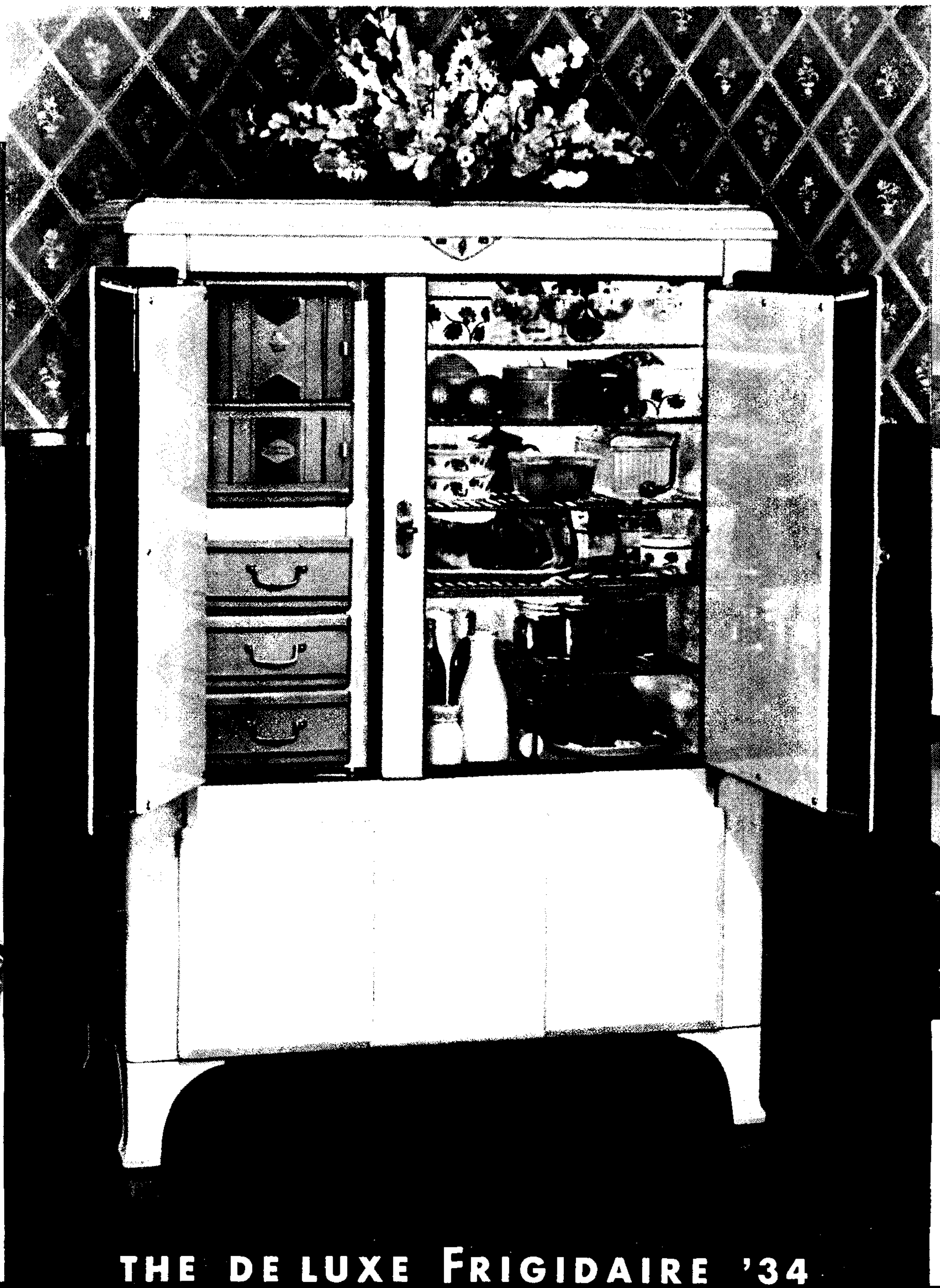
The "kitchen-planned" interior provides a place for everything. And the *dozens* of new-day conveniences anticipate—and supply—every one of the things you've ever wished for in an electric refrigerator! Truly, it's small wonder that owners of this fine Frigidaire are proudly saying "Ours is a Frigidaire '34!"

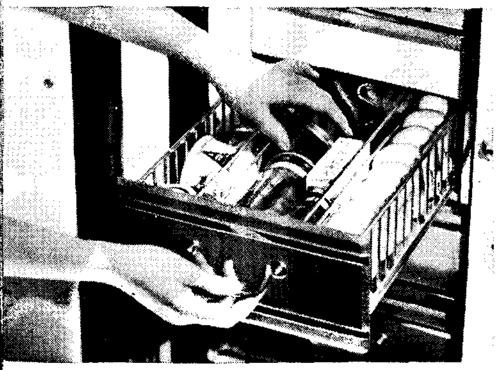
There is a Frigidaire '34 for every size of family and purse . . . including an amazing Frigidaire that actually uses less current than one ordinary lamp bulb—less than any other make of refrigerator. Visit your local Frigidaire showroom and *see* what's happened in electric refrigeration!



"See this *huge* ice chest! It actually freezes 156 great big ice-cubes at one time. And on the Super Freezing Plates I can make ice-cubes in almost *no* time at all! Notice how easily the trays glide from the freezer at the touch of the finger . . . *that's* automatic ice tray release—no banging or tugging!"

"Here is the frozen storage chest. Keeps meat, fish, fowl or desserts frozen for *days*. Or, we can store *extra* ice cubes here—120 of them, making 276 in all—or make a big 15-pound block of solid ice! We *never* run out of ice any more. I can't *begin* to tell you how *convenient* this Frigidaire is!"





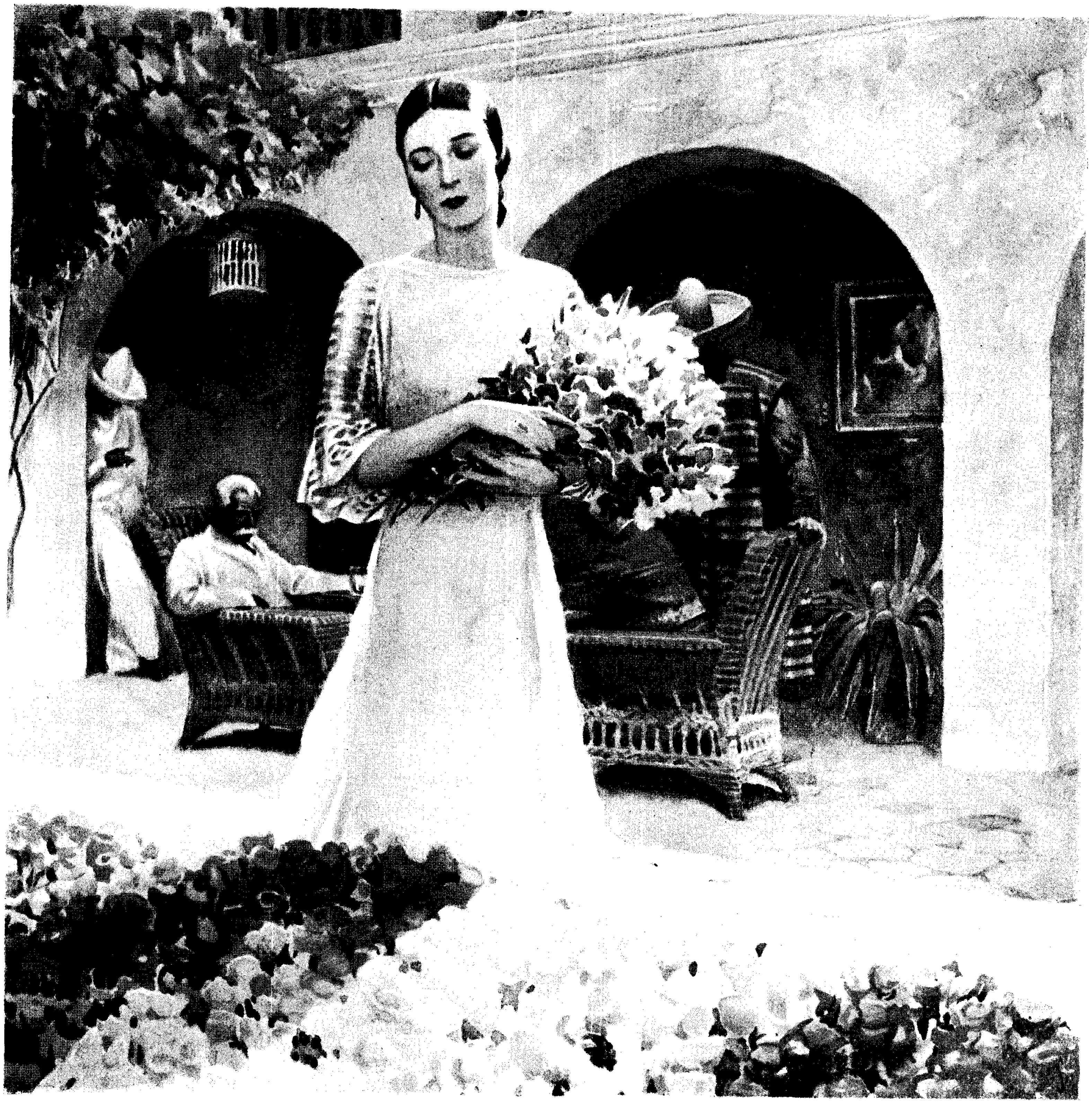
"Now I'm getting *really* excited! There are three big drawers. This top one is a marvelously convenient Utility Chest for storing eggs and small articles—keeps them out of the way, yet always *so* handy! The other *two* are giant Hydrators for fruits and vegetables—and they're lined with stainless porcelain!"

"And now look at *this* side. Talk about new conveniences! This is the 5-compartment, crystal-glass, *revolving* Serverette for left-overs! And a drinking water cooler; adjustable shelves; and the sliding Servashelf; and *extra* space for *lots* of tall bottles; and interior lighting; and, my dear—*even* a refrigerated rolling pin!"

THE DE LUXE FRIGIDAIRE '34

5 Kinds of Cold!

FAST FREEZING • SUPER FREEZING • FROZEN STORAGE • MOIST STORAGE • NORMAL STORAGE



"The *hacendado's* daughter has been abroad, and she wouldn't wear a last season's dress to a dog fight"

Spanish Lady

Continued from page 8

There was a loud, solid whack, like a man slapping a quarter of beef with the flat of a cleaver. He let go the saddle horn, clawed blindly for a hold with his spur, and then pitched off head-first and lay still. His horse trotted nervously away, the shooting stopped, and the shooters got back on their horses and rode forward cautiously to see where they had tagged him. There was nothing especially daring about their exploit, for there was a regular mob of them, and Madden hadn't even attempted to return their fire. But they did deserve credit for a well-mannered piece of bushwhacking, for, though they had been obliged to shoot all around Waldron and his baggage, not a splinter had touched him and not a dog crate or a pack-sack had been so much as grazed. The dogs were entirely unharmed, and were bawling frantically to be let out so they could take a hand in the celebration. Waldron checked them over first, and then examined young Madden.

He was knocked senseless, partly from the bullet and partly from having fallen head down in the rocks. The bullet had ranged up through his left shoulder, and his collar bone was reduced to pretty much of a wreck. The other bones, however, felt solid, and there was no sign of any main arteries being cut. Waldron got cloth from his suitcase and tied the wound up, wondering what kind of daughter that *hacendado* had produced that a young man who considered her a fool would stand out and get shot trying to make an appointment to see her. By the time he finished his bandaging the bushwhackers had drawn into a circle around him, and looking up, he saw that she was one of them.

Not, of course, that she had taken a hand in the actual shooting, for she carried no weapon except a little wire-wrapped quirt. She was, at a guess, about twenty-two years old, tall and only a little sunburned, with very dark eyes under a white felt sombrero. She wore soft-legged boots and buckskin breeches for riding in the thorns, her voice was deep with anxiety, and she spoke English with only a suspicion of awkwardness to prove that she had not been born to it.

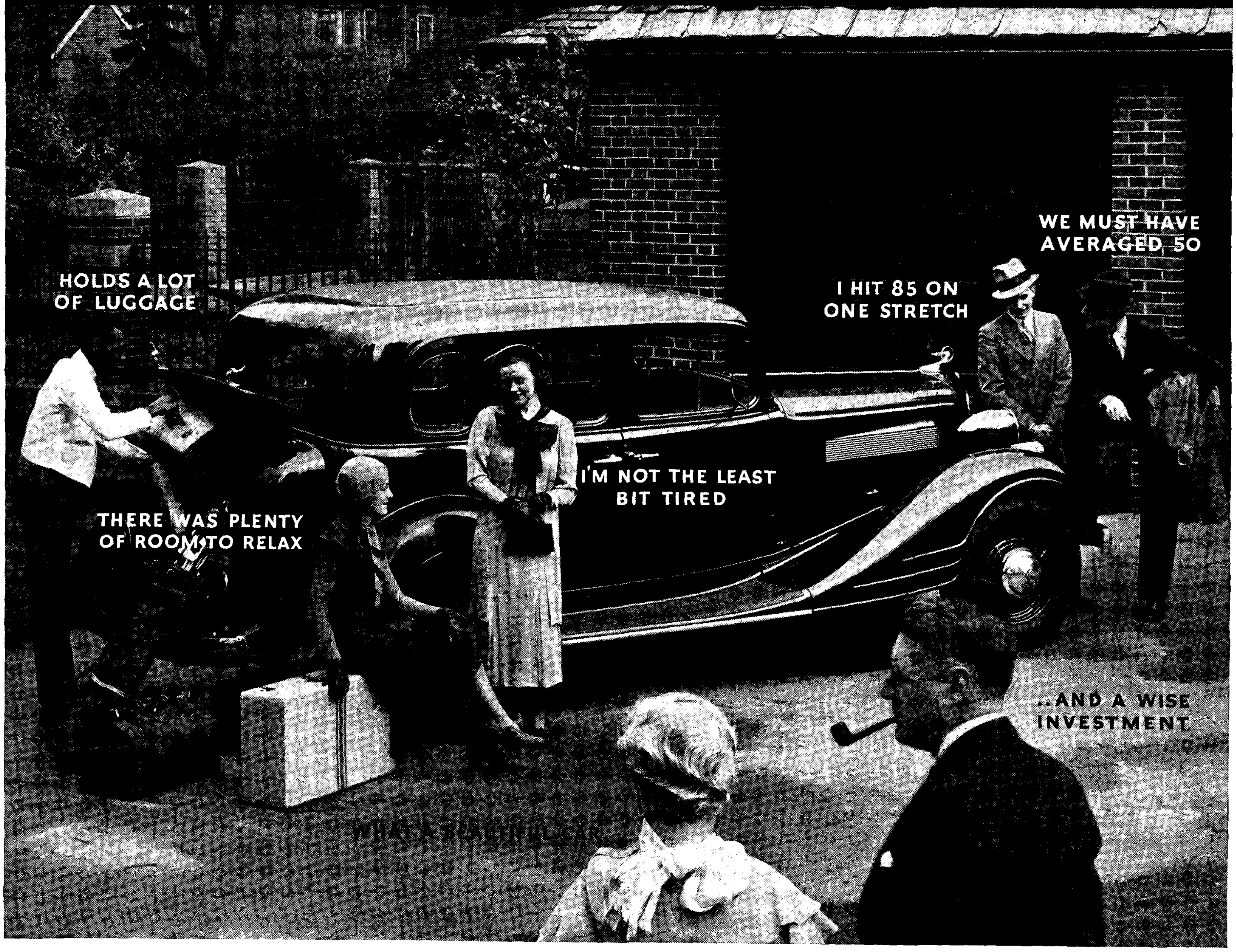
"IS HE badly hurt?" she asked, dismounting. "These idiots of men! I wanted them to let *him alone*, or at least to take him without shooting. But no, this fool of a Don Rutilio would have them take him, and they were afraid to do it without shooting him, and now look! Will he die, do you think? You are Mr. Walderón, aren't you?"

Waldron tactfully de-Spanished her version of his name. "He'll be all right when the jolt wears off," he explained. "His collar bone's busted, and he's lucky it wasn't his neck. All he'd do was set here and yell about meetin' you up the river tomorrow evening, till they got his range and salted him. You're from Rio Perdido?"

He would have felt foolish, after delivering young Madden's last message so confidently, to find she wasn't. But she was, and so were all the men. They had come to meet him. The boss, a straight old man with a tremendous spread of white whiskers, was dressed in a suit of embroidered buff-leather. The others wore overalls, protected against the thorn-brush by the plain split-leather aprons that used to be seen on blacksmiths in the West. She introduced them all round in Spanish, and her name, which was the only one he got clearly, was Isabel del Riego.

"My father was sorry he could not come," she apologized. "He has an indisposition, and there was no one else who could speak English but me. We have pack horses for your things, and

"..*so much* more car
for a few dollars more"


HOLDS A LOT OF LUGGAGE
THERE WAS PLENTY OF ROOM TO RELAX
I'M NOT THE LEAST BIT TIRED
I HIT 85 ON ONE STRETCH
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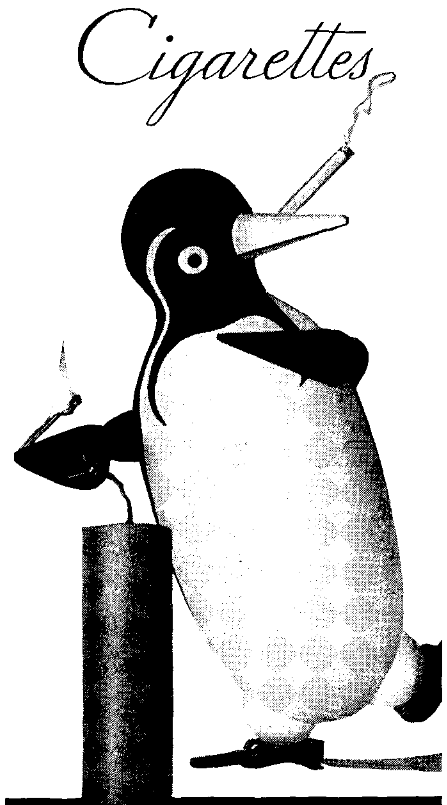

SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE!

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REDEEMABLE
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Spanish Lady

Continued from page 34

we must start. We must take this young man with us. How shall we carry him?"

She pointed her quirt at young Madden, who, Waldron thought, stiffened self-consciously. The old gentleman in buff-leather, busy at cinching a dog crate onto a packsaddle said *"Puñalo!"* in a deep-toned snap, and the girl looked indignant.

She turned to Waldron and explained in a low voice, "Don Rutilio is the young man's grandfather. It makes him ashamed because his grandson behaves foolishly, so sometimes he is rude. This young man has annoyed my father a great deal, and he is a terrible fool, but he is punished for that now. He has a splendid education in spite of his foolishness, and I am going to take him to the hacienda to get well."

It was decided, after considerable conferring and pulse-feeling, that the young man should be tied on his horse with a vaquero on each side to hold him steady in the saddle. Waldron rode behind, ready to halt the train if the bandages worked loose, and he felt rather glad of the job because it kept him from being uneasy about himself. He didn't know whether the Rio Perdido trapping contract was going to work out or not.

There was always a risk about taking a hunting contract for an unknown man in unknown country. Any one of twenty things could knock the whole deal in the head, and the *hacendado* did sound cranky. Waldron wanted to get a look at him, not only to see what he talked like but to hear what he had to say about the capture of young Madden, but they didn't reach Rio Perdido until long past dark, and he had gone to bed.

THE next morning Waldron breakfasted early and alone, and the *hacendado* sent down a note in left-handed English apologizing for being still indisposed. Waldron raked up a lunch from the breakfast leavings, loaded his canteen, and struck out to inspect his field.

The layout was a great deal prettier than down at the railroad. The plain was still deep white dust, but there were little springs of water, jungled close with wild bamboo and scrub-willow, and the rise in altitude changed the worthless creosote bush to good United States greasewood, around the roots of which grew rich saccaton and mountain grama and alfilerilla grass. He found three wolf-killed cows, and on one, so recent she was still warm, he put down strychnine capsules in the hope that her murderers might pay her a return visit. While he was working on that, one of the drawbacks to his new job was brought home to him by a young roan bull, which drove him to his horse and chased him enthusiastically for half a mile trying to horn him. Ordinary bulls will not attack a mounted man, but these brutes had been raised to fight, and they were eager to be at it. Waldron got charged eight times before he got clear of the plain.

There the landscape changed again. The grass grew heavier, and the ground lifted to the great mountain range of the Huasteca Potosína, the ten-thousand-foot stone rampart that divides the arid Mexican inland from the swamp country of the Gulf Coast. Yellow pines grew up the slope and down into the deep-gashed canyon where Lost River—Rio Perdido—came out and disappeared in the dry plain. This was mountain lion country. The dead cattle Waldron found in it had their spines bitten through, which was strictly a mountain lion trick. Waldron wished he had brought his dogs along, for it was splendid hunting country, and the grass held tracks so tenaciously that they could almost be followed by sight. He dismounted, with a half-notion of trying some still-hunting on foot, and saw that he was in for company. Isabel del Riego rode up the slope toward him, with half a dozen vaqueros in tow.

"My father was very displeased when he found you had gone out alone," she informed him. "It is dangerous to travel so near the mountains alone. My father has ordered that these men are always to follow you, and you must never again leave the hacienda without them."

"What does your father think I am, an American missionary to China?" Waldron demanded. "I'm hired to hunt, and I can't do it with a blamed squad of guards taggin' me around. Tell these men to go on home, and tell your father I don't want 'em."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't influence him," Isabel said kindly. "He would only think you were foolish and needed looking after. Suppose one of these fighting bulls should kill your horse under you when you were alone, what would prevent his killing you too? There are Indians here in the Huasteca Potosína who would think nothing of shooting you for your saddle and rifle, and how are you to keep watch for them alone? These men will not interfere with your hunting. My father has only ordered them to see that nothing happens to you."

It came to the same thing, and Waldron told her so. Then a thought struck him, and he cut a corner off his saddle-blanket and took off one of his gloves. "You take these men back to the hacienda, and have one of 'em unlock them dogs of mine. Let 'em smell this glove and piece of cloth, and they'll come on out here and find me. They can handle a bull as well as your men can, and they'll look out for bushwhackers a blamed sight better."

She was impressed, but doubtful. "They will find your horse only from this?"

She turned her horse, and he remembered to inquire after young Madden. "He seemed better at breakfast," she said worriedly. "I helped the women dress his shoulder, and he ate well. But it is a terrible wound, and afterward he was delirious with the pain."

"I wouldn't worry about him," Waldron advised, not caring to tell her what his view of the case really was. "He's probably better than he looks."

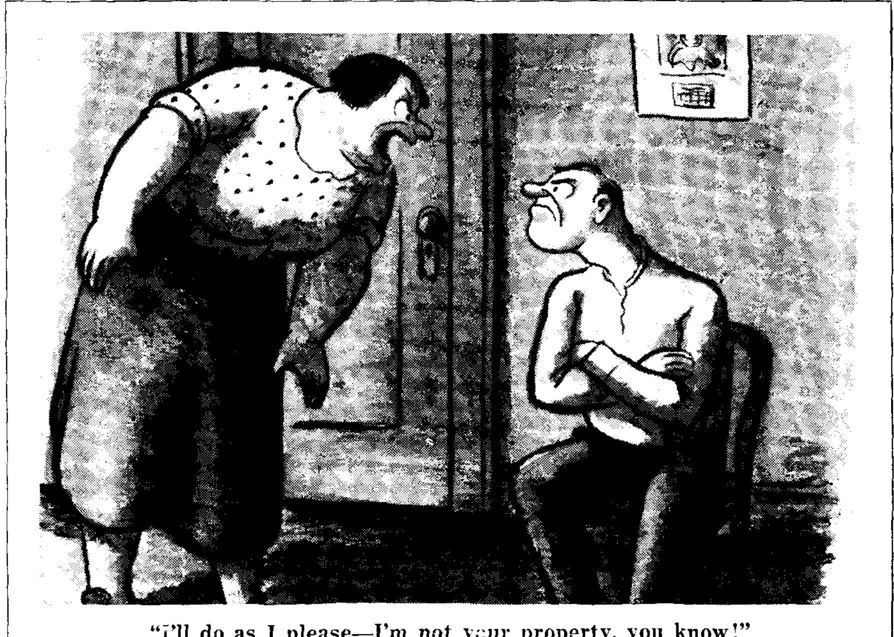
He halfway expected to see the guard of vaqueros come trailing back with word that old Del Riego had declined to alter his orders; but they didn't, and, along in the afternoon, his dogs came whooping up the mountain and fell rapturously all over him. While the reunion was in progress, a big bull moseyed out of a clump of brush, looked things over, and charged. The dogs climbed off Waldron and sailed into him, and no crew of graduate *banderilleros* could have managed him more handsomely. Old Blue and Rowdy, the two strike-dogs, got right under his nose, and when he turned in and chased them the rest of the pack fell in behind and nipped his flanks and heels. When he whirled on them they ran, and old Blue and Rowdy took charge of his hindquarters. They worked him clear down the mountain and left him balled up in a patch of greasewood, too tired to move. They came back perfectly fresh, and Waldron felt so pleased with them that he told them to go find lion. He waited by his horse while they spread out. It was almost sundown, and he should have been starting for the hacienda, but he had outpointed old Del Riego on the bodyguard question, and he felt like celebrating.

HE CELEBRATED a little prematurely, for while he stood waiting a couple of horsemen came riding uphill toward him, waving a paper to indicate that they had business with him. They were the white-whiskered old Don Rutilio and one of the young men from the corrals, and the paper was a note from the *hacendado* for him.

"Estimated Señor," it read. "I hope you will excuse me that I have the necessity to request you to return to the hacienda promptly with the men who bring this. With assurances of consideration and esteem, G. del Riego y Villarreal."

It sounded too much like business to be disregarded. Waldron swore under his breath, and fumbled behind his saddle for the horn he used to call in his dogs. It wasn't there. He hadn't brought it, because he hadn't expected to have the dogs with him. He couldn't leave them out on the mountain with

(Continued on page 38)



"I'll do as I please—I'm not your property, you know!"

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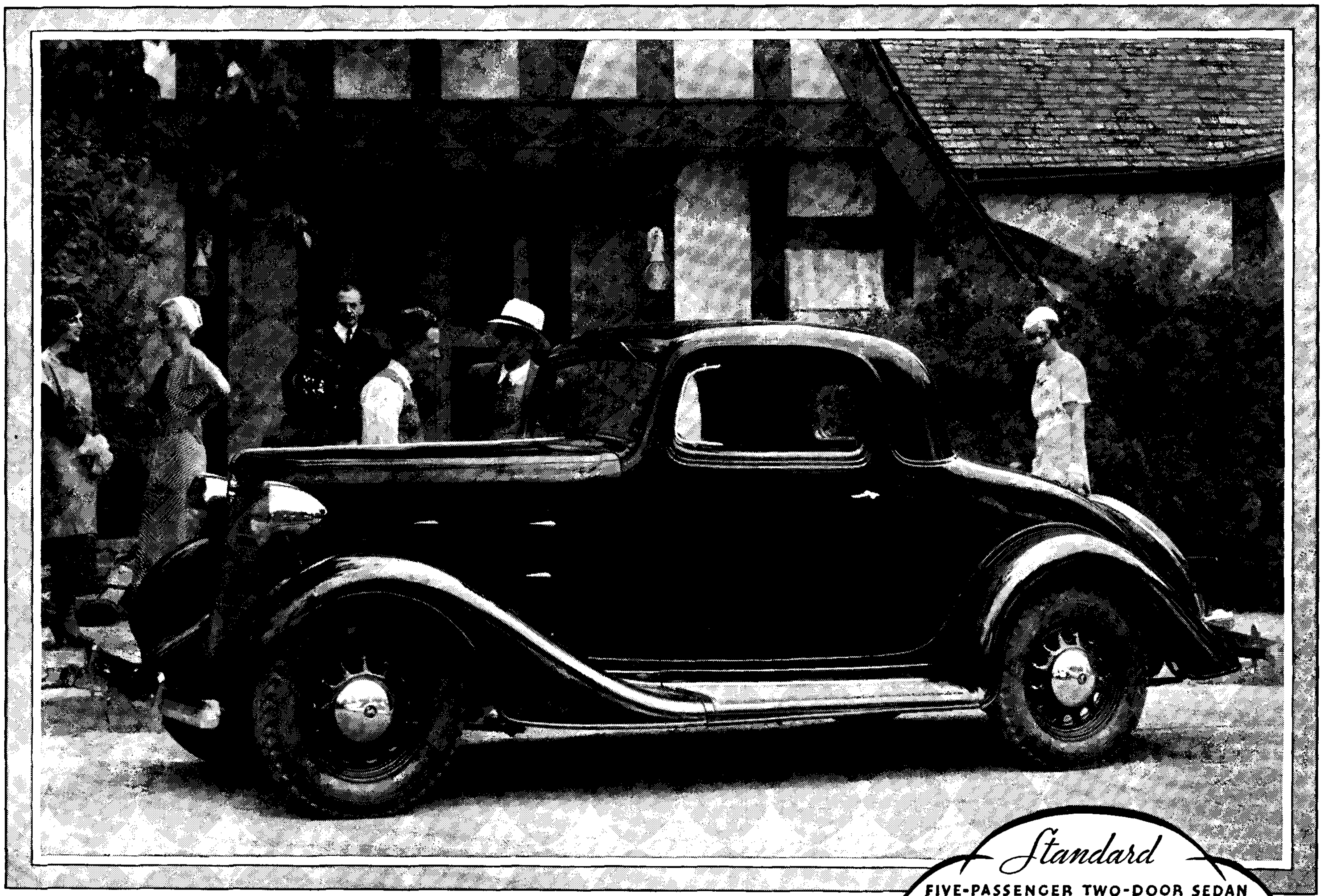
A MAJOR ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT



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THIS BIG new car by Nash is planned and engineered in a way that sets it apart from every other low-priced car ever built.

We have called it the "jeweled movement" car to describe a clear-cut difference in its construction. This difference in the LaFayette is basic—more important to you than these obvious advantages:

Its speed of 80 miles an hour, for example—Its 16½ second acceleration from 5 to 50 miles an hour in high—Its outstanding gasoline economy—Its roomier body with extra legroom and headroom.

Striking as these points are, the really big value offered by the "jeweled movement" LaFayette is even more impressive. Built into this remarkable, new car is a series of expensive, proven construction features *never before used in a low-priced car*. They give it the smooth, long-life silence, the extra riding luxury of costly automobiles.

We urge you to get right away, at first hand, the full facts about the "jeweled movement" LaFayette. See your nearest Nash-LaFayette dealer today. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wis.

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WHAT YOU GET

80 miles an hour. • From 5 to 50 miles an hour in 16½ seconds in high gear. • Amazing gasoline economy. • Oversize electrical system. • Draftless clear-vision ventilation with patented airvents. • X-Dual frame. • Bendix equal-action brakes. • Worm and roller frictionless steering. • More room in the body—Seaman Dual Construction, sound-proof.

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Let's be bold!

and tell the

MEN

about

MUM

FRAN "There's one subject I'm simply going rabid on. Three men, THREE, did I have to dance with last night who apparently never heard of Mum!"

RUTH "Wasn't it terrible? That friend of Mac's said he had been playing golf all afternoon. I felt like saying, 'Well, what of it? Does that excuse you?' "

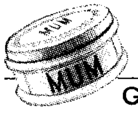
FRAN "Yes, would it excuse us girls? You know, we'd do the world a favor if we'd just be brazen and tell the MEN about MUM!"

WHY give the women *this* chance to criticise, men? A little Mum rubbed under each arm when you dress and you can avoid perspiration odor *all day!*

This instant cream deodorant is harmless to skin and clothing. It doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just disagreeable body odor.

Don't depend on your daily shower to protect you. It cleanses, of course, but it cannot neutralize this penetrating odor. Take just half a minute and use Mum. All toilet counters have Mum. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 74 West St., New York.

TO COOL AND SOOTHE YOUR FEET, rub a little Mum on them. It's wonderful for tired, burning, perspiring feet. Destroys every trace of disagreeable perspiration odor.



MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

Give Mum a try-out *free*

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Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

Name..

Address..

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Spanish Lady

Continued from page 36

night coming on, and nothing but the horn would break them loose from hunting mountain lion until they found and treed one. Turning the note over, he scrawled a brief explanation on the back and handed it to the whiskered Don Rutilio. "Take that to him," he directed. "Go on, hurry up with it."

The old gentleman turned the note over several times without discovering anything about it that he could understand. Then he made a speech, of which Waldron got nothing except the words *señor, hacienda* and *pronto prontito.* "I know it," he said impatiently. "Give the señor this note, and tell him no. No, no, no, no. What the hell are you hangin' around here for?"

He turned his horse away from them. The old gentleman stopped fiddling with the note and nodded to his companion, who drew a pistol and shot into the ground under Waldron's horse. "Stand still!" said the old gentleman. Waldron stopped. The old gentleman relieved him of his rifle and dropped a lariat on his horse's neck to lead him by. "Now, then," he observed, and reined around downhill. "We will go."

They rode down the mountain in the twilight, leading Waldron's horse from in front and watching him with a gun from behind. As they came out on the plain, he heard old Blue baying a long way off in the timber, and, still fainter, the whole pack joining in. They had struck a lion trail and they were running on it.

THE *hacendado,* whose full name was Don Gonzalo del Riego y Villarreal, was a small, wiry old man with a gray mustache, deep-set eyes, and a crippled leg which he kept covered with a blanket. He was reading a copy of Rousseau's Social Contract, but he laid it aside when Waldron was brought in, and he wasted no time getting to business.

"Last night a young man named Madden was brought here wounded," he said. "My men shot him, on orders from my *caporal,* who is his grandfather, and if I had been there I would not have permitted it. But he is a very bad young man, a great nuisance, and when they brought him in I thought we would keep him until he was cured and then deliver him to his grandfather to be punished. Now he has escaped, and I have sent for you to ask you a favor. I want you to take your dogs, of which I have already heard a great many wonderful things, and find him for me."

This was the very thing young Madden had predicted. Waldron stiffened his back. "I had to leave my dogs out on the mountain, because old Whiskers wouldn't wait for me to find 'em. Besides, I won't use 'em to trail a man with, because they're liable to git shot. There ain't anything about it in my contract."

"Literally, no," Don Gonzalo agreed. "It is not in fulfilment of your contract that I ask you to do this, but as a personal favor. Your dogs will not be shot. The young man is not armed."

"I don't know where my dogs have gone to," Waldron said stubbornly. "Lord knows but what some mountain lion has ripped half of 'em to pieces by now. And if I do git out of here in time to save 'em, they're liable to chew the kid all to pieces when they catch him. Them dogs ain't parlor-stock."

That was mostly for effect. It failed to achieve any. "If they do, it will be entirely satisfactory," Don Gonzalo said. "This young man has been troublesome to us here, Señor Walderón. He mines on my land, he subsidizes the stealing of my cattle, he persecutes my daughter with impertinent attentions. Last week, meeting him accidentally down at the railroad, I spoke to him about all this. He laughed, he called me a number of disrespectful names, and when I drew my pistol he threw stones and excited my horse so I was unable to aim. I was thrown off, and hurt my leg. Nobody saw that except my *caporal,* who was too far away to help me, and we have told nobody. But there must be no more such incidents. If you will help me, I will pay you ten thousand pesos, in addition to the amount you are to be paid on our contract."

TEN thousand pesos was over three thousand dollars. It was certainly profitable enough to be worth accepting, and Waldron had an uncomfortable feeling that it might be costly if he refused. He mumbled that he would have to see about his dogs first. "If I say no to this offer of yours, does my contract still hold? Or will you back out on it?"

Don Gonzalo gestured deprecatingly. "I had not considered that possibility," he said. "Think, señor. If your dogs remain out on the mountain, they will die, or the Indians will shoot them to eat. You are fond of your dogs, and if you promise me this favor, you may go find them. If not, my men are outside this door waiting for you. You will not escape from them by pretending to be sick, as that young man did from my housemaids."

Waldron gave in. The old boy had him outpointed without a showdown. "I'll do it, I guess," he promised desperately. "One thing, though. Your men will have to let me alone at it. I can't handle dogs with a mob of bullherders shadowin' me."

"That shall be as you please," Don Gonzalo agreed, and held out his hand.

The men saddled two fresh horses for him, gave him back his rifle and pistol, and helped him cinch on his night-hunting rig. Then, following orders, they left him alone. He was mounting at the corral gate in the dark when Isabel del Riego led her horse from the shadow of the adobe wall and spoke hurriedly: "You are going out to look for him? Let me come with you. I am afraid to go alone so late, and I know where he is."

"The hell you do!" said Waldron, taken aback. He had not expected her to take such an interest in running young Madden down. "Where?"

"Do you remember the message he gave you for me before the men shot him? That he would be up the river canyon this evening? Then he is there, and if you come with me we will find him. Come on!"

"I got to find my dogs first," Waldron began, but she cut him short.

"You can do that afterward," she said impatiently. "It is the same direction. You have an extra horse? Good. Come quick, before somebody sees us."

She led straight out across the dark plain at a gallop, riding cautiously but as confidently as if it had been daylight. Waldron followed because she could find the way quicker than he could, and minutes might count in saving his dogs. When the ground sloped and the horses trod soundless pine needles, he heard the whole pack baying beseechingly a long way off, and he rammed the prods to his horse and drove up the canyon at a run, leaving the girl far behind. Old Blue heard him coming and ran down the trail to guide him in. He found the rest of them under a big pine tree at the edge of a deep straight-up-and-down cliff. They had treed game, and they were holding it for him.

They were so worn out with chasing out to look for him and bawling for him to come that they were ready to drop. But except for a few thorn scratches they were unhurt, and they all began running around the tree and trying to climb the trunk to show him where the excitement was. In response, the tree jarred, branches snapped overhead, and pieces of torn bark rattled down. Waldron trained his hunting-light up the trunk to where a big branch forked out over the cliff. Two brilliant green lights moved in the fork, and a yellow-pelted mountain lion let go the trunk, ran halfway out along the branch, and stopped, snarling with fright because it shook under him. He looked about fifteen feet long. Waldron turned his light off, kicked a couple of dogs away from the edge of the cliff, and unscabbarded his rifle. Then he laid the light along the gun barrel, snapped it on, and trained it on the lion's head. What he saw almost made him fall over the cliff himself. There was a man lying on the branch with his face about a foot from the lion's forefeet. It was young Madden. He was holding on by one hand, and when he spoke the lion jumped back from his voice and clawed frantically to keep from falling among the dogs.

"*Buenas noches, caballeros,*" he said, trying to peer through the blinding glare of the hunting-light. "If the American hunter is with you, I would like to remind him that his dogs are being used to run down men, after all. And if my grandfather is with you—"

The branch rocked under him drunkenly. He grabbed for a fresh hold, and the lion overbalanced, slid, and kicked maniacally to stay on with him. It seemed impossible that Madden could keep himself from being bucked off over the cliff. He did, and the bough settled down again.

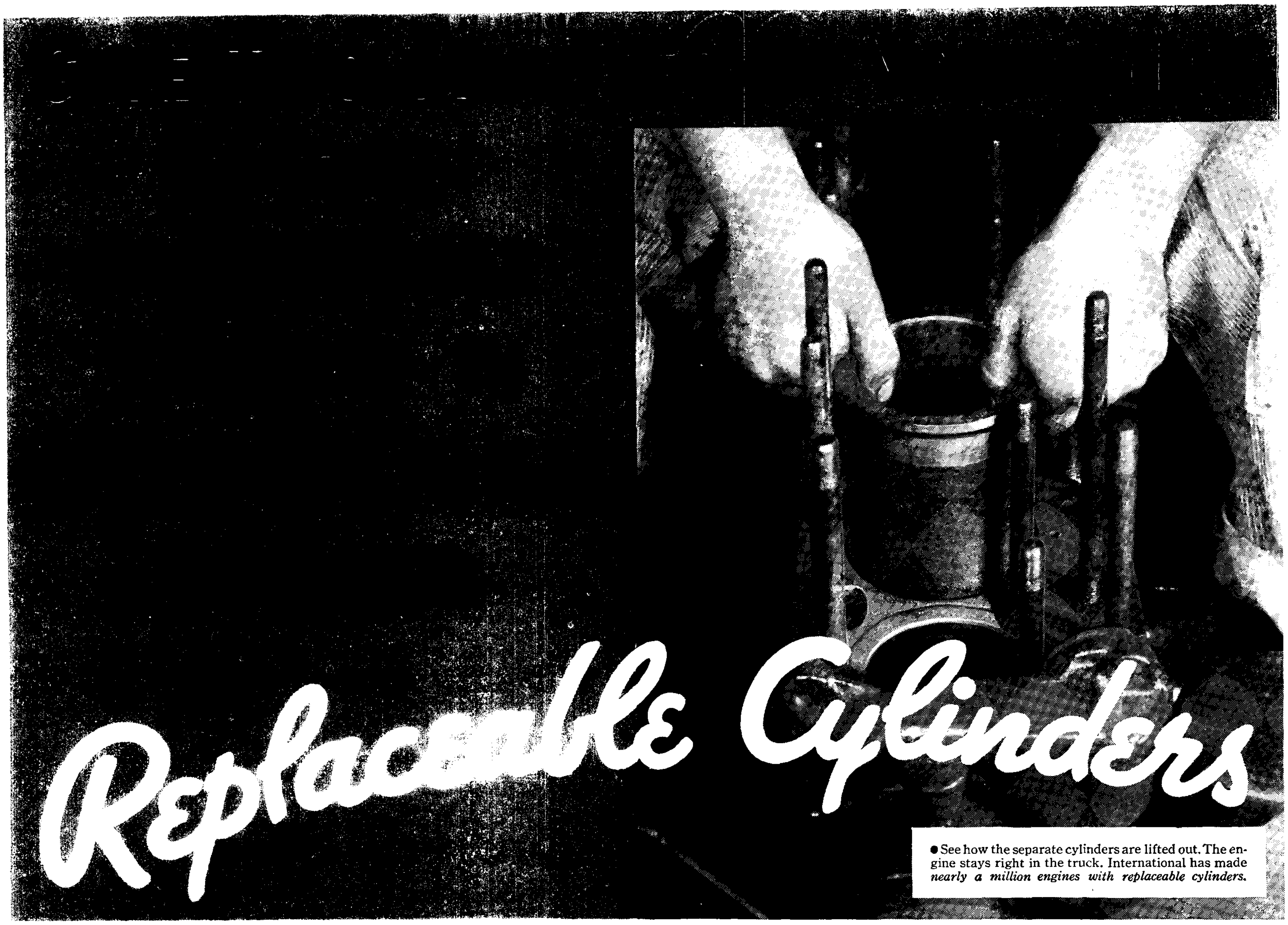
Waldron stared, holding the rifle ready without summoning the will to shoot it. He had never intended to shoot Madden, and he would not have fired on an unarmed man for all the rewards in the country. But here was a situation where he could collect a reward by not doing anything, by simply standing where he was until the lion jolted Madden off the limb into the bottom of the canyon. It was bound to happen. Madden's hold couldn't last much longer, and every time a dog made a run at the trunk the lion crowded farther out and the limb jolted and bucked more drunkenly.

THERE was only one thing about it that made Waldron feel sneaking. He turned the light full on the lion, and all the dogs backed off, looked up, and lifted their tired voices in confident anticipation. Hundreds of times they had treed lion for Waldron. Always before, after the brute had cooned up a tree and stuck his tongue out at them, Waldron had come and shot him down for them. That anything else could happen now not one of them so much as dreamed. The man in the tree didn't interest them a particle.

He realized all that, waiting for young Madden to fall so he could collect a reward. Shame filled him, and suddenly, without giving himself time to think what he was losing, he cut down with the rifle and shot the lion through the head.

The bullet drove center. The lion slid off the limb, hung for a minute by his

(Continued on page 40)



Replaceable Cylinders

● See how the separate cylinders are lifted out. The engine stays right in the truck. International has made *nearly a million engines with replaceable cylinders.*

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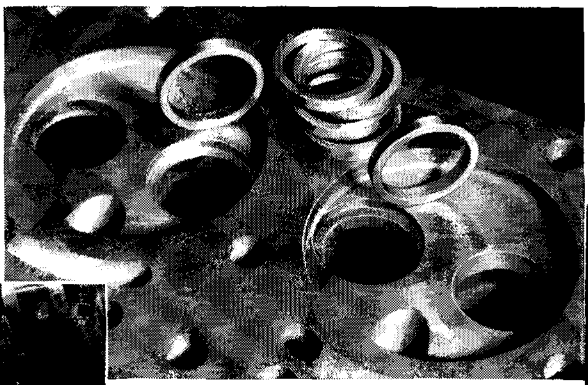
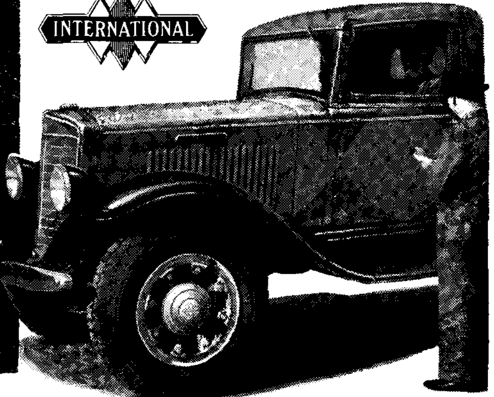
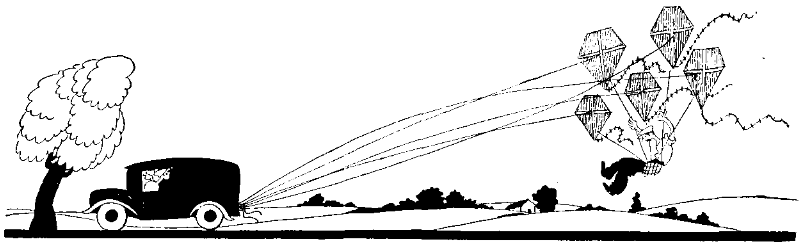


● Above: *Hardened Exhaust-Valve Seat Inserts.* This feature was long ago made standard International practice. These inserts retard valve seat burning, engine efficiency is retained, and the valves seldom need grinding.

● Left: *Replaceable Precision-Type Bearings,* another feature of International Truck engines. These bearings make it possible to replace connecting-rod or main bearings quickly, at low cost. This man is under the engine, replacing the bearings. The engine stays right in the truck.





Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Not only have kites raised meteorological instruments four and a half miles in the air, but they have carried a 150-pound man to a height of 100 feet. This man-carrying device was a series of five kites, each 12 feet high and 12 feet across, capable of lifting a human being when it was towed slowly by a truck in a dead calm.

The Caucasian race is generally believed to include only white people, but about 40 per cent of it is not white. Such Caucasians as the Hindus and Arabs have dark brown skins, while others, such as pure-blooded Abyssinians, have skins as black as any Negro.—*By Ruth A. Fairbrother, Pascoag, Rhode Island.*

For about 700 years the popes of the Roman Catholic Church have worn "The Fisherman's Ring" as a symbol of their papal authority. It is named in honor of St. Peter and a little plaque in its center shows an image of him throwing a net from a boat as he once did as a fisherman on the Sea of Galilee. A new ring is made for each pope—and broken when he dies.

Queen Victoria, who from 1837 to 1901 ruled Great Britain and Ireland in the longest reign in English history, has never been characterized on the British stage, in deference to the wishes of the royal family. The nearest approach to her impersonation was in "Disraeli," in which she was announced, the players bowed toward the wings and the curtain was lowered.

"Treetops Hotel" in a forest near Nyeri, Kenya Colony, East Africa, is built 40 feet above the ground in the branches of a giant tree for the purpose of allowing guests to study, in safety and comfort, the habits of wild animals which nightly visit the waterhole and salt licks beneath it. The rate is $25 a day, which includes transportation with armed guards.

Gone and almost forgotten is the "courting stick" of old New England. It was a hollow stick about an inch in diameter and eight feet long, fitted with mouth-and-ear-pieces, through which sweethearts carried on secret conversations while seated on opposite sides of the fireplace in the presence of the family.

At least one man—a chemistry professor at Harvard—kept his promise to "eat his shirt" when he was proved to be wrong. He dissolved the shirt in acid, neutralized the acid with a base, filtered out the precipitated material, spread it on a slice of bread and ate it.—*By C. L. Sears, Cambridge, Mass.*

Because certain bacteria which abound in tropical seas destroy substances that are essential to marine plants, far more plant and animal life is found, per square mile, in the cold waters of the temperate and polar seas than in the warm waters of the tropics.

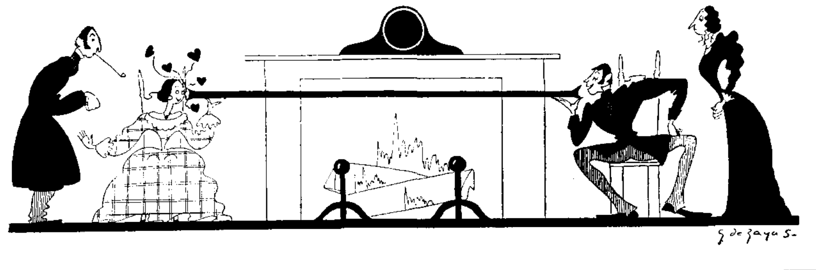
Memory is unreliable when recalling things seen and heard during great excitement. Once a professor surprised and frightened his class of 29 students with a faked riot. Four persons rushed into the classroom, fought one another and smashed furniture for 30 seconds and then rushed out. When questioned, only three of the 29 witnesses even knew how many persons had entered the room.—*By Lenora Davis, Emory University, Georgia.*

The Armenians, not the Romans, were the first people to adopt Christianity as a national religion. The Armenian king, Tiridates, established the Georgian Armenian (Christian) Church in 301, which was 33 years before Constantine proclaimed Christianity as the state religion of the Roman Empire.

In the courts of Japan, a man being tried for a criminal offense is permitted to hide his face under a straw hood during the trial in order to conceal his identity and safeguard his reputation until he has been found guilty.—*By Cora N. Edgers, Tokyo, Japan.*

Back in 18th century England, political corruption was carried on in an open manner. Gentlemen wishing to buy government positions and officeholders having them for sale advertised in the daily newspapers. Often, too, prices were mentioned, some running as high as $15,000.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Spanish Lady

Continued from page 38

foreclaws, and fell among the dogs. The limb, relieved of so much weight, bounced wildly. Madden almost fell off, and Waldron wouldn't have minded much if he had.

"Well, come on down, helpless," he directed bitterly.

He turned his light about him to prove it, and Madden inched carefully back to the tree-fork. Stopping to rest there, he explained how the trouble had happened. He had taken to the tree because of a bull. Then the lion came and ran the bull away, and then the dogs came and ran the lion up the tree with him. He still had the idea that the dogs had been trailing him, and that the lion was a chance encounter.

"I suppose it's all right to come down among them now?" he inquired.

"Hell, they never even knew you was alive," Waldron said.

He was too tired to explain that the worst thing his dogs ever did to a man, even when trailing him, was to bark and lick his face. Also, a new arrival took that subject out of his mind. Isabel del Riego got off her horse at the edge of the trail and ran over to young Madden as he shinnied painfully to the ground. Waldron got up defensively, but she paid no attention to him. Her greeting, considering that young Madden had persecuted her with silly attentions, was not easy to account for.

"Ah, Juanito, you are not hurt!" she said in her deep voice, and took him in her arms. "My father's men did not find you? These horrible dogs—"

"Nothing's hurt him except his own damn' foolishness," Waldron said. "I'd back any dog in this bunch against either one of you for sense any day in the week. What made you tell your father this man was botherin' you?"

"Because if I hadn't he would have locked me in the granary," Isabel said simply. "My father dislikes Juanito, and if I had told him the truth it would only have made him dislike me too. And he is old, and he has no other children—"

"You come close to getting me killed with your trying to be considerate of his feelings," Madden said. "If it wasn't for Mr. Waldron's shooting I'd be down at the bottom of the canyon with the wolves picking me over right now. And it's only a week ago that I had to cripple the old cuss to keep him from shooting me. There's no sense in that, and there isn't going to be any more of it. You understand that, do you?"

She agreed without argument, and borrowed Waldron's extra horse for him to ride on. "We will have a man return it later in the week," she promised. "I am grateful to you for saving Juan. You must always consider us your friends. If you should need anything—"

There was likelihood that Waldron would need a place to board and a stake to get out of the country on. He knew it, but embarrassment prevented him from saying so. "That was all right," he said uncomfortably. "Shucks, if I hadn't shot the blamed lion he might have fell out alive, and then he'd have killed three or four of my best dogs."

IT WAS long past midnight when he got back to the hacienda, but a light was still burning in old Del Riego's room, and he went there to get it over with quickly. The old man looked tired, and he shut his book and invited Waldron in with obvious eagerness.

"We have been expecting you," he said. "My men heard your dogs on the mountain, and heard you shoot. I hope you bring good news, because I have news too, and it is bad. My daughter has disappeared. In a wild country like this, that is dangerous. Of course my lameness prevents me from searching for her, so I have stayed up to ask you if you would help us to find her with your dogs."

"I can help you find her," Waldron said. He had intended to lie himself clear, but he couldn't do that now. She was the old man's daughter, and he had a right to know what had become of her. "She's gone across the mountains with that young Madden. She's been in love with him for over a year, and she didn't dare tell you for fear you'd lock her up and shoot him. I loaned 'em a horse and my rifle, and they've rode to Los Venados to be married. They'll be back the first of the week."

DON GONZALO sat up, and the drawn look left his face. He had supposed she was lost or captured by outlaw Indians. "So I have had my worry for nothing," he said ironically. "Of course you could not know this unless you had seen young Madden. It would seem that you forgot your promise to me."

"I broke it," Waldron said. "I had forty chances to kill him and one to let him kill himself, and I couldn't do it. Neither could you, if you'd been there."

"I think I might have managed," said Don Gonzalo, glancing at his lame leg. "But let me hear how it happened."

Waldron let him hear, briefly.

"They left, and I rode back here, and that was all," he ended. "I had no business givin' you any promise to start with. Them dogs of mine wouldn't hurt a man. I started that story about how dangerous they was so people would let 'em alone. You're probably figurin' some way you can renig on my contract, so I'll save you the trouble. I'll pull out of here in the morning."

Don Gonzalo looked surprised. "But I hope not," he said. "Surely, since you came here to work, it would be foolish to leave without doing it. This marriage will be unpleasant for me, because I don't like that young man and I will have to be friends with him. In this country men do not shoot their sons-in-law, unfortunately. But then, they do not rob silver ore and cattle from their fathers-in-law, either, so perhaps I shall have nothing to complain of. In any case, you were hired here to hunt predatory animals, not to keep my daughter from making a fool of herself. I am glad you told me, and I will pretend to be pleased because it is too late to do anything else. Now we must both go to bed."

They shook hands solemnly, and Waldron helped him to the door. Outside, the white-whiskered Don Rutilio leaned on the railing of the porch, staring off at the mountain. "The señorita has not yet returned," he stated gloomily. "I beg your permission to search for her."

"There is no necessity to search for her, Rutilio," said Don Gonzalo. He was as gay as if he had arranged the whole elopement himself. "She has ridden across the mountains to Los Venados to be married to your grandson, the Don Juanito. It is truly a great surprise. Soon they will be coming back, and then you must arrange an *homenaje* for my new son-in-law. Perhaps a rodeo and barbecue, with a dance afterward. What do you think, Rutilio?"

Don Rutilio stared coldly, and snorted: "For my grandson? For that *científico* who was too good to herd bulls on the hacienda where he belonged? *Puñalo!*"

Leave now? Why the party's just beginning

"Few women care to be seen with a man *who needs a shave*"

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Grace Perkins

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Out of his tub into this waiting web

(The above is a photo-micrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi magnified approximately 1,000 times)

● Like the sinister spider plotting to trap the fly, the fungus that causes Athlete's Foot spins a web in the pathway of its victims.

On the bathroom floor, in the locker room at the club, on the diving board at the pool, wherever bare feet tread, it lurks in hiding.

So small you can't see it without the aid of a powerful microscope, *tinea trichophyton*, the Athlete's Foot fungus, takes you unawares.

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ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, sunburn

Medicine Man

Continued from page 18

Obviously a small town in Michigan, though it offered excellent opportunities and facilities for medical research, could not hold such an up-and-coming youngster for long. He moved to New York City and in no time he became dean of Flower Hospital. Although some rate his strange entry into big-time politics as one of several accidents which have shaped his life, both his character and canniness contributed to the accident. It was due to the effulgent spirit of friendliness and helpfulness which he exhibits in all his contacts—a willingness to oblige which some fail to appreciate because it seems too effusive and comprehensive. To such cynics he appears to be only a rubicund handshaker with a genius for making his handclasps pay in good will and votes.

Maybe so. But there was, he says, only kindness in his heart and a brotherly smile on his face that day in the spring of 1918 when he walked into Mayor Hylan's office to volunteer practical advice on health problems which were embarrassing the New York City administration. He did not know the mayor, but that never bothers Dr. Copeland. Mr. Hylan was grateful. "God sent you to me," he confided when Dr. Copeland had finished. "You are now Health Commissioner of New York." After some demurring, Dean Copeland quit his hospital job and profession to become America's most spectacular exponent of civic hygiene.

Never was there such a glamorous guardian of the public health. He held a daily clinic on the front pages and in the magazines, writing on how to get thin or fat, healthy and happy. He popularized health drives for babies and fat-reducing contests for women, with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien as trainer. He proposed utopian plans for making the metropolis a health resort where illness would not be known. He denounced the high cost of coal, caskets, clinical thermometers and milk.

He never failed to make the front pages and Sunday sections of the newspapers with his quarterly warnings that some plague from eastern Europe was scheduled to reach the Battery on the next ship. He spouted advice on every conceivable subject, most of it sensational. He laughed, and still does, at the professional ethics which require that physicians, like small children, be seen and not heard or read. He contends that only through proper publicity and advertising can the public be warned in advance of threats to their well-being.

Beating His Boss

It may be that Franklin D. Roosevelt, quite accidentally, helped to transform Dr. Copeland from the old-fashioned, conventional type of doctor into an alarmist and propagandist. When thousands were dying of influenza soon after he took office, Copeland refused to become excited. Conditions would not become epidemic in New York, he insisted, and he declined to close schools and theaters. In the midst of these soothing statements Mr. Roosevelt caught the germ, and so did the commissioner's own son. Thereafter he never again erred on the side of caution and conservatism. If he was sometimes criticized as too much of an alarmist and publicist, it cannot be denied that he made New York, city and state, health-and-Copeland-conscious. It was a fine build-up for him and a tonic for the state.

Fate, in the form of milk and Al Smith, intervened in his behalf in 1922. In that year William Randolph Hearst wanted the Democratic nomination for the Senate on a ticket headed by Mr. Smith as the gubernatorial candidate. For the sake of harmony the late Boss Murphy was willing to make peace with his old newspaper foe. But Al, tears streaming down his face at a midnight conference, spurned the proposition; he would not run with Hearst because of the latter's charges that, as governor, Mr. Smith's policies had kept a plentiful supply of fresh milk from the children of the East Side.

Then, to everybody's surprise, Dr. Copeland was named in place of his newspaper employer. Although the selection was generally interpreted as a move to appease the publisher, the Hearst henchmen were not immediately placated. "What's Copeland to us?" they snapped when asked for comment. To the obvious suggestion that "at least he writes for the Hearst newspapers," the publisher's political spokesman replied: "Yeah, so does Bugs Baer!" Mr. Hearst repudiated the slate as "reactionary."

Babies and Bacteria

But Dr. Copeland developed into a surprisingly strong campaigner, and for the same reasons that make him a popular senator and vote-getter now. All the groups he had made healthy and happy lined up behind him. The fat women formed a Copeland-for-Senator Club. The farmers and dairy leagues, normally Republican, remembered his efforts on their behalf. The readers of his column and follow-up letters responded to the suggestion that the Senate needed him as a health expert and adviser.

He drew on other sources of strength. He had a rural and Methodist background, as opposed to Tammany's traditional personnel. He was favorably known for his articulate and aggressive activities as Health Commissioner, and he had no definite, decided views on great public issues. With his bedside manner and his clinical conversation he impressed the electorate as a new kind of public figure.

At Washington everybody likes him, but he has made no deep or definite impression on Capitol Hill. He is still the practitioner, running errands for the voters and special groups. His interests are local rather than national. He does not aspire to be a major statesman, leaving that task to his colleague, Bob Wagner. No senator sponsors more measures for the relief of individuals, for increased pensions, for promotion of ensigns and lieutenants, for belated award of D. S. C.'s, for advancing particular local interests. His best-known achievements have been a futile filibuster against the Isle of Pines Treaty, and his insistence upon higher rates than some that Messrs. Hawley and Smoot proposed in the 1930 tariff bill. The appellation, "Good Old Doc," sums up his colleagues' affection and regard.

Mr. Copeland has never realized his little known but deeply cherished presidential ambitions. His friends advanced him, even distributing campaign circulars, during the Smith-McAdoo duel of 1924, and again in the face of a threatened struggle between Roosevelt and Smith in 1932. They offered him as the perfect compromise candidate in character, temperament and political practitioning. But the suggestion never took, largely because he has not identified himself with any cause more controversial than babies and bacteria.

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 19

He ceased speaking and glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"I shall have to be going, Smith," said Petrie wearily. "It is utterly preposterous and utterly horrible. But—"

He stood up.

Nayland Smith grasped his hand.

"It's just fate," he said. "Dr. Fu Manchu seems to *be* our fate, Petrie."

"You don't blame me for consenting?"

"Petrie, you had no choice."

PETRIE set down his suitcase very carefully on the floor and turned to Sam Pak.

"What now?"

"Waitee, please; no be long yet."

The aged creature went out; and Petrie, staring through indescribably dirty lace curtains upon the prospect outside, saw a car pull up.

It was driven by a man who wore a tweed cap, pulled well down over his eyes, but who almost certainly was an Asiatic. . . .

Old Sam Pak, better known to Dr. Petrie as John Ki, returned.

He was carrying a small steel casket. He handled it as though it had been a piece of fragile Ming porcelain, and with one skinny hand indicated the suitcase.

Petrie nodded and unfastened the case.

A quantity of cotton waste was produced by Sam Pak from somewhere, and wrapped around the steel receptacle; this was then deposited in the case and the case was closed.

"Key?"

The aged Chinese extended upon one skinny finger a curiously shaped key attached to a ring.

"Keep—velly particular."

"I understand."

Dr. Petrie took it, placed it in his note-case and returned the note-case to his pocket.

Sam Pak signaled from the window and the driver of the car came up the steps.

He carried the suitcase out to the car.

"Very careful, my man!" called Petrie urgently; and realized that, for the first time in his life, he was interested in the survival of Dr. Fu Manchu.

He was indifferent to his destination. He lay back in the car and dully watched a panorama of sordid streets. . . .

That strange journey terminated at a small house in Pelling Street, Limehouse.

The driver of the car, who might have been Chinese, but who more probably was a half-caste, jumped down and banged on an iron knocker which took the place of a bell.

The door was opened almost immediately. Petrie climbed out of the car and walked into the open doorway.

"The bag?" he said.

"Leave now," the driver replied; "get presently."

"Those are my orders, Dr. Petrie," came in a cultured voice.

And Petrie found that a Japanese gentleman who wore spectacles was smiling at him out of the shadows of the little passageway.

"If those are your orders, good enough."

The driver went out; the door was closed. And Petrie followed the Japanese to a back room, the appointments of which aroused him from the lethargy into which he was falling.

This might have been a private room in an up-to-date hairdresser's establishment, or it might have been an actor's dressing-room. All the impedimenta of make-up were represented and there was a big winged mirror set right of the window. The prospect was that of a wall beyond which appeared a number of chimneys.

"My name is Ecko Yusaki," said the man who wore spectacles, "and it is a great privilege to meet you, Dr. Petrie. Will you please sit in the armchair, facing the light?"

Petrie sat in the armchair.

"Your interests are not the same as my own," the smooth voice continued, and Mr. Yusaki busied himself with mysterious preparations; "but they are, I imagine, as keen. I am one of the most ancient brotherhood in the world, Dr. Petrie—the Si-Fan." (He made a curious gesture with which Petrie was unpleasantly familiar.) "And at last my turn has come to be useful. I am"—he turned, displaying a row of large, gleaming teeth—"a specialist in make-up, but recently returned from Hollywood."

"I see," said Petrie. "Regard me as entirely in your hands."

Thereupon, courteously, and with a deft assurance which spoke of the enthusiast, Mr. Yusaki set to work.

Petrie submitted, closing his eyes and thinking of Fleurette, of his wife, of Nayland Smith, of Sterling, of all those caught in the mesh of the dreadful Chinese doctor.

At last Mr. Yusaki seemed to be satisfied, and:

"Please glance at this photograph, Dr. Petrie," he said. . . . "No! one moment!" He snatched the photograph away. . . . "Through these!"

He adjusted tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles over Petrie's ears.

Petrie stared at a photograph nearly life size which the Japanese was holding before him. It was that of a man, apparently gray-haired, who wore a mustache and a short, pointed beard, and who also wore spectacles: a sad-looking man nearer sixty than fifty, but well preserved for his years.

"You see?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Please look now in the mirror."

Petrie turned to the big mirror.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Good God!"

He saw the original of the photograph —yet the face at which he looked was his own!

Speech failed him for a moment, and then:

"Who am I?" he asked in a dull voice.

"You are a member of the Si-Fan"—again the respectful gesture resembling the Roman Catholic sign of the cross —"who today is making a great sacrifice for the cause. My part is done, Dr. Petrie—except for a small change of dress; and the car is waiting. . . ."

WHEN the S. S. Queenstown Bay came to her berth, Dr. Petrie was one of the first visitors aboard.

Shortly after he reached the deck, endeavoring to recall his instructions, an elderly Egyptian, wearing European dress, approached him.

"Dr. Petrie!"

The man spoke urgently, close to Petrie's ear.

"Yes."

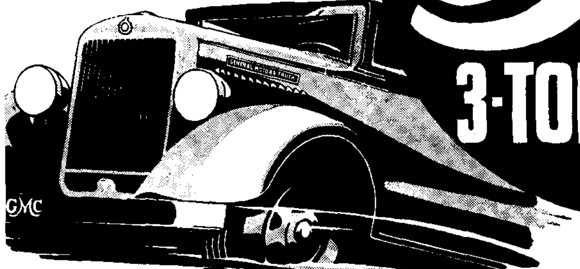
"My name is Ibrahim. Please—your dock check."

Petrie handed the slip to the Egyptian.

"Please wait here. I shall come back."

He moved along the deck, and presently disappeared among a group of passengers crowding towards the gangway.

(Continued on page 44)



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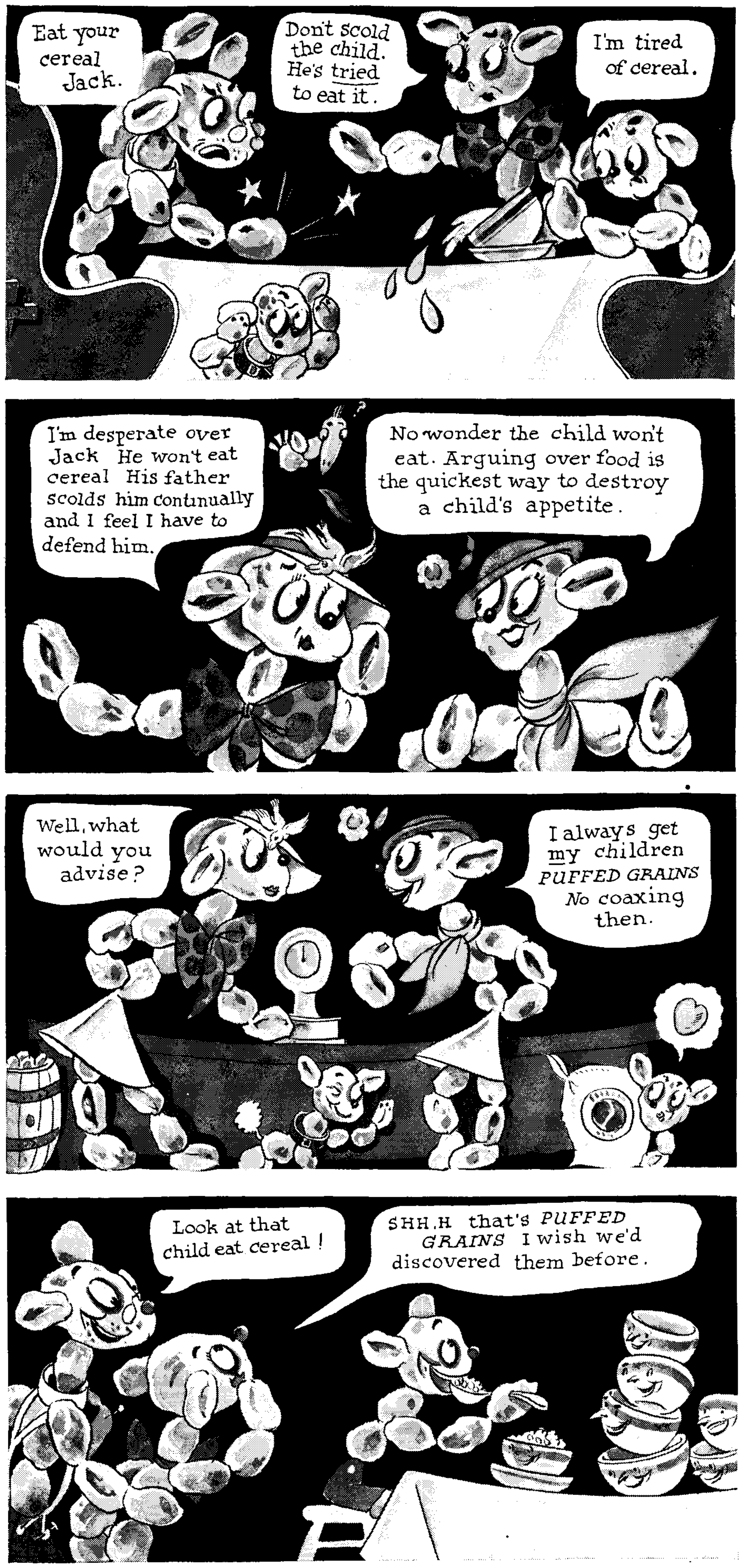
Eat your cereal Jack.
Don't scold the child. He's tried to eat it.
I'm tired of cereal.
I'm desperate over Jack He won't eat cereal His father scolds him continually and I feel I have to defend him.
No wonder the child won't eat. Arguing over food is the quickest way to destroy a child's appetite.
Well, what would you advise?
I always get my children PUFFED GRAINS No coaxing then.
Look at that child eat cereal!
SHH.H that's PUFFED GRAINS I wish we'd discovered them before.

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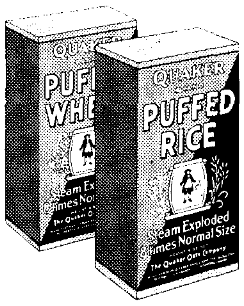


(*Continued from page* 43)

Petrie felt that he was in a dream. Yet he forced himself to play his part in this grotesque pantomime, the very purpose of which he could not comprehend: the sanity of his daughter was at stake.

Ibrahim rejoined him. He handed him a passport.

"Please see that it is in order," he said. "You have to pass the Customs."

Petrie, inured to shock, opened the little book; saw a smaller version of the photograph which Mr. Yusaki had shown to him, gummed upon the front page; and learned that he was a Mr. Jacob Edward Crossland, aged fifty-five, of no occupation, and residing at 14 Westminster Mansions!

The extent and the powers of the organization called the Si-Fan were so amazing that he had never succeeded in getting used to them. No society ever had wielded such influence nor had its roots so deeply set in unsuspected quarters.

He could only assume that Mr. Crossland, husband of the well-known woman novelist, was one of these strange brethren: assume, too, that Mr. Crossland would slip ashore as a visitor.

And—what?

It was all very wonderful and very terrifying.

"I have tipped the stewards, effendîm —and your baggage is already in the Customs House. Will you please follow me?"

DR. PETRIE walked down the ladder, wearing a white raincoat which he had acquired at the house of Mr. Yusaki, and a gray hat of a color and style which he detested.

Apparently, Mr. Crossland traveled light. A small cabin trunk and a suitcase lay upon the Customs bench. The cabin trunk he was requested to open. Ibrahim produced the necessary key, displaying wearing apparel, a toilet case, books and other odds and ends. The two pieces were passed. The porter hired by Ibrahim carried them out towards the dock gates.

"Be careful, please," the Egyptian whispered.

Detective Inspector Gallaho and Sergeant Murphy were standing at the gate!

Nothing quite corresponding to this had ever occurred in Petrie's adventurous life. He had joined the ranks of the lawbreakers.

He must play his part; so much was at stake. He must deceive his friends, those interested, as he was interested, in apprehending the Chinese physician. If his nerve or the art of Mr. Yusaki should fail him now—all would be lost!

The critical gaze of Gallaho was fixed upon him for a moment, then immediately transferred to Ibrahim.

Petrie passed the detective, forcing himself not to look in his direction. A taxicab was waiting upon which the pieces of baggage were loaded, under the supervision of Ibrahim. Petrie observed with admiration that his own suitcase had already been placed inside.

He knew now where his course lay, and his amazement rose by leaps and bounds.

The presence of Gallaho at the dock gates was explained. The police were covering the Crossland flat. The man, when he had left that morning, had naturally been followed. He was regarded as a factor so important in the case that Gallaho had covered him in person. Gallaho would be disappointed. The cunning of the group surrounding Dr. Fu Manchu exceeded anything in Petrie's experience.

He glanced at the placid, elderly Egyptian seated beside him, and:

"How long have you belonged to the Si-Fan?" he asked, speaking in Arabic.

Ibrahim shrugged his shoulders.

"Sir," he replied in the same language, "it is not possible for me to reply to your questions. Silence is my creed."

"Very sound," Petrie murmured, and gave it up.

His sentiments when he reached Westminster, and was greeted respectfully by the hall porter as Mr. Crossland, were of a kind inexpressible in any language known to man.

Then, as he stepped out of the elevator—Nayland Smith was standing on the landing!

Petrie suppressed an exclamation. One piercing stare of those blue-gray eyes had told him that he was recognized.

But Smith gave no sign, merely bowing and stepping aside as Ibrahim busied himself with the baggage.

Three minutes later, Dr. Petrie stood in the pseudo-Oriental atmosphere of the Crossland flat, and Ibrahim closed the door behind him.

"Please wait a moment."

The Egyptian walked through the harem-like apartment which opened out of the lobby, and disappeared.

Petrie had time to wonder if the author of the celebrated novels of desert love also was a member of the Si-Fan, or if this must be counted a secret of her husband's life which she had never shared. He wondered what part this man normally played in their activities, and doubted the nationality of Crossland.

Surely no man entitled to his name could link himself with a monstrous conspiracy to subject the Western races to domination by the East.

Above all, to what reward did Crossland look which should make good the loss of his place in the world of decent men?

"If you will please come this way, sir."

Ibrahim, who had carried out the precious suitcase, now returned without it, and stood bowing before Petrie.

Petrie nodded and followed the Egyptian across that shaded room with its mûshrabîyeh windows, and through a doorway beyond which, in spite of the Oriental camouflage, he recognized to correspond with one in Nayland Smith's apartment.

He found himself in a large bedroom.

The Eastern note persisted. The place, viewed from the doorway, resembled a stage-set designed by one of the more advanced Germans for a scene in *Scheherazade*. The bed stood upon a dais; its posts were intricately carved and inlaid, and a canopy of cloth of gold overhung its head. A low couch he saw, too, and a long, inlaid table of Damascus work. Upon this table chemical apparatus appeared, striking a strange note in that apartment. He noted that the contents of his suitcase had been added to the other materials upon the table.

And, in the bed, Dr. Fu Manchu lay. . . .

PETRIE stared, and stared again, unable to accept the evidence of his own senses. Less than two months had elapsed since he had seen the Chinese doctor. In those two months Fu Manchu had aged incredibly.

He was shrunken; his strange, green eyes were buried in his skull; his long hands lying on the silk coverlet, resembled the hands of a mummy. The outline of his teeth could be seen beneath drawn lips. To the keen scrutiny of the physician, the truth was apparent.

Dr. Fu Manchu was dying!

"'O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?'" came sibilantly through parched lips. "I observe, Dr. Petrie, that this beautiful passage from an otherwise dull play is present in your mind. . . You honor me."

Petrie started, felt his fists clenching. The body of Fu Manchu was in dissolution, but that phenomenal brain had lost none of its power. The man still retained his uncanny capacity for reading one's unspoken thoughts.

"I must harbor what little strength remains to me," the painful whisper continued. "For your daughter's health of mind and body, you need have no fear. I was compelled, since there is still work for me if I can do it, to impose a command upon her. It nearly exhausted my powers, which are dwindling minute by minute."

The whispering voice ceased.

Petrie watched that strange face, but no words came to him. In it he had seen, as others had seen, a likeness to the Pharaoh, Seti I—but to the Pharaoh as one imagined him in his prime. Now, the resemblance to the mummy which lies in Cairo was uncanny.

Ideas which his scientific mind rejected as superstitious danced mentally before him. . . .

What was the real age of this man?

"I have removed the command which I imposed upon her," the whistling voice continued, "because I have accepted your word, as you have always accepted mine. Your daughter, Dr. Petrie, is restored to you as you would wish her to be. I shall never again intrude upon her life in any way."

"Thank you!" said Petrie—and wondered why he spoke so emotionally.

He was thanking this cold-blooded, murderous criminal for promising to refrain from one of his many crimes! Perhaps the secret of his sentiment lay in the fact that he knew the criminal to be one whose word was inviolable.

"I have taken these steps"—Fu Manchu's voice sank lower—"because with all your great skill, which I respect, your assistance may have come too late."

He paused again. Petrie watched him fascinatedly.

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith has succeeded for the . . . first time in his life in sequestering me from most of those resources upon which normally . . . I can draw. . . . In these circumstances I was compelled to forgo one . . . of the periodical treatments upon which my continued . . . vitality depends. . . . I was then cut off from the material. My present condition is outside my experience. . . . I cannot say if restoration . . . is possible. . . ."

Complete resignation sounded in the weak voice.

"In the absence of Dr. Yamamata . . . who usually acts for me, but who unfortunately is at present in China . . . there is no other physician known to me who could possibly . . . assist—in any way. I shall be obliged, Dr. Petrie, if you will give the whole of your attention to . . . the written formula which lies . . . upon the table. Any error would be fatal. . . . Only one portion of the essential oil remains in the phial contained in the . . . steel casket. . . ."

He ceased speaking and closed his eyes.

His hands had never moved; it was like listening to a dead man speaking from the grave.

"DETECTIVE INSPECTOR GALLAHO, sir," Fey announced.

It was approaching evening when Gallaho called on Nayland Smith; and, entering the lobby, he wrenched his bowler off, threw it onto a chair and walked into the sitting-room.

"Hullo, Gallaho!" said Sir Denis. "A devil of a row going on in the corridor."

"Yes, sir. The vacant flat has been let—to an Indian army gentleman, I believe. His stuff is being moved in."

"You've checked up, I see!"

"Well"—Gallaho leaned on the mantelshelf—"I've got a man posted at each of the four exits, and I've sized up the workmen. Nobody is going to slip out in the confusion—that is, nobody over six feet in height that I don't know!"

"Efficient work, Inspector."

Gallaho stared.

"I have come to a certain conclusion, sir," he declared. "What I do about it depends upon your answer to a question I am going to ask."

"What's the question?" snapped Nayland Smith.

"It's just this, sir: Who's in charge of this Fu Manchu case?"

"I am."

"Good enough. That means I am under your orders definitely."

"Definitely."

"That saves me a lot of trouble," sighed Gallaho, leaning upon the mantelpiece. "Because I have certain theories, and I can't act upon them without your instructions."

He paused and seemed to be listening.

"I know what you're listening for," said Sir Denis. "But I am very happy to be able to tell you, Gallaho, that Miss Petrie is entirely restored. The nurse installed by Dr. Petrie insists that she shall remain in bed. But there isn't really the slightest occasion for it. Mr. Sterling and the nurse are with her now. She is completely normal."

"That's an amazing thing," growled Gallaho.

NAYLAND SMITH stared past him as if at some very distant object, and then:

"The powers of the mind are amazing," he said quietly. "But this theory of yours, Gallaho?"

"Well, sir, my theory is this: that slimy old Arab, Ibrahim, went out this morning and I followed him. I took Murphy along in case we had to split up. He went to West India Dock, and went on board a liner in from Jamaica. He came ashore again, with his employer, Mr. Crossland."

"I know," Sir Denis interrupted. "I met them here as they arrived."

"Oh, I see. . . ." Gallaho stared very hard. "Well, in my opinion, there's something funny about it. You see, sir, I had some inquiries made about Mr. Crossland. His wife's in New York. That's certain—I mean the woman who writes the books. But Mr. Crossland himself was last heard of in Madeira."

"He might have joined the ship at some port of call."

"He might," Gallaho replied. "In fact, he must have. But it's very funny. Except the Egyptian, nobody has come out of the flat since we visited it. . . . I'm wondering who's still inside—"

Nayland Smith did not answer for some moments, then:

"You mean, Gallaho," he said, "that you don't think the man who is now presumably in Mr. Crossland's flat is really Mr. Crossland at all?"

"I suppose I must be mad," growled Gallaho, almost rubbing his elbow into the mantelpiece. "His passport was obviously in order; he was accepted by the servants downstairs here, and he was met by Ibrahim, who took charge of his baggage. I suppose I must be barmy. But there's something about it that isn't right. I can't put my finger on the weak spot—but I wish I had your authority to barge into Mr. Crossland's flat. I think I should find something."

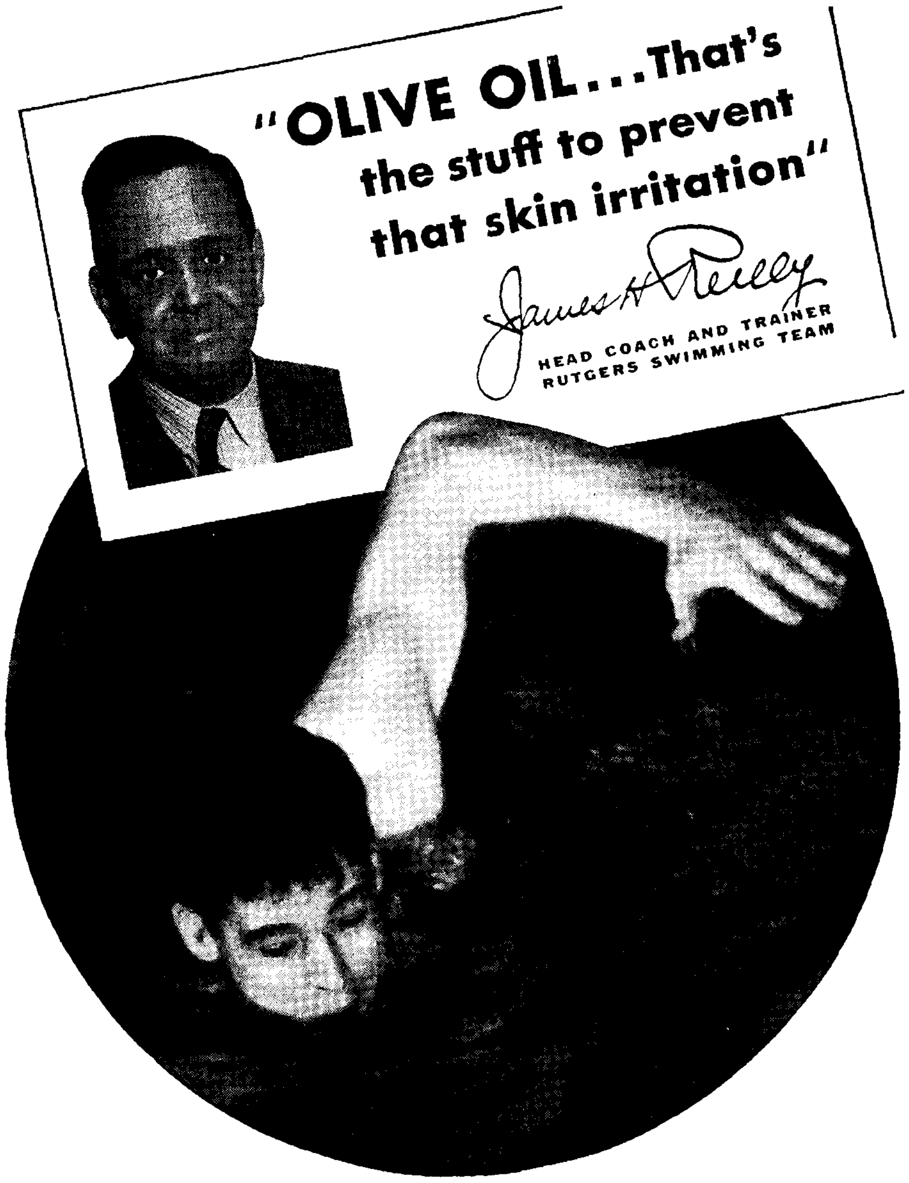
Nayland Smith walked up and down in silence, but at last:

"In my opinion, you are right, Inspector," he replied. "If my opinion is of any value, I regard you as a man brilliantly equipped for his chosen profession."

Detective Inspector Gallaho became definitely embarrassed.

"You apparently don't know the

(Continued on page 46)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Dr. Scholl's Solvex

(Continued from page 45)

meaning of fear, although you have an active imagination. I owe my life to this singular combination, and this I shall never forget."

"Thank you, sir."

"The present commissioner and myself do not see eye to eye, but I don't dispute his brilliance as an organizer. What I mean is this, Gallaho: you have hit the nail on the head."

Gallaho, watching the speaker, was chewing assiduously, and now:

"Am I to understand, sir," he asked, "that you agree with my view of this case?"

"I do."

"You mean you have reason to suppose, as I have reason to suppose, that the proper course, in the interests of justice, would be to secure powers to examine the flat of Mr. Crossland?"

"Exactly."

There was a further interval of silence. Busses rocked upon their way, far below. Some vague hint of activity upon the river reached that high apartment.

"I take it, sir, you are officially in charge?"

"I have told you so."

"And you don't wish Mr. Crossland's apartment to be searched?"

"Definitely, I forbid the step."

"Very good, sir." Gallaho's eyes strayed in the direction of the door which communicated with the room occupied by Fleurette.

"You see," said Nayland Smith, "you *are not dealing with a common criminal.* You are dealing with the emperor of lawbreakers. Dr. Petrie and myself have worked side by side for many years, opposing this man's monstrous plans. I have never succeeded in bringing him to justice. There are reasons why I can do nothing at the moment—nothing whatever. . . ."

He fixed his keen eyes upon Inspector Gallaho.

"I understand, sir. When do I get the O. K.?"

"When Dr. Petrie joins us."

INTO the Oriental bedroom dusk had crept. Long ago Ibrahim had turned the lamps on.

Petrie had lost identity: he was merely a physician battling with the most difficult case ever entrusted to him. He sat beside Dr. Fu Manchu, holding the lean, yellow wrist and registering the pulse; watching the mummy-like face, wondering if he had committed any error, and hoping—yes, hoping—that success would crown his hours of effort!

Under no obligation whatever, for no man who had ever met him had doubted the word of Fu Manchu, he was battling to save the life of this monster, this octopus whose tentacles, stretching out from someplace in Asia, touched, it seemed, the races of the world. He was cherishing a plague, fanning into life again an intellect so cold, so exact, that the man in whose body it was set could sacrifice his own flesh and blood in the interests of his giant, impersonal projects.

For one insane moment, the glamour of the Si-Fan swamped common sense. Petrie found himself questioning his own ideals; challenging standards which he believed to be true. Definitely, the world was awry; perhaps it was possible that this amazing man—for that he was an outstanding genius none could deny—had a plan to adjust the scheme of things "nearer to the heart's desire."

How could he know?

Weighed in the balance with the mandarin doctor, he was a negligible quantity. Perhaps the redemption of mankind, the readjustment of poise, could only be brought about by a remorseless, steely intellect such as that of Dr. Fu Manchu. Perhaps he was a fool to fight against the Si-Fan. . . . Perhaps the Si-Fan was right, and the Western world wrong!

Night had come, and upon its wings had descended again that demon fog. Wisps streaked the room. . . .

And the night wore on—until ghostly spears of dawn broke through the shaded windows.

Dr. Fu Manchu suddenly opened his eyes!

Their brilliant greenness was oddly filmed; a husky whisper reached Petrie's ears:

"Success!"

He had never believed that he could touch without loathing the person of the Chinese physician, but now, again, he tested his pulse, and as he did so:

"You observe the change?" the weak voice continued. "I have challenged fate, Dr. Petrie, but again I have won. The crisis is past."

Petrie stared at him in amazement. Not only his pulse but also his voice indicated a phenomenal return of vitality.

"The life property—which is the sun," said Dr. Fu Manchu, "revivifies swiftly. You are surprised."

The queer film left his eyes. It appeared to the amazed stare of Petrie that the hollows in those yellow cheeks already were filling out. . . .

"Of the Western physicians whom chance has thrown in my path, I have not yet met your peer. You are a modest man, Dr. Petrie. True healers are rare—but you are one of these. If ever you join me it will be voluntarily. From this day onward you have nothing to fear from any plans I may deem it necessary to undertake."

The treatment which Dr. Petrie had administered to Fu Manchu was one which, personally, he should have described as imbecile. The B. M. A. would have disowned any physician employing such measures. He had been unable to discover any element of sanity, any trace of unity, in the drugs which he had been directed to assemble.

The queer oil, with its faint violet tinge, was the only element in the strange prescription which he could not identify. Yes; it was magic!—something transcending the knowledge of the Western world!

Dr. Fu Manchu was growing younger, hour by hour. . . .

Petrie watched the miracle; and, in the full light of morning:

"You are amazed, Dr. Petrie." The harsh voice was beginning to regain its normal quality. "Any physician of Europe or America would be amazed. Perhaps you do not realize, even yet, that the old herbalists were not all mad. There is an essential oil—you have used it tonight—which contains those properties the alchemists sought. It is the other ingredients, and they are simple, which convert it into that elixir vitæ found only once in the Middle Ages."

He sat up!

PETRIE started back. Before the Fu Manchu against whom he had fought for so many years, the vital, powerful Fu Manchu, he found himself an enemy. He faced a menace which had all but wrecked his own happiness; which yet might wreck the structure of Western society.

"My compliments, Dr. Petrie. I had not overestimated your accomplishments."

Ten years—twenty years—a hundred years—had been shed by the speaker, as a snake discards its old skin. The man who now sat upright in the bed, fixing the gaze of his green eyes upon Dr. Petrie, was a phenomenon; the Phœnix had arisen from its ashes.

A vision of what this might mean to the world crossed Petrie's mind—a battle-piece red with blood and violence; a ghastly picture of death and destruction.

"You have played your part honorably," said Dr. Fu Manchu.

He reached out a long, yellow hand and pressed a bell. Ibrahim entered—and, realizing the miracle which had taken place, prostrated himself upon the carpet and pronounced a prayer of thanksgiving.

There were sounds of movement in the corridor outside. Vaguely, Petrie recalled that a similar disturbance had occurred during the previous evening—but it had reached him as through a fog.

Ibrahim was followed by a man wearing morning dress—a clean-shaven man whose lined face seemed out of keeping with his jet-black hair. At Dr. Petrie—who still wore the make-up imposed by Mr. Yusaki—this man stared amazedly.

"This is Companion Crossland," said Dr. Fu Manchu sibilantly. "His counterfeit presentment intrigues him. Companion Crossland has resigned his place in the world which knew him. I am ready."

He moved towards the door.

"Ibrahim will assist you to resume your normal appearance. I ask for your word that you will remain here until Ibrahim tells you it is time to go."

"I agree."

"Dr. Petrie, I salute you—and bid you farewell. . . ."

RELAYS of detectives had been on duty all night, watching every exit from the building. Nayland Smith was pacing up and down the sitting-room when Gallaho was announced. He had paced up and down all night. Fleurette, ignoring the orders of the nurse, had joined him. She was curled up in the big armchair. Alan Sterling had phoned twice.

"Any news, sir?"

"No."

Gallaho leaned on the mantelshelf.

"It's beginning to occur to me that we may be wrong."

"Always a possibility, Gallaho. . . ."

The detective taking reports from the men on duty had observed that the remainder of the incoming tenant's furniture was being delivered. A secretary, wearing smart morning dress, had taken charge of operations. A mover's large green van was outside the service entrance; a smaller one was drawn up behind it.

"Those mahogany chairs," the secretary had said as Gallaho had lingered for a moment, "and the large lacquer cabinet are to be brought down again. There is no room for them. Put them on the small van. . . ."

"I mean," Gallaho went on doggedly, "we may have been barking up the wrong tree. There's the possibility . . ."

The doorbell had been ringing, but Gallaho had failed to hear it. Fey had opened the front door. And now:

"Darling!" cried Fleurette—

She leaped from the armchair and threw herself into her father's arms. . . .

For Dr. Petrie had walked in!

Fleurette broke down completely.

She was still crying like a little child, but crying happily, when a small covered van which had left the building some ten minutes before was pulled up in a builder's yard in Chelsea.

A man wearing a morning suit and a soft black hat got down from his place beside the driver and ran around to the rear of the van. Its load consisted of a set of mahogany chairs and a tall blue lacquer Japanese cabinet.

Climbing into the van, he opened the doors of this cabinet.

Dr. Fu Manchu stepped out.

"Companion Crossland," he said, "you have earned merit—"

THE END

A Lady Enters

Continued from page 11

Calmly and with the air of one who has been deeply wronged, she walked to the doorway and turned to face Kristian for a moment.

"This is the end." Her voice was smooth and deep. "Nothing you could ever do would make me forget."

She pulled the curtains together with a quiet little swish and was gone.

She had never ceased thinking that it was a perfect exit. She thought so now as she settled herself more deeply into the cushions and pondered on the things her manager had said to her that morning.

"No pep, Sybil," he said after she had gone through a couple of scenes with her new leading man. "It falls flat."

"I'll be all right tonight," she said uickly. "I'm a little tired."

She sighed wearily. She was, she re-lected, tired. Tired of the show. Tired of leading men. Tired of everything. And she dare not be. She wore a crown hat was coveted. She had a reputation hat had to be maintained.

QUITE suddenly she wanted to see Kristian. He could do more for her han a dozen of her leading men put to-ether could do. Yes, she had done her est acting when she had been with im. There was something inspira-ional about him. Even knowing that e was present in the theater gave her n impetus that nothing else could give er.

She stood up and gave a quick pull n the silken cord of her negligee. The oice that tonight would hold an audi-nce breathless with its deep resonance alled out now a little impatiently, petu-intly, "Anna."

A door opened and the maid entered.

"I'm going out," Sybil said.

"But your rest—" Anna began.

"I'm in a hurry," Sybil finished uickly.

Anna was all action then. She moved ke a maid in a play. Faultlessly. wiftly. Bringing in soft underthings, pair of beige hose so sheer that they emed made of air, tiny slippers that id easily over Sybil's doll-like feet, a wn of gold. . . .

Anna held her wrap and Sybil slid to it. Anna opened the door.

"Jenkins will pick you up and take u to the theater," Sybil said over her oulder. "I'll meet you there."

"Yes, ma'am."

The limousine crept up to the curb front of Kristian's home and stopped thout a sound. Sybil got out and ent up the three stone steps that were familiar to her and gave a short, ick push on the bell. Harry opened e door as Sybil had known he would d she walked into the hall. It was the me hall she had walked out of five ars ago. The same hall exactly. Noth-g was changed.

Harry waited stiffly. Sybil looked at n, a little puzzled for a moment, and en she unclasped her purse and took her card.

'Of course, Harry"—she handed the d to him. "How stupid of me. I'd e to see Mr. Marsh, please."

While she waited she drew a tiny cor-et of diamonds from her bag and ced them in her sleek black hair. stily she pulled off her gloves and e a little shrug, letting her wrap fall m her shoulders into a chair.

Mr. Marsh will see you," Harry said. Ie turned and walked down the hall l Sybil followed him formally. Sud-ly it occurred to her that she had even counted on the possibility of stian's not being here. Now it seemed as though he might never have left the apartment during the five long years she had been away but had remained in seclusion awaiting her return. It was not a little dramatic and it touched her sense of vanity.

Harry stopped in the doorway and discharged his duty.

"Miss Sybil Relfe," he said indifferently.

Kristian was standing at the far end of the room. He had a cigarette in his hand and the smoke was curling upward in tiny spirals. He stood there without moving, his eyes fixed on the doorway. Sybil realized instantly that the situation was exactly the same as it was in the high point of her play. She bowed her head slightly.

"A lady enters," she said in her deep, sonorous voice.

Kristian walked over to her and held out his hand. It was shaking a little as it touched hers.

"Harry missed his line," she said smiling, "and I couldn't resist saying it for him. It fitted so perfectly."

Kristian looked at her without saying anything. Seeing her again was like putting a feast before a hunger-starved beggar and telling him that he could have none of it. The newspapers had not lied, he thought. She *was* more beautiful. Her eyes, deep and dark, with the long lashes sweeping against her satin cheek, her mouth with its full sensuous lips, reminded him of a beautiful painting.

"You said you would never come to see me," Sybil said, "so"—she made a little gesture of resignation with her hands—"I had to come to see you."

"Won't you sit down?" Kristian said awkwardly. He waved her toward the chesterfield.

Sybil moved across the room, her eyes taking in everything as she went. Nothing had been changed. There were the two pieces of Belleek on the mantelpiece, the secretary full of books and papers, the liquor cabinet, and the brown and white club chair that was Kristian's favorite, with the squatty table beside it and the blue cigarette box on top.

She smiled a little at seeing the box. Well, it had earned its place beside him. A fairly expensive price he had paid to have it there, when you thought about it. Oddly enough, she felt friendly toward it now. After all, it had helped ring in a little action at times.

KRISTIAN sat down beside her. He *was* handsome, Sybil thought. Handsome and fascinating. She could still understand how it had been possible for her to fall so madly in love with him.

"You haven't changed, Kristian," she said presently. Her hand slid along the chesterfield toward him. Kristian watched her long fingers as they laced themselves through the fringe of the pillow. He could remember how soft, how clinging her hand was when he held it in his own.

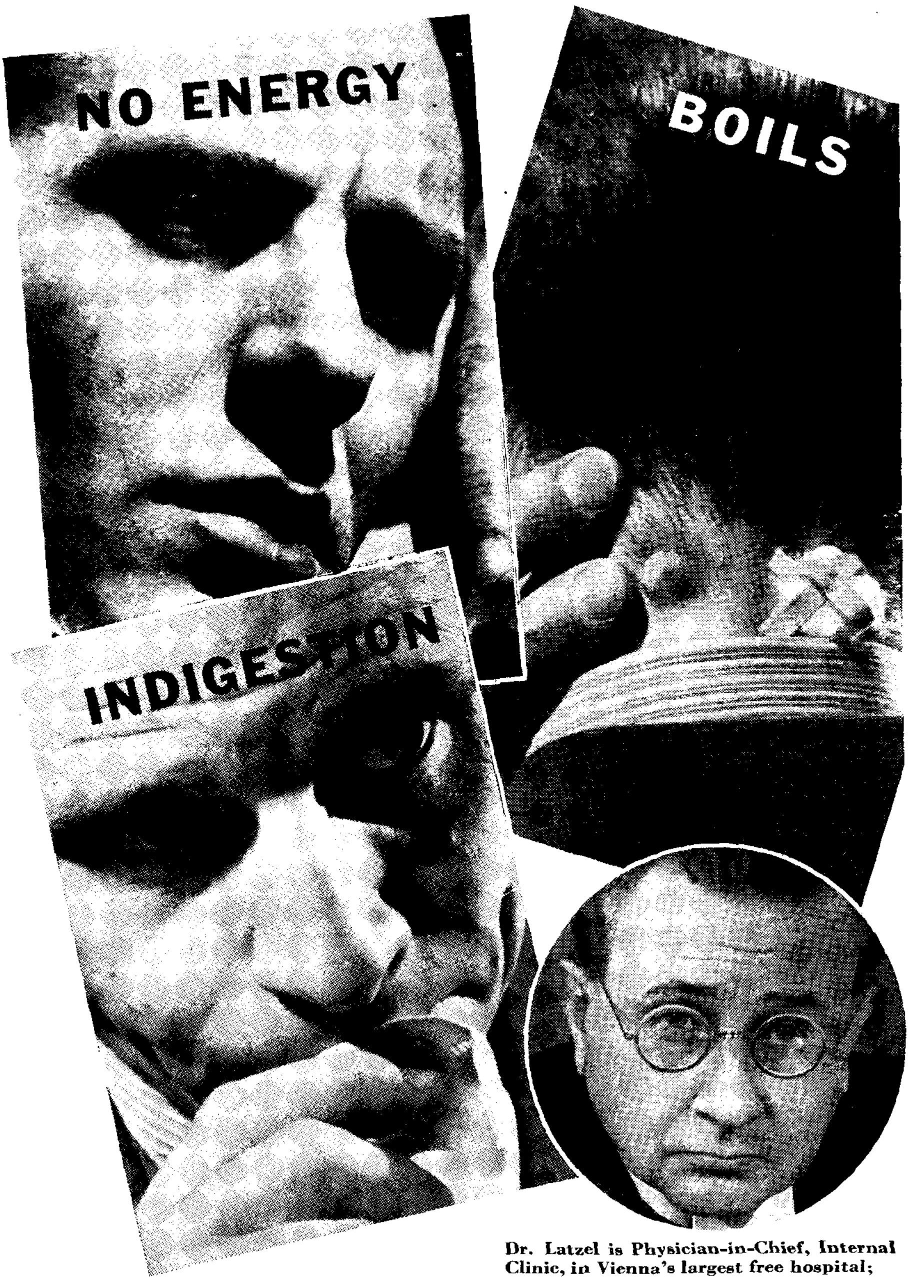
"I'm five years older," he said.

"Well, you don't look it," she said flatteringly.

"Oh, of course," Kristian said with a little laugh, "I know I'm not exactly tottering yet, but five years don't make one grow any younger."

There was a silence and then Kristian rang for cocktails. He felt at ease for the first time since she had arrived when he held the cold glass in his hand. Sybil held her cocktail by the thin stem of the glass and twirled it in her carmine-tipped fingers.

(*Continued on page 48*)



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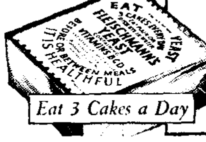

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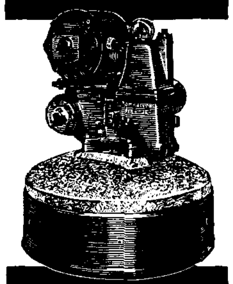

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(Continued from page 47)

"Well," she said, "what shall we drink to?"

If only she weren't so beautiful, Kristian thought. It's her devastating loveliness I can't resist. But he said, "To your success, Sybil. It's worth a drink, isn't it?"

There was a hint of irony in his voice. Sybil got it but she ignored it. There was no jealousy where there was no love. Sybil knew that. She felt a thrill of satisfaction.

"I was going to propose a toast to our friendship," she said warmly, "or perhaps I should say, to the beginning of one."

Kristian smiled inwardly. As if there could be a friendship between himself and this woman whom he wanted now to take in his arms and hold tightly against his heart more than he wanted anything else in the world. He steeled himself a little.

"It might be all right," he said evenly, "people aren't so conventional about things any longer. But I should be, I know. I should find it very difficult to be true to my wife and friendly with a former one at the same time."

Sybil felt her heart quicken its beat. This was something for which she had not bargained. An unexpected little turn in the drama she was creating. Kristian marrying another!

She got up and went over toward the fireplace, breathing deeply as she walked. She turned around and faced Kristian with perfect composure, one hand holding her cocktail glass, the other placed a little carelessly against her hip.

"So you're married," she said with calm indifference.

"No," said Kristian, "but I'm going to be."

He saw now that it meant nothing to her. She had displayed only the polite interest which a person of chance acquaintance might have done.

SYBIL was a little vexed with herself at having been upset. Why, this made everything more interesting. It gave her something in which to set her teeth.

"To whom?" she asked. She took a little sip of her drink as she spoke as though her asking were only for the sake of conversation.

"Her name is Joan Clarkson."

"Society?"

"She made her début two years ago," Kristian said. "She's younger than I am, of course, but she's lived abroad. She seems much older, really, than she is."

Sybil sat down in a chair before the fireplace and the red glow from the coals fell over her gown, turning it to a shimmering amber. The flames, mirrored in her eyes, gave them a brilliant clarity. In her silky, straight black hair the coronet of diamonds carved a glittering edge.

Her beauty made Kristian, as it always had, thrilled and unsteady. She was like a heady wine to him. Burning. Exhilarating. And like wine, too, he did not know when he had had enough. Having her here made everything else seem irrelevant. Unimportant.

"Kristian," she said suddenly, "have you ever thought about what an absurd thing it was we quarreled over?"

"Many times," Kristian said. He did not look at her as he spoke.

Sybil got up and walked over to the table which held the blue cigarette box on its polished surface. Kristian did not follow her with his eyes. He sat there looking at the floor embarrassedly. A little sheepishly.

Sybil gave an amused laugh. "To think," she said, "that we actually separated because I moved a cigarette box from one table to another."

Kristian heard the glass clink as Sybil lifted the lid from the box. His thoughts went back to the night that she had left him, the night he had regretted more than any other in his whole life. He did not see Sybil storming about the room in a tirade of selfish boredom. He forgot all that. He only remembered that he lost his temper and that he called her names. He blamed himself for everything.

"Please don't remind me, Sybil," he said. "I've suffered enough for everything. Believe me."

It was the cue Sybil had been waiting for. She walked over to the chesterfield and sat down very close to Kristian. Her eyes were deep and sorrowful.

"Love," she said sadly, "dies very quickly, doesn't it?"

Kristian looked at her squarely. "No," he said firmly, "love never really dies. It gets shelved sometimes and attempts are made on its life, it even grows very weak and sick, but it never dies."

Sybil leaned toward him, her hand against her breast in a gesture of hopefulness. "Then your love for me," a dramatic pause that was not without effect, "isn't dead?"

The orchids at her shoulder fluttered a little as Kristian drew her close to his fast-beating heart. He pressed his lips to hers hungrily and held them there for a long time. When he let her go Sybil drew a deep breath and sighed contentedly. It was nice being kissed by Kristian again. It restored confidence in herself. And it had been a perfect love scene. Too bad they had had no audience, Sybil thought regretfully. After all, it had been rather a difficult scene and she felt that she had done nobly by it. She could have shed tears had it been necessary for her to do so. They were there waiting to fall but she had not required their help.

At seven she left, taking with her Kristian's love and his assurance that he would be in his customary seat tonight when the curtain went up on A Lady Enters. Kristian watched from his window as she climbed into her car and then he lifted the phone and ordered flowers sent to her dressing-room. He thrilled a little as the girl read back to him the message that was to go on the card, "To our love. Kristian."

Everything had happened so quickly, so unexpectedly that he had not thought of Joan until just now. He was to have seen her tonight. Perhaps it would be just as well for him to keep his engagement with her. It was no good stalling about a thing like this. The sooner he told her the better it would be for all concerned.

He sat down in the brown and white club chair to smoke and to think. He hated to hurt Joan. He hated to hurt anyone, but Joan had youth in her favor. She would get over it in time. He would miss her, too, he reflected. He would miss her gay, vibrant companionship, her happy, youthful enthusiasm. She had something that Sybil had never been able to give him. She made him *feel* young.

Unconsciously he reached toward the table for a cigarette. His hand slid along the smooth, empty surface for a second and then he looked up. Across the room on the long, low table was the cigarette box. It was like an electric shock to him. In quick succession there flashed through his mind all the petty arguments, Sybil's selfishness, his own utter inability to conform to her tastes, her restlessness and the upheaval in which she had kept their lives.

He had succeeded in forgetting these things because he had wanted to forget them. Now they came to his mind with startling reality, standing out above everything else. The mere fact that the cigarette box had been moved had not been the cause of their separation. He knew that. It had only been the culmination. The final straw that had broken him.

The box stood there before him now in the bright light, a glittering symbol of his unhappy life with Sybil. It seemed to him that he had seen within its crystal sides for the first time the true picture of their marriage.

THE clock on the mantelpiece chimed the quarter hour. Kristian walked over and picked up the phone. Hastily he called the florist shop.

"This is Mr. Marsh," he said calmly, "have the flowers been sent yet to Miss Relfe?"

"No," the girl said, "I was just writing the card now."

"Good," Kristian said, "will you change that please, a little? Just say 'To your success' instead."

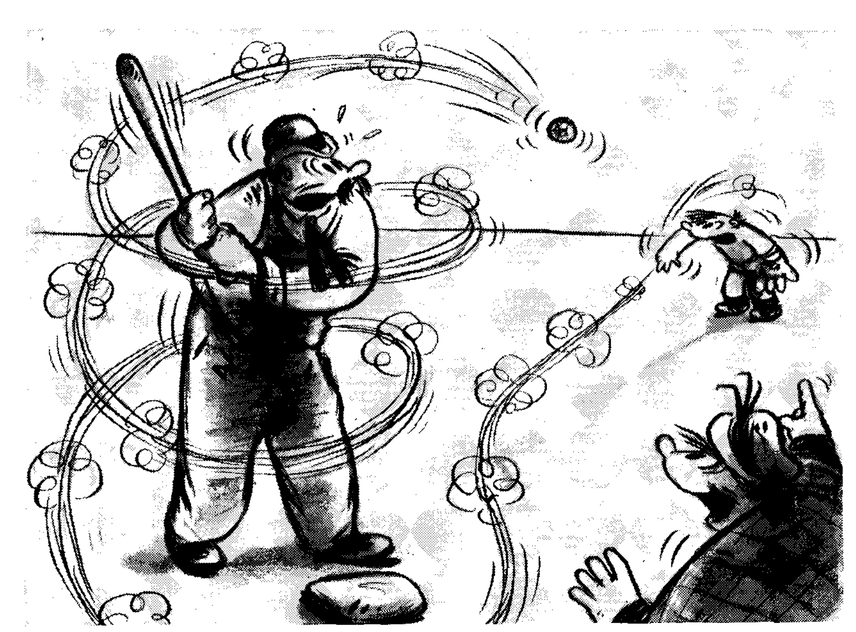
He put the phone back in the cradle and rang for Harry. He felt better than he had felt for years. He felt young again. Light-hearted. It was as if a weight had been lifted from his conscience.

"Harry," he said joyfully, "pack my bags. Put in them everything I migh need for a honeymoon."

Harry stared at him blankly. "A honeymoon," he said slowly.

"Yes," Kristian said, "you know, girl license, ring, preacher. A honeymoon."

Harry smiled comprehendingly. "Yes sir," he said. "I know."



"He says watch—next time he's going to throw his curve ball!"

FRANK OWEN

The Crime of the Communist

Continued from page 13

laugh of reconciliation. "You are the practical people, and you will blow up the town with dynamite. Only you'll probably forget the dynamite, as I bet you've forgotten the tobacco. Never nind, take a fill of mine. Matches?" He threw a tobacco pouch and its acessories across the table to Mr. Craken. The two men rose together; ut Baker could not forbear remarking, 'Are you really the only practical peole? Isn't there anything to be said or the applied economics that rememers to carry a tobacco pouch as well s a pipe?"

Craken looked at him with smolderng eyes; and said at last, after slowly raining the last of his wine:

"Let's say there's another sort of racticality. I daresay I do forget deails and so on. What I want you to nderstand is this." He automatically eturned the pouch; but his eyes were ar away and yet burning, almost errible. "Because the inside of our ntellect has changed, because we really ave a new idea of right, we shall do hings you think really wrong. And ey will be very practical."

"Yes," said Father Brown, suddenly oming out of his trance. "That's exctly what I said. Mr. Craken and I re in complete agreement."

"Well," said Baker, "Craken is going ut to smoke a pipe with the plutocrats; ut I doubt whether it will be a pipe of eace."

He turned rather abruptly and called a college attendant in the backround, bidding him bring the cigars. his was a grim-faced old fellow of the ame of Groyne, repository of many seets and college memories; and he and e breezy young bursar rather grated each other. "That reminds me," e bursar was saying, "as you won't nd round your peace pipe, we must nd out the cigars to our guests. If ey're smokers they must be longing r a smoke; for they've been nosing out in the chapel since feeding time."

Craken exploded with a savage and rring laugh. "Oh, I'll take them their gars," he said, "I'm only a proletan."

Groyne and Baker and Father Brown re all witnesses to the fact that the mmunist strode furiously into the rden to confront the millionaires; but thing more was seen or heard of them til, as is already recorded, Father own found them dead in their chairs.

T WAS agreed that the Master and the priest should remain to guard the ne of tragedy, while the bursar, unger and more rapid in his movents, ran off to fetch doctors and poemen. Father Brown approached the le on which one of the cigars had rned itself away all but an inch or o; the other had dropped from the nd and been dashed out into dying arks on the garden pavement. The ster of Mandeville sat down rather akily on a sufficiently distant seat and ried his bald brow in his hands. Then looked up, at first rather wearily; d then he looked very startled indeed d broke the stillness of the garden th a word like a small explosion of rror.

Father Brown was smoking one of the d men's half-consumed cigars!

'No; I think that's all right," said priest, putting the stump down. lly good cigars. Your cigars. Not erican or German. I don't think re's anything odd about the cigar lf; but they'd better take care of the es. These men were poisoned somehow with the sort of stuff that stiffens the body quickly. . . . By the way, there goes somebody who knows more about it than we do."

The Master sat up with a curiously uncomfortable jolt; for indeed the large shadow which had fallen across the pathway preceded a figure which, however heavy, was almost as soft-footed as a shadow. Professor Wadham, eminent occupant of the Chair of Chemistry, always moved very quietly in spite of his size, and there was nothing odd about his strolling in the garden; yet there seemed something unnaturally neat in his appearing at the exact moment when chemistry was mentioned.

PROFESSOR WADHAM prided himself on his quietude; some would say his insensibility. He did not turn a hair on his flattened flaxen head, but stood looking down at the dead men with a shade of something like indifference on his large, froglike face. Only when he looked at the cigar-ash, which the priest had preserved, he touched it with one finger; then he seemed to stand even stiller than before; but in the shadow of his face his eyes for an instant seemed to shoot out telescopically like one of his own microscopes. He had certainly realized or recognized something; but he said nothing.

"I don't know where anyone is to begin in this business," said the Master.

"I should begin," said Father Brown, "by asking where these unfortunate men had been most of the time today."

"They were messing about in my laboratory for a good time," said Wadham, speaking for the first time. "Baker seems to have taken them everywhere."

"Were they interested in anything particular in your department?" asked the priest. "What were you doing there just then?"

The professor of chemistry murmured a chemical formula beginning with "sulphate," and ending with something that sounded like "selenium"; meaningless to both his hearers. He then wandered wearily away and sat down on a bench in the sun, closing his eyes, but turning up his large face with heavy forbearance.

At this point, by a sharp contrast, the lawns were crossed by a brisk figure traveling as rapidly and as straight as a bullet; and Father Brown recognized the neat black clothes and shrewd, doglike face of a police surgeon whom he had met in the poorer parts of the town.

"I've something to attend to," said the Master. "Tell the authorities I'll be back in ten minutes."

The Master had vanished into one of the Tudor archways at just about the moment when the police doctor had reached the table and cheerfully recognized Father Brown. On the latter's suggestion that they should sit down at the tragic table, Dr. Blake threw one sharp and doubtful glance at the big, bland and seemingly somnolent chemist who occupied a more remote seat. He was duly informed of the professor's identity, and what had so far been gathered of the professor's evidence.

"What did the professor say he was working at?" he inquired.

Father Brown patiently repeated the chemical formula he did not understand.

"What?" snapped Dr. Blake, like a pistol shot. "Why is a famous chemist deliberately talking nonsense?"

"Well, I think I know that one," an-

(Continued on page 50)

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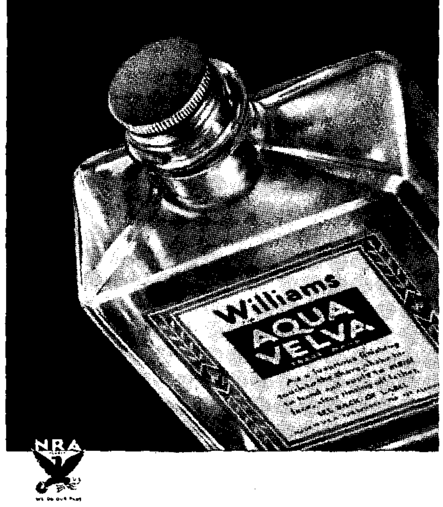

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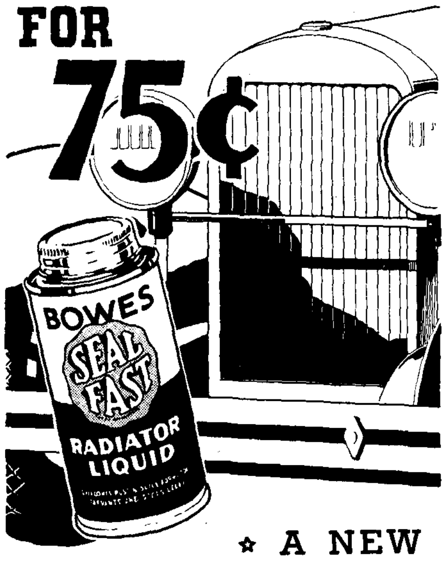

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(Continued from page 49)

swered Father Brown mildly. "He is talking nonsense, because he is telling lies."

The doctor lifted his eyes from the two men and looked across at the almost unnaturally immobile figure of the great chemist.

"Damn it all!" he cried, suddenly moved to his very depths. "Do you mean that a great scientific man like that deals in murder?"

"Fastidious critics would have complained of his dealing in murder," said the priest dispassionately. "I don't say I'm very fond of people dealing in murder in that way myself. But what's much more to the point—I'm sure that *these* poor fellows were among his fastidious critics."

"You mean they found his secret and he silenced them?" said Blake frowning. "But *what* was his secret? How could a man murder on a large scale in a place like this?"

"I have told you his secret," said the priest. "It is a secret of the soul. He is a bad man. Now and then you do get a man who is a materialist, in the sense of a beast. I repeat, he's a bad man. Much worse than—" And Father Brown seemed to hesitate for a word.

"You mean much worse than the Communist?" suggested the other.

"No; I mean much worse than the murderer," said Father Brown.

He got to his feet in an abstracted manner; and hardly realized that his companion was staring at him.

"But didn't you mean," asked Blake at last, "that the professor is the murderer?"

"Oh, no," said Father Brown more cheerfully. "The murderer is a much more sympathetic and understandable person. He at least was desperate; and had the excuses of sudden rage and despair."

"Why!" cried the doctor. "Do you mean it was the Bolshevist after all?"

It was at this very moment, appropriately enough, that the police officials appeared with an announcement that seemed to conclude the case, in a most decisive and satisfactory manner. They had captured the criminal—Craken the Communist, who, searched, had been found to be carrying a box of poisoned matches!

THE moment Father Brown heard the word "matches," he jumped from his seat as if a match had been lighted under him.

"Ah," he cried with a sort of universal radiance, "and now it's all clear."

"What do you mean by all clear?" demanded the Master of Mandeville, who had returned. "Do you mean you are convinced now that the case against Craken is clear?"

"I mean that Craken is cleared," said Father Brown firmly, "and the case against Craken is cleared away. Do you really believe Craken is the kind of man who would go about poisoning people with matches?"

"That's all very well," replied the Master, with the troubled expression he had never lost, since the first sensation occurred. "But it was you yourself who said that fanatics with false principles may do wicked things. For that matter, it was you yourself who said that Communism is cropping up everywhere and Communist habits spreading."

Father Brown laughed.

"When I talked about a Communist habit spreading, I only meant a habit I happen to have noticed about two or three times even today. It is a Communist habit by no means confined to Communists. It is the extraordinary habit of so many men, especially Englishmen, of putting other people's match boxes in their pockets without remembering to return them. Of course it seems an awfully silly little trifle to talk about. But it does happen to be the way the crime was committed."

"It sounds to me quite crazy," said the doctor.

"Well, if almost any man may forget to return matches, you can bet your boots that Craken would forget to return them. So the poisoner who had prepared the matches got rid of them onto Craken, by the simple process of *lending them and not getting them back*. A really admirable way of shedding responsibility; because Craken himself would be perfectly unable to imagine where he had got them from. But when he used them quite innocently to light the cigars he offered to our two visitors, he was caught in an obvious trap; one of those too obvious traps. He was the bold, bad Bolshevist murdering two millionaires."

"WELL, who else would want to murder them?" growled the doctor.

"Ah, who indeed?" replied the priest; and his voice changed to much greater gravity. "There we come to the other thing I told you; and that, let me tell you, was not a joke. I told you that heresies and false doctrines had become common and conversational; that everybody was used to them; that nobody really noticed them. Did you think I meant *Communism* when I said that? Why, it was just the other way. You were all as nervous as cats about Communism; and you watched Craken like a wolf. Of course, Communism is a heresy; but it isn't a heresy that you people take for granted. It is capitalism you take for granted; or rather the vices of capitalism disguised as a dead Darwinism. Do you recall what you were all saying in the Common Room, about life being only a scramble, and nature demanding the survival of the fittest, and how it doesn't matter whether the poor are paid justly or not? Why, *that* is the heresy that you have grown accustomed to, my friends; and it's every bit as much a heresy as Communism. That's the anti-Christian morality or immorality that you talk quite naturally. And that's the immorality that has made a man a murderer today."

"What man?" cried the Master, and his voice cracked with a sudden weakness.

"Let me approach it another way," said the priest placidly. "You all talk as if Craken ran away; but he didn't. When the two men toppled over, he ran down the street, summoned the doctor merely by shouting through the window, and shortly afterward was trying to summon the police. That was how he was arrested. But doesn't it strike you, now one comes to think of it, that Mr. Baker, the bursar, is rather a long time looking for the police?"

"What is he doing, then?" asked the Master sharply.

"I fancy he's destroying papers; or perhaps ransacking these men's rooms to see they haven't left us a letter. Or it may have something to do with Professor Wadham. Where does he come in? That is really very simple and a sort of joke too. The professor is experimenting in poisons for the next war; and has something of which a whiff of flame will stiffen a man dead. Of course he had nothing to do with killing these men; but he did conceal his chemical secret for a very simple reason. One of them was a Puritan Yankee and the other a cosmopolitan Jew; and those two types are often fanatical pacifists. They would have called it planning murder and probably refused to help the college. But Baker was a friend of Wadham and it was easy for him to dip matches in the new material.

"I'm sorry if I misled you, Doctor, by that maundering, metaphysical digression on the man of sin," he went on apologetically. "Of course it had nothing to do with the murder; but the truth is *I'd forgotten all about the murder* for the moment. I was thinking that some men are pretty monstrous, like men of stone; but it was all irrelevant. Being bad inside has very little to do with committing crimes outside. The worst criminals have committed no *crimes. The practical point* is why did the practical criminal commit this crime? Why did Baker, the bursar, want to kill these men? That's all that concerns us now. The answer is the answer to the question I've asked twice. Where were these men most of the time, *apart from nosing in chapels or laboratories?* They were talking business with the bursar.

"Now, with all respect to the dead, I do not exactly grovel before the intellects of these two financiers. Their views on economics and ethics were heathen and heartless. Their views on peace were tosh. Their views on port were even more deplorable. But one thing they did understand; and that was business. And it took them a remarkably short time to discover that the business man in charge of the funds of this college was a swindler. Or shall I say, a true follower of the doctrine of the unlimited struggle for life and the survival of the fittest."

"You mean they were going to expose him and he killed them before they could speak?" said the doctor frowning. "There are a lot of details I don't understand."

"There are some details I'm not sure of myself," said the priest frankly. "But I'm sure of the main gesture; the gay and careless gesture of Baker tossing his matches to the careless Craken. That gesture was the murderou blow."

"There's one thing I don't understand," said the inspector. "How di Baker know that Craken wouldn't ligh up himself then and there at the table and become an unwanted corpse?"

THE face of Father Brown became almost heavy with reproach.

"Well, hang it all," he said, "he wa only an atheist."

"I'm afraid I don't know what yo mean," said the inspector politely.

"He only wanted to abolish God," explained Father Brown in a temperat and reasonable tone. "He only wante to destroy the Ten Commandments an root up all the religion and civilizatio that had made him, and wash out a the common sense of ownership an honesty; and let his culture and hi country be flattened out by savage from the ends of the earth. That's a he wanted. You have no right to accus him of anything beyond that. Hang all, everybody draws the line som where! And you come here and calml suggest that a Mandeville man of t old generation (for Craken was of t old generation, whatever his views would have begun to smoke, or eve strike a match, while he was still drin ing the college port, of the vintage '93— No, no; men are not so utter without laws and limits as all that! was there; I saw him; he had not fi ished his wine, and you ask me why did not *smoke!* No such anarchic que tion has ever shaken the arches Mandeville College. . . . Funny plac Oxford. Funny place, England."

"But you haven't anything particul to do with Oxford?" asked the doct curiously.

"I have to do with England," said F ther Brown. "I come from there. A the funniest thing of all is that even you love it and belong to it, you st can't make head or tail of it."

Captain X

Continued from page 17

"Three—four—"

Jay poised. He made himself oblivious of everything except the pool below.

"Five—six—"

Jay took a big breath and expelled it; grabbed a bigger one. Now they were sliding toward the center of the pool. Jay heard eight, and a roar below that drowned the pilot's voice. And then the pool leaped up to meet him.

Jay felt silly climbing up the ladder; silly, dizzy and confused. People, he knew, were applauding him; and then old Howie had him fortunately by the arm and they were through a door and in the dressing-room.

"You made a swell splash," Howie said.

JAY sat down. Now that it was over he had rubber knees.

"And look; you've got to hurry up and get dressed. You're a big-game hunter."

"Huh?"

"Not all big game, of course," said Howie. "You take lions, now. You wouldn't even go across the street for lions."

"It depends on which side of the street the lions are," Jay said. "And what the heck—"

"But tigers, ah! Now there is your dish. Tigers. Why the stricken villages all over India would send for you. It finally palled, of course, and that was why you joined the Foreign Legion.

"What a story!" Howie said, and rolled his eyes about. "Only son of a multimillionaire cotillion leader stopping incognito at the fashionable new Glorioso volunteers for death-defying leap."

"Good Lord!"

"Insisting only that his name be not revealed, young Captain X, adventurer, thrill-seeker, big-game hunter, World War ace and social registerite—"

"They signed the Armistice when I was seven," Jay said.

"Huh? Oh, well, if anybody comes around and brings the war up, simply tell them you developed early. What a story! It will be on the front page of every paper in the country. It will get the hotel thirty thousand dollars' worth of advertising. Forty! Why, I'll go in now and hit them for a raise. If I can get them fifty thousand—"

"What do I get?"

"Twenty extra bucks," said Howie. "Think of it!"

"Look," Jay said. "Do you mean to say you fed this guff to some reporter?"

"With a ladle. And she ate it up!"

"She?"

"She. And what a she!" said Howie. "Get some pants or something on. She's outside now, to interview you. And this means my future, guy. So don't forget the tigers, bang, bang. And the time you walked right in and pulled the rajah's beard."

"Me? Not for twenty bucks," Jay said.

"All right," Howie said, "make it thirty."

Howie and a girl were sitting at a table underneath a beach umbrella by the pool when Jay came out. He felt good—better, to be frank about it, than he'd felt since he had first agreed to hurtle from the heights. There had been moments in the interim—and he would be the last one to deny it—when his hair had reared up at the thought and chilly fingers had run scales upon his spine. But that was over and except for a spot where he'd whanged his elbow, he felt good. His public had been pleased, too—always gratifying to the artist—and, he clinked it mentally—he'd earned a lot of money. Then, too, it would probably be fun to kid along this girl reporter.

She was a very little girl reporter, Jay saw as he neared them, planned in pink and with a nice slim shoulder toward him; and that's all she was till Howie saw him and said: "Hi!" And then she turned and looked up, and there should have been arrangements made beforehand; someone to count ten at least. But no; without a bit of preparation Jay looked down into the dangerous depths of violet eyes and found that he was poised again upon the very verge. And then she smiled—and Jay plunged headlong for the second time that afternoon.

Howie said: "I'd like to present you to Miss Cleve, if you can spare a moment from your stupor. I've been telling her a few of your experiences, Captain."

Jay sat down and knew from Howie's leer that this was going to be pretty terrible. No telling what this fool had told her.

"But I think it's just too marvelous of you," Miss Cleve said, "going incognito round and round the world adventuring. Why, it's like knights or something. How did it all start?"

"Well," Jay gulped, "well—"

"The day he ran away from Yale and got lost in the Gobi Desert," Howie told her. "Captain X is pretty modest, Miss Cleve, and it's hard to get him started talking."

"But I simply have to hear the finish of the story Mr. Pell was telling me," she said, "the time the tigers had you cornered on the precipice without a gun. Whatever *did* you do?"

Jay closed his eyes to keep from seeing Howie's awful leer. He took a good long breath and said: "Well, there I was, you see, and well—well, here I am!"

"That isn't fair!" she said.

"I told you he was modest," Howie told her. "He won't even wear his medals. Nope, you'll have to tell us what you did, Cap."

SHE smiled at Jay and Jay grinned back. He said, "Well, then, about the time I felt their hot breath on my face, as you're supposed to, I remembered what an old prospector in the Yukon told me once. He said: 'Son, if you're ever in a spot where things get too much for you, just you take a good deep breath and then let nature take its course.' And so I did."

"I think that's just too mean of you," she told Jay, laughing. "That's the way it always is, too. People who have done things never talk about them. But I'd counted so much on this interview. Exclusive, Mr. Pell had promised, too."

"The trouble is, it isn't," Jay said.

"Isn't what?"

"Exclusive. No, I simply can't talk in a crowd."

"Why, look, the crowd's all gone," said Howie. "Look."

"Oh, no, it isn't," Jay said.

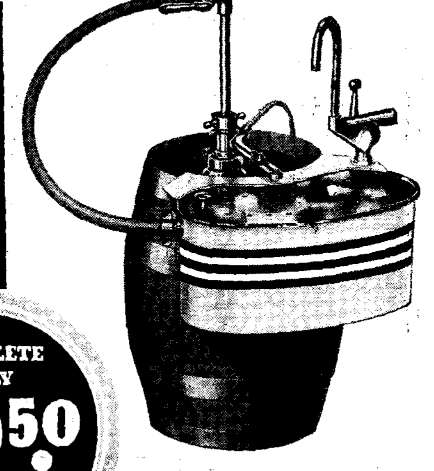
"Hey! You stop kicking me," yelled Howie. "Hey, you're doing it again! Look here: you don't mean *I'm* the crowd? You mean you'd like to have *me* go away?"

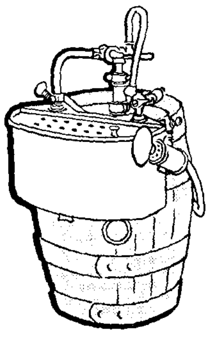
"As far as possible," Jay told him simply.

"And now," Miss Cleve began when Howie, wounded, wandered off. "And now about the time the tiger—"

"Look," Jay said. "About this inter-

(Continued on page 52)





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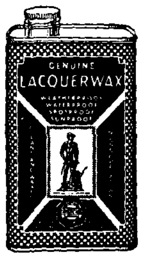

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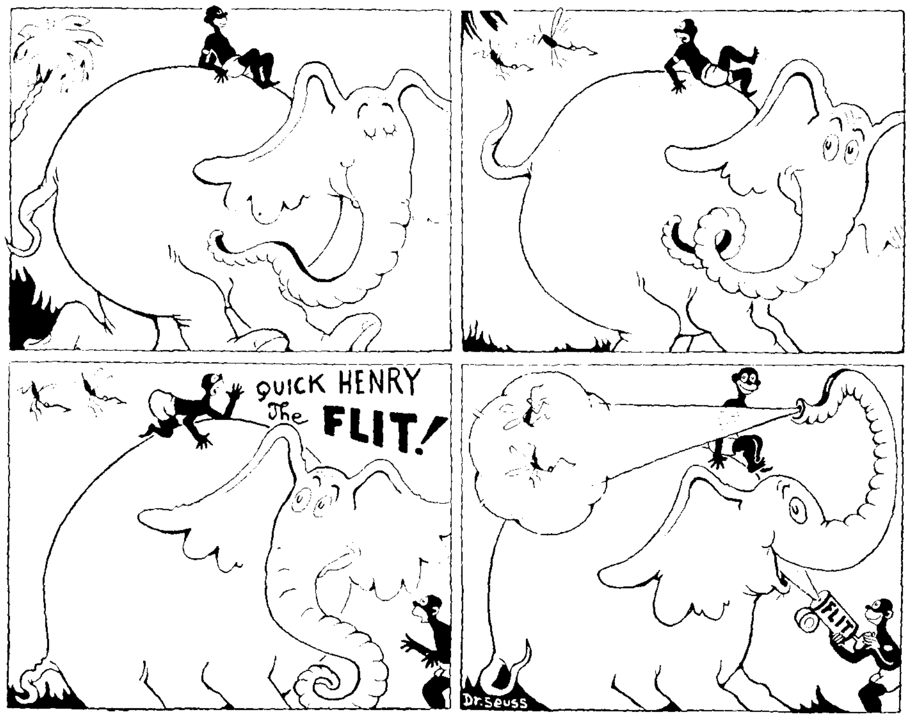

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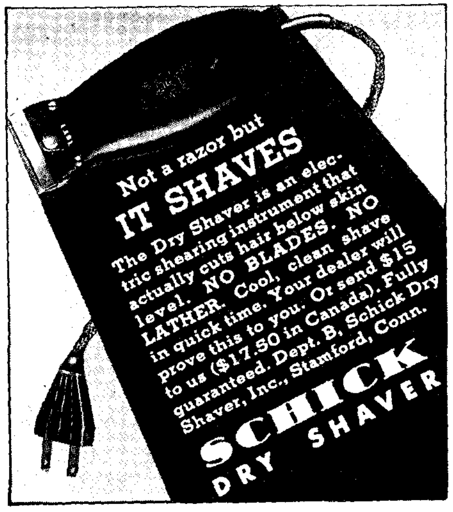

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SCHICK DRY SHAVER

(Continued from page 51)

view. You'd like to have me at my best?"

"Of course."

"Well then," Jay said, "I guess we'll have to go and get a big duck dinner somewhere. Funny, but I never really reach my peak except at big duck dinners. Wait a minute till I get the key to Howie's car."

"But, Captain X—"

"And that's another thing that has to be attended to," Jay said. "This Captain X arrangement. Just for tonight, and not for publication, you can call me 'Jay.' How's that?"

"Jay," Miss Cleve repeated. "Jay. I—I suppose I'm Mary, then?"

"You're doggone right you are," Jay said and rose up from the table feeling nine feet tall and growing every minute.

THEY drove out north along the beach road to a big duck dinner that was filet mignon and a lulling orchestra and soft lights that got softer when they rolled the trick roof back to let you see the stars. This was Jay's night all right.

Driving back was like a dream, too, on the beach road, for a kindly moon had taken charge above and had decided that it might be nice for everyone concerned to turn the sea to silver on a night like this. Jay turned off the road a little, and stopped the car. He thought: "I don't feel like I have ever felt before. Before, somebody and a moon was just somebody and a moon and this is different; and I've known it would be from the first."

And then, when everything was hushed and wonderful and Jay was waiting for the words to tell her how he felt and everything was like a made-to-measure dream, he woke up. *At a time* like that! He woke up to the frightful fact that he was just a faker. Just a faker, that's all, with a hundred dollars in his pocket, and she thought he was a millionaire. She thought he was some swell, mysterious celebrity, and he was just Jay Marshall, jobless and forlorn. She thought—

"A very pleasant moon," said Mary brightly.

"Grand," Jay answered absently. "Just grand." Well, he would have to tell her; try to make her understand that it was a harmless little joke of Howie's, and—

"I guess you're j-j-just wrapped up in t-t-tigers," Mary said at last.

"The hell with tigers!" Jay exploded.

Then Jay felt a soft, confiding shoulder touching his and heard a little sigh. It took brute strength and stamina to sit there like a dumb ox, but he had to tell her first. But Mary broke the silence just as Jay was starting to begin his speech.

"I thought perhaps when we had got the t-t-tiger business settled that it m-m-might occur to you," she said.

"What *might*?"

"To k-k-kind of kiss me finally," she said.

Once later, Jay recalled that there'd been something that he'd meant to tell her. What the dickens was it, now? But just as he was on the point of recollection, something more important came up. Well, no matter; just some detail, probably. The only thing that mattered was that this was different. That was the miraculous, amazing thing.

The moon became a little weary of it all at last, away up there alone and out of touch with things, and finally yawned and went to bed and Jay drove Mary home the longest way round, and just as slowly as he could make the car go. When she finally got out and tiptoed up the walk, Jay simply sat there with his arm around the place where she had been until she tiptoed back and said: "Go home, you silly thing. Go right—smack—home."

Howie, the hotel man, was asleep when Jay got back to the Glorioso, but he woke up fine when Jay sat down on him to take his shoes off, woke up fine and fluent.

"Glad you happened to wake up, old man," Jay said when Howie stopped to get another breath.

Howie looked at him through one half-opened, bitter eye. He said, "I wish I'd thought in time and had the water drained out of that pool. Get off. Get *off!* You're drunk."

"Drunk!" Jay said. "Yes, that's it, Howie. Drunk, drunk, drunk—with love!"

"Go on to bed."

"Howie," Jay said. "Are you lying there upon your filthy shoulder blades, implying you're not interested?"

"That's right," said Howie. "Just not interested right now. A little later, possibly, when business picks up. Well, so long, old man."

"All right then," Jay said. "If you don't take any interest in the grandest thing that ever happened I'll not say another word, that's all."

"Good," Howie said.

"Except to tell you," Jay went on, "that Mary is the grandest, most adorable—"

"You don't mean Mary Cleve?"

"No sane man could mean anybody else," Jay said. "And, Howie, I love her and she loves me; we love each other, think of it. Call room service."

"Listen," Howie said. "You mean to say that even after Mary Cleve found out about you that—"

"Found out what?"

"Why, found out everything. Found out that you were just the creature of my imagination. Found out—"

Jay *said*: "Why, my gosh. The whole thing simply slipped my mind and I forgot to tell her. But a girl like Mary—"

"Well, good night, old man," said Howie, turning over.

"Look," Jay said. "You think a girl like Mary Cleve would—would pretend she loved me just because she thought I was a millionaire or something? Well—"

"Well, sleep tight," said Howie.

"This was different!" Jay said. "You'll find out. We'll laugh about it in the morning, when I tell her. If you think a girl like Mary—"

Jay got into bed and switched the light off. "You'll find out!" he said to Howie; and he wondered if he meant it and believed it. Loving multimillionaire celebrities was one thing; loving just Jay Marshall was another. Was it what she thought he was that swept her off her feet? And when she found out, what then?

Morning was a long time coming.

JAY called Mary's home at half past eight and found she had already left. He called the paper and he found she hadn't got down yet. He took a bus and went to town and to the office of the paper. They told him Mary was conferring with the editor.

The information clerk said: "Miss Cleve has a little office—last door to the left; and you can wait there if you want to."

Jay was on his seventh cigarette when Mary finally came in. He had been picking out a silly letter to her on her typewriter that started: "Darling—"

Mary closed the door and faced him and Jay started for her; but he had to stop; for anyone could see that something was the matter.

"You!" she said: "You, you you you you. Ooh, how I hate you!"

"Mary!"

"Don't you come another step!" she said. "You fake. Celebrity! You! Big-game h-h-hunter— I believed it, too. I—I believed it. And I h-h-hate you!"

"Oh," Jay said. "I see. So that's it." Howie had been right, of course. No other fool in all the world would have believed what he'd believed last night. "I see," Jay said. "You found out, then. I meant to tell you last night, though it doesn't make a bit of difference, now. I mean—"

"You meant to make a f-f-fool of me," she said. "That's what you meant."

"No," Jay said. "And I owe you an apology, Miss Cleve. I meant to tell you last *night*, as I *said*. *And then I* got the crazy notion that it didn't matter. Well, I'm sorry that I'm not a multimillionaire, Miss Cleve. A matter of sincere regret to me, too. Pardon me."

Jay walked toward the door, but Mary didn't move. She said, "I didn't think it would be possible to hate you any harder. But I do; since you said that. You think I c-cared—last night—w-what you were or who you were? You think I c-cared? You think I'd c-c-care this morning if I h-h-hadn't found out that everything you s-s-said was just to make a fool of me for Howie Pell's sake? But it didn't work! It didn't—"

"Look here," Jay said.

"You shut up," said Mary. "Anyway, I have the satisfaction that it d-d-d-didn't work. Because they fired me!"

"What?"

"Fired me," said Mary. "There! Now, are you s-s-satisfied? They fired me because I was a fool and sat up all night writing about you, and the lies that Howie Pell had t-t-told me. And this morning when I turned the story in they laughed because *they'd recognized* you from the pictures when you came out of the pool. And laughed and laughed and told me you were just a college boy who'd tried to get a job last week. And so it d-d-didn't work and—"

"Fired you?" Jay said. "But—well you wait!"

IT WAS twenty minutes later when Jay knocked on Mary's office door again. She had the cover on her typewriter and tear stains on her cheeks. She said: "I hoped I w-w-wouldn't ever have to s-s-see you any more."

"Why, what do you mean, see me any more?" Jay said. "I've been to see the editor."

"The editor?"

"Of course," Jay said. "You think I'd let them get away with that?"

"You mean—you mean I—I'm not fired?"

"Well, the same thing, practically," Jay told her, gleefully. "I got the job myself!"

"You — got — me — fired — and — then — got — my — job?"

"A darned good opening," Jay said. "A future, too. I'll show them!"

"Ohh," Mary told him. "Ohh, ooh, ooh!"

Jay wasn't even listening. He felt just like he'd felt last June. They couldn't stop him now!

"You — got — my job!"

"Huh?" Jay said. "Oh, but look! A man in my position couldn't have his wife work anyway!"

Mary stood there looking at him and deciding whether she would laugh or cry or have hysterics. Suddenly, it all was simply just too much for her. She looked at him—the grinning idiot—and suddenly remembered what he'd said the old prospector in the Yukon told him. "Son, when things get too much for you, just let nature take its course."

She closed her eyes and swayed a little and Jay gathered her into his arms.

"My hero!" Mary said. "I d-d-don't even know my n-n-new last name!"

Shanty up

Continued from page 10

his seat and proceeded to chase Mr. Knowles through four sleeping-cars, the diner and two day coaches. Just as he was lifting the good Doc aloft to propel him through a window onto the soft Ohio landscape, kinder hands intervened and adjusted the matter. Mr. Hogan was suspended for ten days without pay.

When Bill Terry took over the Giants, Mr. Hogan was sold back to Boston, where he is still the home-town boy who made good. He lives with his folks at Somerville and every day when the team is at home he drives in about twelve-thirty and hangs around the clubhouse.

We had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Hogan this spring in his home setting. In spring the Boston climate is such that anybody caught in the stands without a hot-water bottle is considered so tough that he needs watching.

However, cold weather is no cause in Boston for baseball postponements. What they can't stand is rain. At the first sign of it, the game is called off and there is considerable indignation at nature. When it snows, they play right ahead, pleased at the kindness of the heavens. Because of this the Boston players wear under their uniforms a long woolen undershirt which reaches from the Adam's apple to the fibula below the knee and has the approximate thickness of armor plate. Mr. Hogan wandering about the clubhouse with one of these garments looks like nothing so much as a pup tent dislocated by a high wind.

Mr. Hogan is a little less hilarious these days. He does missionary work for the Braves in the New England sector, being a good speaker and story teller, but he has put behind him the days when he used to reach the hotel at four in the morning with the ambition to let the world know that Mr. Hogan was on the premises. During his stay with the Giants, he once stepped out of a cab in front of the hotel at three in the morning and met Mr. McGraw face to face.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. McGraw," cried Mr. Hogan with his accustomed presence of mind. "I've just had a call from an old friend in a hospital. I'm just going out to see him."

Mr. Hogan got back in the cab and drove away.

But he is now in Boston and doing well. This winter he took his folks down to St. Petersburg early in the winter and baked himself in the Florida sunshine. When the rest of the Braves reached St. Pete, Mr. Hogan was in the best condition in years. He was tanned to such a delectable ebony that his face looked like the paneling for a barroom. Only Mr. Maranville kept his head.

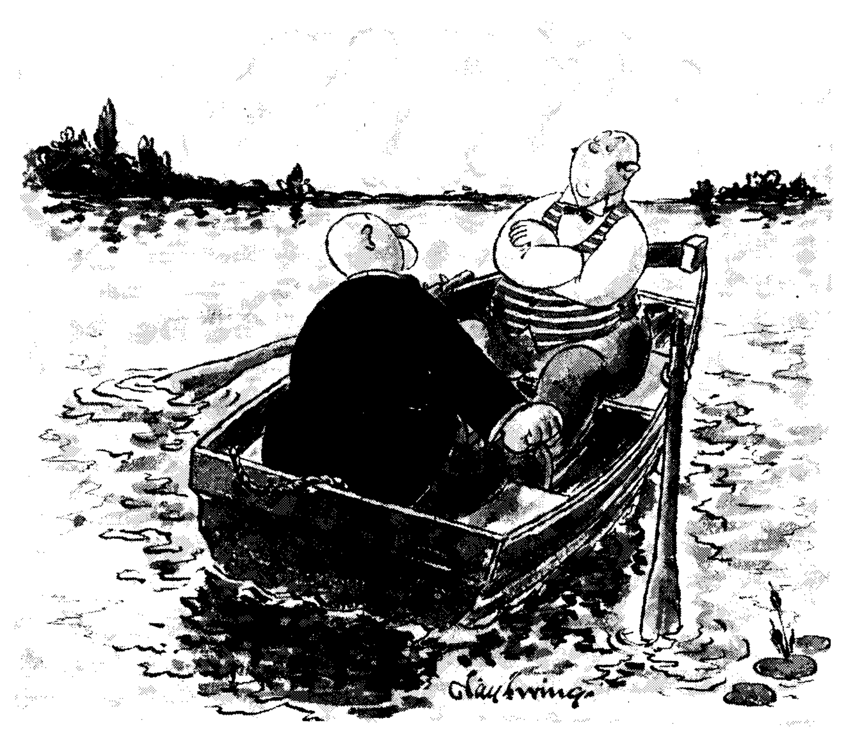
"I'm sorry, young man," he said regretfully, when meeting Mr. Hogan, "but I'm afraid you've strayed onto the wrong ball team. The Cuban Stars are training at Orlando."

First to Third on a Single

When the Braves reached the Polo Grounds in New York on their first trip this year the world knew that Mr. Hogan was back in form. It was on this occasion that Mr. Hogan went from first to third on a single. The hit and run was on and Shanty had a good start when the ball was hit. He rounded second under full sail and bore down upon third like a road roller agitated by family trouble. It was then that the priests attending the seismograph at Fordham University came rushing out of their retreats with the information that a world cataclysm was impending. Their instruments were bouncing up and down with news of tidal waves, earthquakes and increases in income taxes.

Mr. Hogan's arrival at third was a happening of such gravity that spectators hung to their seats as the grandstand swayed and the groundkeepers got primed with block and tackle to drag Mr. Hogan forth when he hit the sack and went right on down with it. When he finally collapsed on the bag like a load of rocks being dumped from a truck, Johnny Vergez at third for the Giants was lifted two feet in the air by the force of the tornado following in the wake of Mr. Hogan, but there were cheers from the stands.

Mr. Hogan was back—and everybody was safe.



"Egad, Jeeves! This is mutiny!"

JAY IRVING

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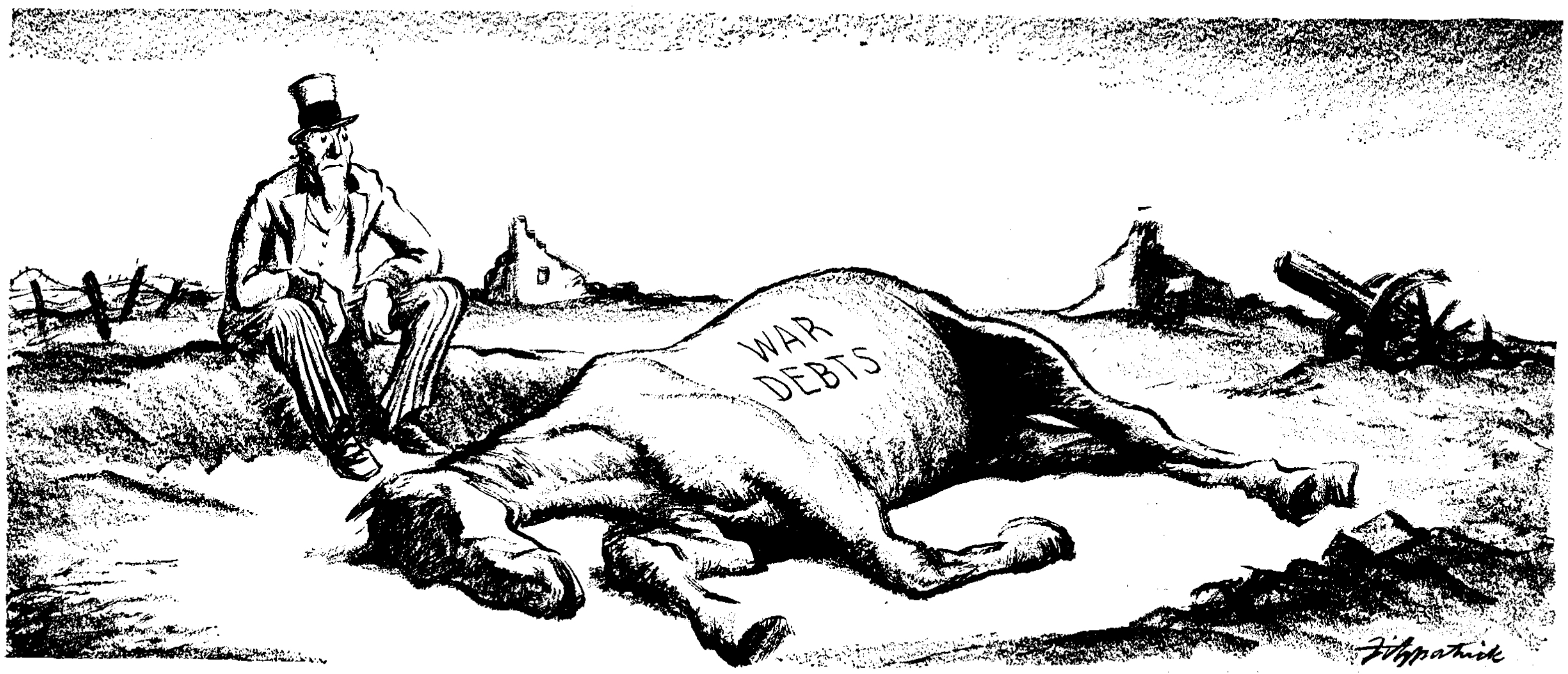

You Can't Ride a Dead Horse

POLITICIANS, here and in Europe, have made a frightful mess of the war debts. Hamstrung by parliaments and our Congress, our Administration and the various European governments have openly admitted their inability now to do anything useful about the debts.

Countries associated with us in the war which ended sixteen years ago still owe us more than eleven and a half billion dollars. Practically nothing is being paid on this huge account. Not much will be paid until the politicians think it will be safe for them to compromise the debts.

Naturally we wish to collect as much as we can. What Europe doesn't pay on this account we shall have to raise through taxes. Our government got the money from American investors by selling Liberty bonds. We lent credit, which paid for food, clothing and munitions shipped abroad. The bonds, however, must ultimately be redeemed. If Europe does not pay, we will. Consequently, it is popular politics to say "make the foreigners pay."

Unfortunately, the business is not as simple as our congressmen and senators would like us to believe. International debts differ essentially from debts owed by private citizens to fellow citizens.

If business men owe money used in their businesses, they must pay, or give up the businesses to their creditors.

International debts are fundamentally different. Governments may become penniless but receivers can't be appointed to administer their assets. More important still, international debts can be paid only by the exchange of goods and in foreign exchange. France can't pay us in francs. Great Britain can't pay us in pounds. Italy can't pay us in lire. We demand dollars and we want nothing else.

The plain and indisputable fact is that none of our larger debtors has enough dollars to pay us. None can get enough dollars to pay us without doing disaster to itself and to us. This is the rock-bottom reality which every intelligent government understands clearly. The fact is concealed only because legislators, hoping to get reëlected, think they better their chances by confusing the issue. Appealing to prejudice against foreigners has been the politician's trick for not less than two thousand years.

It is time to abandon this bunk. The smart American politician will from now on talk honestly and frankly to his constituents on this subject. We are getting nothing. How much can we get? Anything is better than nothing.

Genius isn't required to figure what we can reasonably expect our debtors to pay. All that is necessary is a willingness to consider thoughtfully the method by which any payment must be made. Once we get this clearly in mind, simple arithmetic will do the rest.

What, for example, can Great Britain or France use for money in paying war debts?

Foreign exchange is the answer. To make any payment London or Paris must have foreign exchange which may be converted into American dollars.

The British, or the French, or any other people, in the long run, acquire foreign exchange only by exporting goods or services. Brazil relies largely on its coffee exports to get the money to finance its international business. British and French exports are more complicated. In general, however, what any government can pay outside its own national boundaries is the difference in value between its exports and its imports. If a country exports a hundred million dollars' worth of goods and imports only fifty million dollars' worth, it has fifty millions with which to buy foreign exchange, pay its debts or use in some other way.

The brutal truth is that we have been unwilling to make arrangements which would permit our principal debtors to accumulate enough foreign exchange to pay us. We discourage imports. We are willing to make tariff concessions only to those countries which will take our exports. We want to export just as much as we import. When our exports exceed in value our imports we say we have a favorable trade balance. Favorable to what? Certainly not favorable to the payment of war debts.

Of course every solvent country has a certain amount of reserve gold against which money is issued. It is a vital possession.

A man without food can live for a short time on his accumulated fat. Nations, likewise, can take care of small temporary unfavorable trade balances by exporting their gold reserves. Our war debts, however, could not be paid in gold or silver. The metal required simply does not exist.

More than that, we should be injured and not benefited by the receipt of shipments of gold from Great Britain as payments on the war debt. Such an action would upset the American program of dollar devaluation. A loss of gold would cheapen the British pound. That might give British exporters an advantage over American exporters. Worse still, a large shipment of gold from England might cause American dollar prices to fall.

Secretary Hull's suggestion to the British that they make an offer to pay in commodities was the shrewdest and most realistic proposal made since the debts were incurred. Congress would of course have to approve any such arrangement. When the discussion reaches the point of our agreeing to accept so many tons of this and so many crates of that very quickly the debts will become practicable.

The sooner we reconcile ourselves to the inescapable facts the better off we shall be. The unsettled war debts disturb the currencies of every country involved. Nothing will do more to stimulate American business and to provide jobs for American workers than a general stabilization of money. A rational settlement of the war debts is the first long step in this direction.

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*Not their real names, of course, although their real names were given in the coast to coast report.

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